THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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R. G. KIRK—JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER—WILL IRWIN—ARTHUR TRAIN
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Take this list to your grocer *today*

Check your winter needs on the list below—take it to your grocer today—and let him show you the saving you can make by placing your season's order now.

Note: Most Del Monte fruits are packed in 3 sizes of cans to meet the needs of various size families: No. 2½, the largest, containing large fruit; No. 2, the medium can, with selected medium size fruit; and No. 1, the small can, containing selected small size fruit—all of the same fine flavor and quality.

APRICOTS
PEACHES
SLICED PEACHES
BARTLETT PEARS
BLACK CHERRIES
ROYAL ANNE CHERRIES
EGG PLUMS
GREEN GAGE PLUMS
DE LUXE PLUMS
PREPARED PRUNES
BLACKBERRIES
LOGANBERRIES
STRAWBERRIES
SLICED PINEAPPLE
GRATED PINEAPPLE

And remember that the complete list of Del Monte Products contains overa hundred delicious varieties of canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties -- each one the finest of its kind. Here are some more of them always ready to add tasty and economical variety to every-day meals.

Food Specialties	Canned Vegetables
Jellies	Asparagus
Jams	Pork and Beans
Preserves	String Beans
Orange Marmalade	Beets
Apple Butter	Corn
Apple Sauce	Hominy
Maraschino Cherries	Peas
Raisins	Green Chile
Catsup	Red Pimiento
Chili Sauce	Pumpkin
Mustard	Sauerkraut
Pickles	Spinach
Ripe Olives	Sweet Potatoes
Olive Oil	Tomatoes
Salmon	Tomato Sauce

Send For This Book
"Del Monte Recipes of Flavor"
—it contains over 500 suggestions for adding tempting variety to every-day menus through the use of canned fruits and vegetables. Address Department E for a free copy.

GROCERS—Send for the fruit hanger illustrated above—21x28 inches in size, lithographed in full colors. Ask for Display Form 657. Let your customers know you can supply them with Del Monte Goods.

Now is the time to order your winter supply of canned fruits

Why you will save both time and money as well as avoid future disappointment by so doing

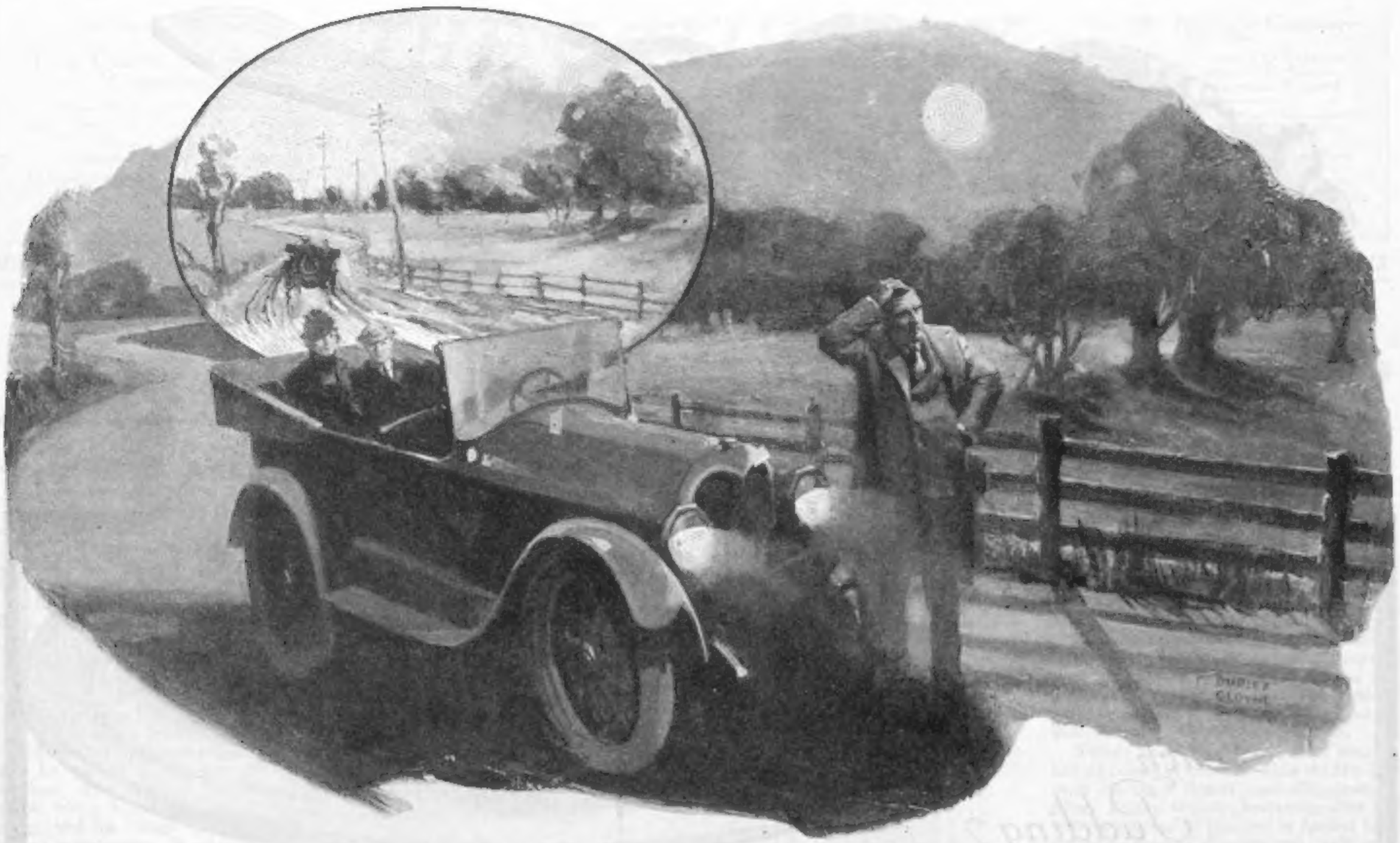
This is the season when your grocer must order his stock of new pack Del Monte Canned Fruits to be sure of getting what he needs next fall. If he knows in advance what your requirements for the winter will be, he can be sure to give you exactly what you want later and at the same time offer you a substantial saving on your season's supplies.

The reasons for this are obvious. With more than a hundred Del Monte varieties from which to select he can never estimate accurately in advance what all his customers will need. Sooner or later he is bound to run short of some varieties—very often just the ones which you prefer.

At the same time, if you decide now what fruits and what quantities of each you will want for next winter—just as you would have to do if you put up your own supplies at home—you relieve your dealer of the cost of holding these goods for you and the expense of frequent deliveries during the winter—and he is glad to reflect this saving in the quotation which he makes.

Why not talk over the question of winter fruits with your grocer now? Let him tell you how he buys canned fruits—why he has to place his orders in advance, and then let him figure the exact saving he can offer you by purchasing now. Do it today and take advantage of the most economical way to put the freshness of summer in your year-round menu with the maximum satisfaction and convenience to yourself.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



When Ed Wetherbee got lost a mile and a half from home—

"That's funny!" he exclaimed. "There's Bill Preston's old barn, but what's it doing on *this* fine road? It used to be on the bumpy old road that runs past my home.

"By George! it *is* our road. No wonder I felt lost—just look at the way they've changed it."

After a long absence, Ed Wetherbee was on his way back home for a visit. He had always looked upon run-down roads that were either dusty or muddy all the time as characteristic of his home town. Now he could hardly believe that he was home.

The next day he heard the story of "Fairport's" great step forward. Smooth, dry, dustless Tarvia roads radiated in every direction. Road traffic had increased tremendously. The farmers got their loads to town quickly and easily and were more prosperous. The local stores were doing more business. Property values had gone up. A fine graded school had been built. There was hustle and bustle everywhere.

In short, "Fairport" was on the map at last—and good roads did it!

Let us tell you how good roads will lower taxes, reduce hauling costs, increase property values and stimulate business.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

Tarvia

For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance

Write to our nearest office for detailed information about Tarvia—the quickest, surest, and most economical way to mudless, dustless, all-year-round roads.

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The Barrett Company

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Peach Pudding

Do you know the directions that insure good results in all puddings?

IT is as much an art to make a good pudding as to make a good pie—but it is easy once you know the primary rules used by expert cooks.

It may save you many failures to know that a pudding must be mixed softer for baking than for steaming; that a batter pudding requires a hot oven, and an egg pudding a slow, even heat; that a steamed pudding must not be uncovered for the first half hour; that in pudding making, as in pastry, the use of a rich, tasteless, vegetable shortening makes the pudding lighter, tenderer, more delicious, and easier to digest.

Good cooks prefer Crisco for shortening because it has every one of these qualities that are desirable for fine desserts. It is the pure, white cream of choice vegetable oil hardened to the right consistency by the special Crisco process. It is 100% rich, tasteless, and odorless—and it is economical.

Use Crisco, follow the approved rules for puddings given in the cook book offered to the right, and see how easily you can make delicious, unusual desserts.

Peach Pudding

Fill Criscoed baking dish full of peaches and pour over top a batter made of 1 tablespoonful Crisco, ½ cupful sugar, 1 cupful flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 well beaten egg, ½ teaspoonful salt, and 1 cupful milk. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve with cream.

Should a batter pudding be baked as soon as it is mixed?

The right answer to this question is one of the scores of answers, covering every branch of cookery, that make "The Calendar of Dinners" the most helpful cook book you can have. This book was written by Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal," for the benefit of every woman who wants to avoid cookery failures. Mrs. Neil not only discloses her cookery secrets, but gives 615 exclusive recipes and a complete dinner menu for every day in the year. The book is illustrated and cloth bound.

Each copy costs us 42c wholesale. You may secure one copy for personal use by sending only 10c in stamps, to Section K-9, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Get Crisco from your grocer, in sanitary, wrapped containers, holding one pound or more, net weight. Use it for everything—it gives you the utmost quality and richness for every cooking purpose.

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CRISCO

For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McHeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

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MALLOY CAMPEADOR

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN

PETE GOMEZ looked 'em over. Not knowing Pete we would have cranked 'er up a little differently perhaps. Pedro Enrique Antonio y Davilla Gomez—we can hear it roll—cast a keen critical eye on his assembled guests. Something like that. But we know Pete, the old *conquistador*. He looked 'em over.

Some forty years ago this Pete had landed in New York, fresh from the arid mesas of Old Castile. Drought, as has happened since the days of Hamilcar, had driven his whole village down into the well-watered plains of Aragon; but with the fibers that hold a man fast to his native land once uprooted, this lad had never stopped with his people in the strange province. The blood of Pizarro stirred within him. He kept on going; and his village folk saw him no more forever. Word came to him of a ship standing at Barcelona, where passage to America might be had gratis by those who would dedicate the tough strength of a thousand years of peasantry to the building of a mighty railroad in the Western World. The lad took ship; but the great steel pathway flung itself over the plains and soared across the mountains of the U. S. A. without the help of the rawhide strength in the arms of Pedro Gomez. For Cortés gazing spellbound across Lake Mexico at Montezuma's dazzling city never felt half the wild heart-halting thrill of danger and treasure quest that filled the breast of seventeen-year-old Pedro when he first gazed at the towering precipices of New York.

He never got beyond them. Watching his chance he dodged from the bundle-lugging line in which he trudged, and leaped into the first ditch that showed fresh earth. There he snatched up a pick and, without a by-your-leave to anyone, started to work forthwith. Tradition has it that his first stroke buried the pick blade to the eye behind a buried timber, and that when the earth refused to break away he curled his hard short fingers about the extreme end of the handle and gave a frantic heave that split the tough ash from grip to steel.

Now a laborer was a laborer in those days, particularly valuable in that his title was no misnomer; more especially precious to the labor agent if his free passage had not been worked out in some jungle construction camp, where a foreign workman's rights were matters of doubtful value. But when one of this particular contingent's shepherds came steaming to the edge of the pit, demanding his lost lamb, and pointing to Pedro's already steaming back, he was nearly swept over backward by the stream of Celtic invective that inundated him.

"Spanish?" came roaring indignantly at him in a voice so nearly like the bellow of the black fighting bull of Andalusia that Pedro felt his first qualm of homesickness. 'Spanish, you're after saying—with the name of the lad Shamus Mulcahy, and the bog peat still sticking to the brogues of him! On your way now, you dirty, hatchet-faced far-downer. You labor harpies will be getting none of Malone & Rourke's good men; except to keen at your wake, maybe, if you don't tread light about this job of work. On your way now, you yellow-bellied thief of the world, before I drop one of these things on the back of your neck!"

"If You Think You Can Shoot Out a Fire Like That With Such a Toy, Go Ahead—Crook Your Finger"

Malone, of Malone & Rourke, had heard that pick handle snap; and his heart yearned to the swarthy little chap with a yank like that in his system. So Malone held two gnarled fists up for the labor shepherd's inspection, and that gentleman, deciding that he'd as soon have a bunch of bananas dropped from a fourth-story window on the back of his neck, left hastily for parts unknown. Upon which, Pedro Enrique Antonio y Davilla Gomez risked a glance over a muscular shoulder, and catching the blue eye of Malone, of Malone & Rourke, with his twinkling black one, dropped his long lashes in such an impertinent wink as has done much to bridge the chasm of different tongues the wide world over.

Fifteen years passed, and John Rourke having passed to his reward the old firm became Malone & Gomez; and after another fifteen Phelim Malone, hastening after his beloved partner to join him in further joyous adventures of pleasure and profit in a better land, Gomez & Co. came into life; to such good purpose that old Pete Gomez, now as round as Sancho Panza, stands at the beginning of this chronicle and looks 'em over from the portico roof above the driveway entrance at The Hacienda, the same being his own summer residence back in the wild hills, not a hundred minutes from downtown.

Pete Gomez took a wicked-looking Spanish stogy out of his teeth and blew a cloud of deadly gas toward a golden moon. Below him on his wide lawn strolled his guests, the sons and daughters of the men who made up the board of directors of the New Arapahoe, and the sons and daughters of the principal subcontractors of that mighty suburban hotel-to-be. Gomez & Co. had secured the erection contract for this juicy bit of work, and Gomez & Co., to celebrate the event, were buying. Orchids for everybody, and goose livers by the hundredweight, musty flagons of Alicante and Jerez in quantity and quality to make strong men break down and weep, and Santillana herself, fresh from the Foibles, with a fandango in her stamping heels to make them hurriedly dry their tears so that nothing might interfere with perfect vision. Gomez & Co. were no pikers. Old Pete begrudged not one thick nickel of the thousands this soirée was costing him; and yet as he stood and looked 'em over thorough disgust curled up the corners of his straight, half-cruel mouth.

Spindle-shanked youths and much-berouged maidens strolled about below him. Fathers and mothers were indoors, for the May night was keen up on the mountain side to which The Hacienda clung; and a great log blazing at one end of the drawing-room had brought the elder guests about it, to watch an ancient crone in the peasant dress of Pedro Gomez's native province bake crisp tortillas for them on the hot stones of the hearth. But sons and daughters were abroad, tempting that golden moon, at which their host blew a disgusted smoke screen, to do its worst.

Pete Gomez's pet aversion was the college man. Up from the muck himself, self-made, self-educated to a point where he could talk the language of any man he met, he believed with the late Fra that those men who can, do; and that those who can't, go to college. And as he looked down at the dilly-dallying socalled males below him, he saw many things to strengthen his conviction.

Harold and Ralph, for instance, with their heads filled full of charlotte russe and popped out by the class of 1921 into a world fairly ravenous for the pin-bone steaks of knowledge, stopped just beneath him, one daintily accepting the courtesy of cigarette fire from the other. Something about the performance fascinated Pete. He watched

"They're College Bred," Growled Pete. "Their Nests All Lined for Them. It's Work Makes Men"

it to the end. Then he took the stogy out of his teeth and held it off between his thumb and the big knuckle of his forefinger—just as Ralph had held his amber mouthpiece—and looked at it. There was about as much resemblance between the scented luxuries which Harold's monogrammed gold case had yielded up and the villainous weed that smoldered in old Pete's fist as there is between an incense burner and a blast furnace. Yet Pete saw either some vague likeness between them or else not wide enough dissimilarity, for he gave his piece of fuming hemp a flip that sailed it out over a hedge near by, where it fell, spitting sparks like a spent skyrocket, at the feet of a startled couple in the shadow. Then reaching around into the tail of his coat he hauled forth into the light of the moon an ancient Kerry dudeen, the priceless gift of Phelim Malone, and tamping the crusted bowl of it to the brim with a slice or two which he whittled from a vicious black oblong that the same coat-tail pocket disgorged, he touched off that grim charge with a hardihood that would have done credit to his Celtic associates of old. One of the first and greatest construction truths that he had imbibed from Malone & Rourke was the fact that but for strong tobacco, coupled with language of equal vigor, no man-sized job that ever opened earth would have come to successful completion.

"College bred!" said Gomez to himself, and spat. "Twenty years old, the average of them, and I see a score of them piffling about from here. Four hundred years of life, and not a tap of useful work to show for it."

And then suddenly, with the contemptuous words not fairly off of his lips, the eyes of old Pete Gomez softened—and his mouth. Whoee wouldn't—at sight of the girl that turned a hedge corner and came running into his vision?

Some there are who call a girl's hair golden when it's auburn, some when it's Titian, some when it's corn-silk yellow. But have you ever seen a nugget of virgin gold gleaming out freshly from the newly broken piece of snowy quartz that has hidden it from a cupidinous world a hundred thousand years? Or have you seen it later, as it lies molten in the assay crucible, with unbelievable colors filming and writhing over it? Eyes black as the burial chamber of Cheops, half veiled by golden lashes, went with that hair. A face long oval. A skin light olive, whose even pallor was the despair of every hand-colored beauty whose eye encountered it. And as she moved, a sway to the flat-curved hips of her as though her half-closed hands held castanets, and every lithe muscle of her was a-swing to catch the first strum of some guitar's soft *seguidilla*, and match it with a wild fling of her young body. Moonlight, spilled wantonly on that gold head, ran splashing off her hair, and went downpouring over her like fairy wine, till the girl's whole filmy dress seemed wetted against her slimness with the intoxicating bath.

Small wonder that at sight of her Pete Gomez felt his tough old heart soften within him. Who shall blame Rollo Spindleshanks then, who toddled along close back of her, if his tender heart was not proof against the moonlight and the moon-drenched girl so close to him? At any rate, there before the eyes of old Pete Gomez young Rollo flung an ardent arm about that old *bandolero's* daughter. Pete chuckled. Pete knew the breed. The girl below him made a delicious little throat noise, waited until the sweetest waxed mustache you ever saw was just about to touch her face, and then put two slim hands under the place where you would naturally have looked for Rollo's chin.

"You break the waist-lock this way, Art," said the girl.

So his name wasn't Rollo, after all. Just the same, it was a Rollo jaw that tilted up, and a Rollo head that snapped back at the straightening of the girl's smooth arms. And as Art sat down suddenly in the chilly dew, making him Rollo, all right, all right, as far as this story goes, the girl slipped out of his feebly pawing arms and disappeared into the shadows under the portico.

Twenty seconds later old Pete Gomez, looking down upon the swarm of two and seventy-five hundredths per cent men who issued forth into the moon with the cessation of an orchestra's soft throbbing, heard a golden voice say back of him, "Horrible examples of a fine species, eh, daddy mio?"

Pete put his arm across a pair of unbelievably smooth olive shoulders.

"They're college bred," growled Pete. "Their nests all lined for them. It's work makes men."

And a puff from his vile old hay-burner went scudding past his daughter's face.

She coughed, and the smooth long profile of her nose broke into many little wrinkles. Her father feigned displeasure.

"The trouble with you is that you're getting used to smelling sachet powder on your men, Natalla."

Natalla! Violins at dusk. If her dad could say her name like that, how would it sound in the voice of the man whose children would one day call her mother? Natahlya is as near as English type can come to it. Natahlya Gomath! Guitar strings whispering! I can hear some broad-backed fellow call her to him with the music of it.

"I doubt," Pete Gomez blustered on, entirely unconscious of the Castilian melody his lips had made, "if one of those things in pants down there could do this if you tried to keep him from it."

"That pipe!" laughed the daughter, struggling to get away from him as he remorselessly illustrated his speech. Then she pointed quickly.

"Who left the back gate open, daddy Pete?" she said. "A man got in here somehow."

Pete Gomez followed the girl's finger.

"He looks as though he could do that thing you just put over, whether I wanted him to or not," said the girl, not without a hint of wistfulness in her voice.

A tall, wide-shouldered fellow, short-nosed, long-upper-lipped, red-headed, grinning a large and very contagious grin, came strolling down the same secluded path where Rollo had met overthrow, a slim-ankled girl holding his arm.

Dad Gomez eyed the man belligerently.

"I don't believe he could," growled the old buccaneer. "Not if you really fought. He's Malloy. Erector for Malloy Steel Structures. Going to put together the Arapahoe's ribs for me. He's college bred. Job served up to him on a silver platter. Father was head of the concern. Fought the company into life. This Lillian will have a chance to wreck it some day soon."

"He doesn't look just like Lillian to me," answered the daughter. "He looks more like Buck. Looks as though he could, even if I really fought hard as I was able." She turned a hopeful face up to her father. "Isn't steel erection a man's job, daddy?"

"None he-er in this little vale of tears, Natalla. If you don't do it from a swivel chair. Tell you what," her dad proposed, "I'll introduce him to you, and you find out if he can, yourself. Let me know, then. But be sure you fight." He looked down into the almost savage dark eyes of the girl, and smiled as he saw his own Castilian love of a daring and gay adventure reflected in them.

"If he gets away with that job," added Gomez, "he's the boy to raise steel for U. S. & Co."

An hour later a dark red head, close followed by a golden one, emerged through a lifted trap in the floor of a small bell tower, the only pinnacle on the flat roofs that marked the uphill ramblings of The Hacienda. Down into unfathomable shadows plunged that side of the mountain to which the building hung. But across the blue depths of the valley another range soared up, bright with the light of the May moon, mist gossamered here and there. The quiet was intense. Only those two were in the world. Much had been said and left unsaid in the sixty minutes they had known each other. Noise from the ground did not reach up to them. From that small tower not even a gleam of light from the cars that filled the parking lawn was visible. The tower's roof shadow fell inkily about them; but out beyond, the world was moon drowned. But even in the blackness where she stood Natalla Gomez's head gleamed molten gold as though an assay oven's yellow walls were throwing their fierce rays upon it. Out of the night below at last the soft voice of a cello rose above the unheard orchestra that supported it, and reached the little bell tower with its deep barytone. And the broad-backed Mr. Malloy, clenching his fists to hold himself against the madness that the moonlight and that masculine violin advised, swayed a little, and, fate handling the thing, his shoulder brushed against the lip of one of the bells that hung above him, so that a golden whisper came beating into his ear.

Too much is plenty. The man was human; as most red-headed men are apt to be.

"It's Tom Moore himself would have stammered trying to tell you what a beautiful thing you are," said young Mr. Malloy.

And another hour later Pedro Gomez, standing outside his daughter's bedroom door, paused with lifted hand before he ventured a light rap.

A sound like stifled sobbing came very faintly to his ears. He could not be quite sure. He knocked at last, and turned the knob.

"What do you say?" he inquired, poking in his head.

"I say it's one smelly old world to live in, daddy Pete," said a pillow-smothered voice, trying hard to sound who-gives-a-damnish but with indifferent success. "And you'd better be looking around," it added bravely, "for another steel erector for that pet job of yours."

"I thought he couldn't get away with it," rumbled Padre Gomez contemptuously. "Lillian is right, then."

"It is not so," came the unrhetorical retort, a rather suspicious breath catch at the end of it; "it's Red. And I had to jab my finger in his eye."

The half-grown skeleton of the giant Arapahoe Hotel stretched its gaunt bones upward into the driving rain. The racket of rivet hammers had quieted. The clang of maul on long reverberating beams was still. The steady plugging of the big compressor that sent its power-packed air up the long lines of pipe to the rivet guns had slowed down to a hesitating cough or two and stopped, leaving an auditory vacuum on the job. No hoisting engine raced and clanked, shooting its white exhaust jet out of the traveler, ten stories up. None purred under the loads that the big ground derrick swung from car to stock pile; for its long boom was tethered idly now by its hoisting cable to a heavy floor beam which was to be its first lift when the weather cleared. J. Pluvius was bossing the Arapahoe job. And when J. P. takes the reins in his hands the strain of the world's big outdoor tasks eases a bit; and the peppery gangs that serve them heave a long sigh of relief from the drive, thank heaven for a day's enforced letdown; and, from engineer to water boy, they loll about the crude office and the cruder tool shed, consume vast quantities of tobacco, eating and burning, and yarn and yarn and yarn.

Rough tables of unfinished boards, littered with blue prints, form the miniature battlefields on which the plans

for the big fights are laid out. For the field construction office is no thing of shining mahogany and glittering brass. Likely as not a tin washbasin, on such a day as this, catches the plink-plink-plink of that part of the rain which finds its way through the hole that a hot rivet, missed by the catcher's bucket a hundred feet aloft, has burned through the tar-paper roof. And the splintery studding and joists and boards that make up sides and ceiling, show long moist stains where the elements soak through. The window sashes of executive establishments such as these are each of different size and style, random accumulations, with the dirt of their last place of usefulness thick upon their panes. A transit, boxed; a level on its tripod; a huge erection plan tacked to the biggest unbroken space the walls afford; frayed edges of innumerable detail sheets peeking forth from their cramped quarters in a homemade blue-print cabinet; an egg stove, one time painted white, now brown stained from ill-aimed shots of bridgeman's nectar; a boxful of discolored sawdust at its foot, the target at which so many volleys of the solacing extract have been fired—such things as these add character to the executive chamber of almost any big construction job. They did to the center of authority for the field activities of the Arapahoe Hotel. No place for a lady, one might say; and on this particular rainy morning on this particular job, no ladies present.

Eddie Simms, timekeeper, crouched on a tall stool, was translating the unreadable hieroglyphics of a well-thumbed time book into perfectly lettered and perfectly legible characters on a spotless pay-roll sheet, now almost ready for its journey to the cashier at the central office. A red-haired young fellow standing before a high rough table was poring over a broad sheet of blue paper.

The outer door swung suddenly open, rudely disturbing this scene of peace and industry, to admit a gust of wind and rain, and a dripping figure.

The timekeeper put aside his pen and notebook and drew a delighted breath. Johnny Rapport, the erector foreman, as he had expected.

"Aha, we're off!" said the red-haired man, turning his back to the prints and leaning his elbows on the high table. Given Rappy and a package of Doughboy Scrap, a hard rain and an audience, and the office work was over for the day.

"Shut the door, Stupe," said Eddie, by way of pleasant greeting.

The foreman shook the rain off of his hat and tried his range by an unsuccessful shot at the sawdust box.

"I've seen my share of sunny-day pencil shovers in my time," remarked the newcomer, "but our little Eddie is the prize fair-weather timekeeper of the lot."

He turned to the red-haired man, ignoring the other.

"I got two roughnecks up in the traveler-engine shed splicing that cable we cut yesterday, boss," he said, "and I suppose they'll be yellin' bloody murder pay day for a day short because sugar-coated Willie isn't getting around the job to-day."

The boss grinned appreciatively. And the timekeeper's manner underwent an instantaneous change. He proffered a flat can to the foreman.

"Bridge Mixture," he said. "Road tar and splinters. Mixed specially for roughnecks. The bridgeman's joy smoke. You'll find it a nice change from bituminous coal. Hod up."

He dropped from his stool and unscrewed the level from its stand and put it carefully in its box. Then he straddled two of the legs of the empty tripod about the stove.

"Here, hang your coat on this," he said solicitously, and he took the sodden garment out of Rapport's hand and hung it on the instrument stand, close to the heat.

"What's the numbers of those two men splicing cable?" he inquired carelessly, after finishing these ministrations.

The foreman shook out a generous palmful from the proffered can, tucked the tin under his arm, and started to rub the tobacco into granules before he spoke.

"Hit the trail, sweetheart, hit the trail! Ten stories up and turn to the left. It's a little dusty afore the mast to-day, but you'll find the two lads in the traveler shanty. They'll let you have their numbers gladly. There's money in it for them."

And the gentleman thrust a broom straw into the open stove door and stuck the flat can with the residue of Eddie's tobacco in it into his own greasy hip pocket. He had time for one long puff before the cyclone struck. The rivet keg that had been answering him for a chair rolled clattering into a corner. There was a flurry of arms and legs, a crash, and the pair plunged under a table whose one side was supported against the wall. The two legs which held up its outer edge went with the gale, and the table, not being designed in cantilever, collapsed, and with its load of ink and stationery came down on top of the two combatants; at which the red-haired man, who had been viewing the mêlée with approval from a comparatively safe coign of vantage atop the print cabinet, leaped down, grabbed hold of a flying leg and pulled. The timekeeper came forth from under the wreckage, half his hair and one side of his face fit inspiration for a pretty little ballad entitled The Writing Fluid Blues, but with the flat can grasped triumphantly in one hand.

"Quit it, you driveling numskulls, quit it!" roared the boss. "As long as you confine the breakage to yourselves I'd let you roughhouse till there wasn't a piece left big enough to choke a cockroach; but when you start smashing up the inlaid Chippendale, 's'nuff! Here, squarehead, read this." He extended a telegram to the erector, who had just dug himself out from under the débris and was obviously preparing to renew hostilities for the possession of the can of Bridgeman's Delight. "Read this; this'll take some of the pep out of you. I got it yesterday and didn't have the heart to show it to you."

The foreman took the yellow sheet and read:

P. A. MALLOY, Malloy Steel Structures,
Const. Supt. Arapahoe Hotel,
Willamet, N. Y.

Gomez kicking about progress. Don't blame him. Sending Bensen to help you out. Let's go. RAMSDEN.

Rapport's face fell.

"That won't do, boss," he said in utmost seriousness, all memory of the friendly set-to vanishing in a moment.

Simms had come over and was looking across the bridgeman's shoulder at the message. The foreman looked back at him.

"It's Buffalo Gus they're sending, Ed," he said. "Remember that yarn I told you about how the boss broke his bucko game at Wheeling? That was a true chapter.

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With an Effort That Filled Him With Anguish He Dragged the Huge Limp Body to Its Feet, Steadied It, Drew Back His Arm, and Struck

The Generation That's Next

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Hips Slidely Yanzergedimmischen; Vaist Viso But Nod So Slidely"

IT IS in the mind of the writer to deal more or less at length with the oncoming generation. One approaches the undertaking with grave doubts and conflicting emotions—there is so much which might be said, there is so little which with the definiteness of absolute certainty can be said upon the subject by one who in years and in methods of thought and action is out of direct contact with modern youth. It is as though one squinted through a telescope the lenses of which had been made blurry by age and scratchy by usage, endeavoring to solve the puzzles of luminous newly discovered comets a-flash across the firmament. On reflection the simile seems not so good. For an orthodox astronomer has here the advantage: If in his deductions he should err regarding the life which exists on some far-distant but brightly visible star there is none competent to contradict him; the infinities of space save him from the consequences of his own mistakes. Whereas in this instance our own faulty conclusions will immediately be subject to correction.

As regards the female just emerging or just emerged from the flapper stage it is the part of prudence for a medium-aged observer to confess himself at the outset stumped. I may study her; may try to appraise and analyze her; may fondly hope to divine the inwardnesses of some of her moods and modes and manners. But in the main she baffles me. I feel toward her as I feel toward one of George Bernard Shaw's later plays. I go to see it and patiently I sit through it to the bitter end—11:55 P.M., usually—confused by a maze of brilliant but futile dialogue, dazed by the intricacies of a seemingly meaningless plot which starts without beginning and promises, along toward midnight, to stop without finishing. But the point is that I do sit through it. Once entice me to the theater, once get me settled in the midst of rapt-faced Shavians, who are trying to look as though they knew what it was all about, and perplexed non-Shavians, who by their expressions betray their complete bewilderment, and I hang on for the final curtain. Always I am like that at a George Bernard Shaw play. I know there's a catch in it somewhere!

Learning to Say it With Yawns

AND some of these days I hope to guess it for myself. My attitude toward Miss Florabel Debutante—1921 model, with low streamlines—is very similar. As a study in human complexities she interests me most even when she perplexes me most. Now the male of like age is much less complicated and much less complex than she is. Comparatively he is easy to decode. He is more elemental, more primitive than she is. He is not so highly lacquered; in spots the original surface and fabric of him show through the shellacking. At that, he carries a gloss of superficial worldliness which his father and even less his grandfather had not in their youth, nor desired to have. My observation has been that usually he begins to take on this sheen at the prep school. In my time—not so far distant a time either—the average boy of fifteen spent most of his time asking questions. Now he spends most of his time answering them.

If you wish to observe the height of boredness, the very essence of disillusionment, you no longer will find it in a club on Fifth Avenue, New York, which is frequented by elderly, crabbed men of affairs, who long ago exchanged most of their emotions for symptoms. This once was the case, but it is not so now. You will find it among those cynical ancients who compose the upper form of the average expensive boys' school in the East. Only yesterday their voices were changing and they interfered with their feet when they walked and they did not know what to do with their hands. To-day, except when their jaded fancies are stirred by sporting events or by a Follies show or by the prospect of owning a new high-powered car, it is their pose to display an almost complete indifference to the trivial occurrences of this trivial planet. For all I know to the contrary, it may not be altogether a pose with them. For some of them it may be a quite natural attitude. They were raised that way, perhaps. Remember, in some of our older families they've learned to say it with yawns.

When I was twenty or thereabouts practically everything that happened had a thrill in it for my generation. But that was a quarter of a century ago, when mankind moved at six miles an hour instead of sixty. Nowadays, unless I am woefully unjust in my estimate, mainly what happens only acquires importance in the estimation of the ultra-sophisticated youth of our land through the circumstance that he personally was present when it did happen. It isn't the event which counts so much as the fact that he observed it.

Just the other day I heard of a certain man who had been disappointed in an affair of the heart. His sweetheart, it seemed, had transferred her affections to a rival. He admitted—this blasé man of the world admitted—that he really was all broken up by the thing. He said he meant to give up everything and take a complete rest of at least a year in the hope of getting over it. I chanced to know this misanthrope. From a somewhat extended study of his ways and walks I should say that for him to rest more thoroughly during the next year than he has rested through the months and years during which I have observed him, it will be necessary for him to spend the time on the flat of his back and be fed by a nurse through a tube.

But that is really neither here nor there. To me the outstanding circumstance in this deplorable affair centers about the age of the unhappy gentleman in question. Naturally, at his age these blows land heavily upon the victim. It isn't as though he had boyish resiliency, juvenile enthusiasms. For he has lived his life. He is nearly twenty-two years old.

It is only fair I should confess that of late my opportunities for studying the members of the younger generation have largely been circumscribed to certain areas in or near some of our larger cities, and notably in or near certain larger cities of the North Atlantic Seaboard. In the cruder midlands of America, I believe, there are still to be found a few girls, daughters of well-to-do but old-fashioned parents, who did not attend a polishing-off school at all—girls who have, as one might say, the dull domestic finish. Also I am told that in some of the more remote interior parts of the continent, where a father and a son bear the same name, there yet prevails the quaint old custom of calling the father John Jones Senior, and the son John Jones Junior. Here in the East we know better than that; here the son is John Jones II—you may have noted how very often he is just that too; a second—or if the bearer of a name which his grandfather likewise bore, he is John Jones III. It has rather a regal sound to it and conveys a special and added distinction.

Let us, for a space, consider John Jones III as he presents himself before the eyes of a bystander who is twenty-odd years his senior. I do not choose for this purpose any John Jones III in particular; I am trying to fashion a composite likeness made up of features and details borrowed from what I regard as typical cases. If the portrait seems rather overdrawn and extreme, remember that in real life, as on the stage, it is by means of deliberate exaggerations of the verities that we get a proper character drawing. The predominant traits must be stressed and emphasized, sometimes almost to the point of burlesque, in order that we may arrive at a proper estimate of the type we mean to depict.

More Manners and Less Courtesy

TO BEGIN with, I would say that in John Jones III the bump of reverence has turned into a dent. Maturity and the achievements of maturity do not daunt him; the judgments of maturity backed by the experience of maturity mean mighty little to him. He has more of surface culture than his sire before him had, but inside of him, I believe, very much less of respect for the opinions of his elders. He tolerates them because it is a rule of polite society so to do, but at the same time he rather patronizes them. They bore him—they, and their ancient ways and their mossy prejudices. They lack very often in the small social graces which he so assiduously has developed and cultivated. His manner of springing to his feet when a woman enters a company where he is seated is a lesson in deportment. Whether he would give up his seat in a crowded lifeboat to a woman or a child with as much readiness as his father would show under like circumstances is a moot question.

As a man approaches middle age he finds, provided he has definitely established himself in some estate or position,

I Said I Would Take the Second Pouch; Whereupon the Young Lady Spoke Words of a Most Flattering Nature

A Small Maiden Trigged Out for a Party Told Me That Her Frock Was Called Mist of the Maytime

that the world generally is in a pleasant conspiracy to give him a good conceit of himself. If he has not allowed his sense of personal dignity to eclipse his sense of humor—or vice versa—he may without cajoling himself too far be fairly well content with the image presented in the mirror which creation at large holds up before his eyes. On every side is manifest a disposition on the part of those with whom he comes in contact to fill him with an agreeable self-contentfulness.

For an example I beg to take a sample day out of my own life. I shall take one particular day because it abounded in illustrations of the point I seek to make.

Surveys Made by the Tailor

IN THE morning I went to the tailor's. Prices had been marked down and I meant to take advantage of the reduction while clothing, for the first time in years, had been cut to so ridiculously low a figure that if only it were cut about 50 per cent more, a suit then would cost only about three times as much as a suit used to cost before the war. So I went to the tailor's, feeling that whether I needed new clothing or not I should be sadly lacking in ordinary forethought did I fail to avail myself of an opportunity which in our lifetime may never come again. It had been quite a long time since I had ordered any suits, and the tailor was of the opinion that in the interim my outlines had altered somewhat. So he called in two members of his staff to take my dimensions. One of them, the head cutter, went over me and up and down me and around and around and around me with a tape measure and a T square, charting and platting and taking soundings, while the other stood by to record the metes and bounds in a book. It was rather like a civil-engineering proposition except that instead of saying "Thence in a general westerly direction, following dips, angles, curves and bulges to a brass suspender button marked 'Blank Button Co. Inc.'; thence due north along a back center seam to a rear collar stud; thence east, following shoulder blade," and so on, the head surveyor chose to chant his notations in a mixture of Yiddish and what he evidently believed to be English, mixing this jargon with code numbers rather in the fashion of a football captain signaling his team.

That is to say, he did this after he had reached a certain stage in the undertaking. Until he had reached this stage he did not feel called upon to resort to ciphers and cryptic ejaculations. For so long as he was working on me longitudinally his language was quite frank and almost, if not quite, entirely intelligible to me. It was when he got among the latitudes that I first noticed he was withholding certain details from me although at the same time making his disclosures entirely understandable so far as his aid was concerned.

For instance, when he came to tape my torso he called out quite loudly: "Shest, normal, forty-four; shest expoundet, forty-six and sree-tents." Then in a stage whisper he said: "Left shoulter *gemulllichenschlosser!* At least it sounded like that. I believe my left shoulder is somewhat lower than my right. Plainly he figured I was not aware of the discrepancy and so meant to save me from the pain of knowing the distressing truth.

When he had worked gradually southward to my midriff his language became ever guarded and intricate.

He snugged the tape about me, first here, then there, and rattled off in rapid succession two sets of dimensions, and then with a husky and significant emphasis added mysteriously under his breath: "Hips slidely *yanzergedimmischen;* vaist ulso *yanzergedimmischen* but nod so slidely."

See how careful was he to withhold from me any disclosures which might lead me to suspect that I lacked in absolute perfection of symmetry and proportion. The man was a born diplomat; indeed the world of trade is peopled with born diplomats.

Upon leaving the tailor's I had occasion to visit a friend who is an official in a bank where occasionally I transact divers financial businesses. Passing through the bank to my friend's office in the rear I was struck by certain physical details which although commonplace and customary features of such an establishment had never especially impressed themselves upon me before. Now I discerned in them a most admirable subtlety of thoughtfulness, devised in the customer's behalf. I think probably it was my experience of a little while before at the tailor's which made me now view these tactful touches in the banking fixtures in a more understanding light.

Then I repaired to a shop to purchase a tobacco pouch as a gift for a pipe-smoking friend. A personable young woman waited upon me. Usually when I am being served by a woman clerk I take the first thing she offers—that is, I take it if she looks as though she expected me to take it. All women and some men love to shop, but I do not. When shopping I am easily embarrassed, easily led by a will stronger than my own. But on this occasion I had the courage to reject the black leather pouch which she first exhibited to me in favor of one in a display case which had caught my eye and my fancy—a somewhat more ornate pouch, costing, as it turned out, almost twice as much as the other would have cost. I said I would take the second pouch; whereupon the young lady spoke words of a most flattering nature as regards my powers of discrimination.

Outside on the sidewalk I took stock of the outstanding impressions of that forenoon, and to myself I said: "What a kindly, courteous universe it is, to be sure! How civilization has wrought to soothe me and to make me feel comfortable in my mind! Take what happened to-day: That head cutter must have known that I knew that in the neighborhood of my hips I was whatever he said I was and that at the belt line I was even more so; or at the very least, he must have suspected that I suspected the presence of these physical idiosyncrasies. But did he crudely and crassly blare out the embarrassing facts in my presence? He did not. By virtue of his linguistic facility he managed to convey his exact meaning to his assistant without wounding my sensibilities or causing me any personal annoyance.

"And then at the bank—how about what I saw there? Over the wicketed opening where my money and the money of others is accepted for deposit was a legend on a brass plate reading 'Receiving Teller' and over the adjacent opening, where we are discouraged from trying to get any of the bank's money out, was another legend reading 'Loans.' How considerate this is; how deftly contrived to comfort the public! Suppose they had labeled these windows by their shorter, uglier proper names. Suppose they had called them respectively the Yes Window and the No Window. Tact, I call it; tact and graciousness. And then finally there was that agreeable young woman at the tobacconist's shop. How charmingly she referred to my good taste!

The Song of the Bul-Bul

"YES SIR," I went on, "there's no doubt about it—the cosmic plan is organized to make an adult American feel pretty well pleased with himself."

When I reached home in the evening of this pleasant day I found on my desk no less than three tributes to my justly famous sagacity in business affairs. These tributes were guised in the shape of letters from a certain class of so-called stockbrokers downtown.

Scarce a day passes when at least one such letter fails to reach me at my regular address. But here were three of them, and all in one mail. Indeed, some of these gentlemen cannot abide the thought of the delay which may arise through the tardiness of the postman. They use the wires. They send me long day letters, prepaid. And every one of these communications, whether telegraphic or typewritten, compliments me upon my native shrewdness and my ability to discover the splendid possibilities of this or that new investment proposition at a glance. Confident of the outcome, each writer appeals to the quality of discernment which has made me almost nationally famous as a wizard of finance. Yet personally I do not know a single one of these gentlemen who write to me so regularly; to the best of my recollection I have in my whole lifetime seen but one of them. That was some years ago when I was a reporter for a New York evening newspaper and he was on trial in the Federal courts for using the mails with intent to

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He Wrested the Driver Out of His Parent's Grasp. "Stand Aside," He Commanded. "Watch Me"

A SPRIG OF LEMON VERBENA

Henry Lockyer Was, as It Were, Flavored Like a Gilt-Lacquered Tea Caddy With China, and Andrew Found Him Entrancing Company

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THEY were sitting back of the partition in Albert Genamon's drug store among the orderly rows of white and colored and glass-stoppered bottles, the water taps and zinc sheeting and pungent cleansing smells. Genamon, whose smooth long face had taken permanently the expression of whimsical humor for which he was publicly noted; Markley Watts, the small silent station agent; Andrew and Samson Rendell, both thin and grave and dark, characteristic of their blood, Andrew newly elevated to the bench and Samson a dealer in coal and grains; and Chester Lukens, younger than the others, returned only that week from an epochal voyage to England.

Chester had been talking excitedly and at length, but now he had fallen into a thoughtful silence, his face bearing a palpable discontent; and the others, smoking Albert Genamon's next-to-best cigars, said nothing. The back door was open on a contracted inclosure bare of grass, a straggling hedge and the brick ends of buildings turned toward the parallel street. It was dusk and summer, and the drifting air brought in, against a carbolic odor, the scent of lilacs, the fragrance of flowers and the soothing echoes and calls of the town. Suddenly Markley Watts spoke.

"And this game, golf," he said, "that you played over there, Chester: you like it and think we ought to take it up in Eastlake?"

"Certainly we ought," Chester Lukens replied vigorously. "That is, if we don't want to be considered dead here. But I don't really know if we're not. I did more than play—I brought home a set of clubs and the balls; and, too, I asked a lot of questions. I pretty well understand it. A lot of ground will be necessary, like a big cleared meadow, and yet not all cleared, either; but we could lease that outside of town. To-morrow'll be Sunday, and we can walk out and I'll show you. Why, Samson, there's just nothing to do here except baseball late in the afternoon and croquet." His voice acquired an accent of contempt. "Dead," he repeated to no one in particular, taking a cigarette from a leather case.

"I wish you wouldn't smoke those things," Albert protested. "They're not right manly. Somehow they remind me of Lord Chumley." Lukens rose.

"Of course," he proclaimed in a superior manner, "if you won't move along with life —— I will stop here with the golf clubs early in the afternoon."

When he had gone there was a general sigh. Albert Genamon continued, "Chester seems a little dissatisfied with us and Eastlake. He's become a regular Anglomaniac. And did you see the collar! He's worse—a dude."

"What about playing a game on Sunday?" Watts asked. "That'll make a big row. I'm not sure, but I think it's illegal."

"Don't let that bother you, Markley," Andrew Rendell advised him. "From what Chester says, nobody will guess it's a game. Hitting a little ball and then tramping after it doesn't qualify, to my mind. The tramping I'll do will be in waders after trout along the Beaverkill."

"Don't be too set," his brother advised him. "After all, Chester has been away and seen a good deal. He's a smart young man."

Genamon added, "Get him started and I'll roll the pills up right here." But Markley Watts still objected.

"It is his spirit I'm against. The Lord knows what he will bring into Eastlake with his newfangled ideas. For instance, what he said about organizing a club. I'd like to know what we need a club for, when we've been meeting here and talking every evening, pretty nearly, for ten years. This drug store is all the club any reasonable man would need."

He grew so excited, so resentful that he stood up, gesticulating with his cigar.

"Why, Markley," they all cried, "your own wife wouldn't recognize you!" Albert Genamon pretended to get him a bromide powder.

"Don't worry," Samson reassured him. "Nothing will ever take the place of Albert Genamon's in Eastlake. Let's get back to facts. Are we going up on the Miramichi in July?"

They were, it was finally decided; and Samson and Andrew Rendell, walking home together through the gathering dusk, discussed the tying of some flies for Northern water. Andrew wore a high hat carefully brushed, and from the tails of his black coat hung the brilliant silk of a bandanna handkerchief. His Malacca cane with an ivory knob struck now on a sounding boardwalk and was now silent crossing a dusty town street. Samson had on a gray felt hat with a narrow brim and a short braided jacket against wide pepper-and-salt trousers.

Above them maple trees met, forming a closed glimmering prospect, a cool green way with small houses of brick or boards on either side, but all with porches and beds of flowers, of mignonette and pansies and sweet William and nasturtiums and clove pinks. The houses, the lawns, even the cast-iron fences, were all alike in size and color and atmosphere, as though there had been a common agreement of harmony, of an equality without a personal ambition of show or superior material resources. Across the tranquil air came the slow pealing of a bell, and Samson halted.

"There!" he exclaimed. "I was listening so close to Chester that I forgot the fire-company meeting. Tell Annice, will you, Andrew, and I'll go right back. It may be after nine when I get home."

Andrew Rendell stopped by the gate of a dwelling with a bay window on the left.

A small feminine group were seated with spread white skirts on the steps of the portico.

"Samson will be late," he repeated in a voice not raised, but clear. "It is the fire-meeting night." Annice replied that she was aware of that.

"No need to ask where you have all been," she went on in tones not entirely innocent of a mild philosophical objection—"back in that drug store. I declare, what you see in him, a bachelor with a tongue in his head, I for one can't make out. And Markley Watts, he never opens his mouth; that's as sure as a pint's a pound."

"You should have heard him to-night," Andrew informed her. "He was like a Fourth-of-July orator."

To Annice's invitation that he come in and rest his hat he answered that he had some legal papers to look over before court to-morrow. He never would sit with women, she called back; positively he was as bad as Albert Genamon, who was polite enough to listen to, but had—it was well known—his own opinion of a lady. Another, a young fresh voice, protested against her mother's sharpness with Uncle Andrew, and a figure detached itself from the vagueness and walked gracefully to the fence. Andrew kissed her dutifully on a cool cheek.

"Rosalee, who do you think was talking to us this evening about a game called golf, and spitchcocks and the French *valse?*"

"I think he might have talked of it better to somebody else than a lot of men," she returned. "But of course he must do what he likes. I am sure and sure and sure ——"

He stopped her with a thin hand against her lips.

"I know—it's nothing to you. Certainly not. There is one thing he hasn't seen in England, and that is a lovelier girl ——"

Now her firm small palm stopped him.

"You are making it more than it is," Rosalee instructed him. "I'm glad Chester had a wonderful time, and I understand that he hasn't been back long enough to get around and see everyone."

Was it the tenderness of the dusk, Andrew Rendell wondered, that this evening made her appear actually beautiful? Her bright hair was subdued, soft around the delicate oval of her face, and her eyes—the Rendell eyes; such a dark blue that now they seemed black—were filled with a spirit suddenly stirring to his heart. Youth, he told himself, continuing down the darkening street, at its richest and best.

Virgin gold so pure that it could almost be molded with the fingers, the right fingers; and ready for the flame that would convert it into a permanence of love and fidelity, the unselfishness of maternity.

His study was bare except for the calf-bound legal books that, on light-walnut shelves, covered two walls. The remaining end had a large window on Tulip Street, and the fourth wall, against which stood a black haircloth sofa, was hung with steel engravings of the chief justices of the United States, the enlargement of a photograph of his wife taken the day of their marriage, and there was a glass door opening on a small side lawn and the garden patch he tended. There was a long table in the middle of the room, with orderly piles of current political and general pamphlets, the folded local and a thicker city newspaper, his green-baize bag with its draw tape and an open box of prime Manila stogies, inordinately black and shaped like a trumpet.

It had been his custom, since his wife's death, to work very late through the night; and so he was in no hurry to take up the dockets by his chair with leather back and seat and padded arms. Instead he chose a stogy, lighted it very thoroughly from a wax match and settled back with an introspective gaze on the spreading bluish smoke. Since his youth, only thirty-and-some years ago, how times had changed! For example, the lamplighter going his rounds on evenings such as this when there was no moon; the row of venerable old men who used to sit in the hickory chairs before the Mansion House and argue about the naval operations on Lake Champlain —— Their feet, he remembered, in boots, were cocked up on an iron rail; when he played baseball it was necessary to hit the runner between bases; and how the hard rubber ball could hurt! Life was simpler, more straightforward then. There weren't so many dances at Lennis Springs; so many strawberry festivals and excursions and summers away from home, at Cape May. Now here was Chester Lukens, returned from three months abroad, complaining because Eastlake, where there was hardly a dull minute, was dead.

Chester, he said aloud, severely, was a fool; not only for his restlessness but principally because of his attitude toward Rosalee. Damn it, what did the boy—he was no more—want from life? What more than his, Andrew Rendell's, niece could be got? Nothing! Chester, Andrew growled, had had a fair sight of some great painted lady in her carriage, or a closer glance at such paint in the promenades of the music halls.

A vision of his own youngest manhood filled his mind. He had been something of a dandy, not in the imitative manner held against Chester by Markley Watts; but extremely fastidious about his dress, his food, or rather his drink, and his associations, mental and real. He had prided himself on reason, a reason which he now saw as an immature but characteristic skepticism, and a special clarity in regard to what he designated as entanglements with women.

Andrew Rendell had determined to stay unmarried, intellectually free. He had never from the first wavered in his complete dedication to the law; and though he went occasionally to evening parties where there were women, he contrived to remain outside the games, the swift warm whispering in corners. He had stood, with a leaf or two of lemon verbena in his buttonhole, in doorways, immaculate and withdrawn and superior.

Why he had always preferred lemon verbena to a flower, a small tea rose or a camellia, was a mystery to him. It was the smell certainly that captivated him, charmed his imagination. Even now, when he could, he kept it about him—in the lapel of his coat, green or crisply brown among his stores of body linen, along the border of his lawn. He had worn lemon verbena at his initial appearance on the bench, and its pungent sweetness had lasted through the long fatiguing day in the close court room. But it was of his marriage that he had been thinking. If Caroline Lockyer had not been fragile, as delicate as a Nanking china cup, he would never have noticed her. She was so slender, so ethereal that she hadn't seemed like a girl in the least. It was impossible to regard her as a menace to his planned, his cherished singleness.

For years her father had been factor at Canton, in China, for a Boston tea-importing firm; and, retired because of an intermitting Eastern fever, he had come home to Eastlake with Caroline and her mother. Henry Lockyer had brought back, too, tags and phrases of Confucian and Taoistic wisdom. He was, as it were, flavored like a gilt-lacquered tea caddy with China, and Andrew found him entrancing company. They were apt to sit through long summer evenings under a screen of scarlet trumpet creepers, the aged yellowed man and the particular youth, while the former discoursed of godowns and candied watermelon seed and the fabulous river gardens of Soochow. In the winter the same thing had continued in a parlor where carved ivories and imperial yellow silks had contrasted with a Pennsylvania ten-plate stove and a fretted foot organ.

Often Caroline would sit with them, saying little or nothing, in light sliplike dresses and slippers on minute feet with crossed ribbons about the ankles. She, like Rosalee, had bright hair; but she had worn it netted and low on her neck. Low and netted, with what light there was tangled and glinting in the smooth strands!

Well, he had paid precious little attention to her; and then only from a sense of duty, of acknowledged gratitude to her father, he had taken her to a party at Emery Carol's, a birthday party for Emery's eldest daughter. The Carols lived in a long low stone farmhouse, perhaps five miles over the gentle hills from Eastlake; and—it had been autumn—there was cider in stone crocks. No such cider now, Andrew Rendell added. The young people were very boisterous, the kissing games more rough and frequent than usual, and Caroline had been frightened. She had been frightened and he annoyed, and eventually they had stood together outside the house, the loud gayety, facing the keen serenity of the late October night. No more than that then, for he had driven her home almost immediately after. Only that then, and hardly more through the winter following. She had caught a cold early in

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When He Saw Sara Close Beside a Figure in Black and White, He Went Forward to Make Them His Compliments and Farewell

The Young Man in Journalism

What to Print—By Chester S. Lord

OUR young man who has just entered journalism finds one question uppermost: What to print. On what lines of policy have our great newspapers reached success? Why do people prefer one newspaper above another? What kind of news or reading is the most popular?

In his meditations over newspaper possibilities the late Joseph Pulitzer found himself reasoning that the existing newspapers were written above the understanding of the multitudes, the commoner people, and consequently were not read by them. Hundreds of thousands of the metropolitan district population read no daily sheets because the price was so high and because the editorial utterances were over their heads, were too profound, too scholarly. Pulitzer pictured a newspaper so simple of speech and of editorial expression that this vast population would understand it. He purchased the New York World, reduced its price and tried to make it appeal to the masses, and before long he had attained a great circulation and a great fortune.

L. Clarke Davis, Once Editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, Father of Richard Harding Davis

Richard Harding Davis, Noted War Correspondent and Novelist, in 1891, at the Age of 27

Now Pulitzer accomplished this by contemplating his newspaper from the viewpoint of the reader rather than from that of the editor. He gave the people something they wanted. Giving the public what it wants is the surest way of getting a multitude of readers. His reading matter was mild. The typography was wildly spectacular. He attracted attention with headlines a foot high and with letterpress that reminded of thickly woven barbed fence wire. One half of the page was daubed with blotches of black type and the other half was smeared with red ink. But typographical eccentricity alone does little harm; it's a question of taste.

Pulitzer had made his great success along these lines and was breathing easily. It was not until another editor came along who outdid Pulitzer in multiple exaggerations of the same game that the country saw the most riotous outburst of sensational journalism ever known anywhere. Pulitzer's early efforts were as a smoking ash barrel when compared with the Vesuvius of volcanic flame and melted lava that followed. That Hearst would collect a bigger mob of readers was inevitable, but Pulitzer lost no readers and gained many. Both establishments kept up the lurid contest as long as circulation continued to grow; but with the pause of the rocket rise things began to simmer down to a less spectacular splendor of insanity. The inflammation of the imagination subsided and gradually they approached the routine and respectability of the other sheets.

It was the same old story—the story so familiar to journalists of ripening years—of building up a newspaper circulation by spectacular methods and then relapsing into ordinary goodness with a deliberation so gradual that the reader does not notice the change.

The Taste for Newspaper Stimulants

FOR every editor knows that the more details of sin, vice and crime he crams into his newspaper the more copies of that newspaper will be sold; and every editor knows that the most subtle temptation that besets him is the temptation to print the things that should not be printed; and that temptation is the more acute because he knows that the people want to read them. Ay, there's the rub! The people want the sensational stuff. The highly sensational sheets sell three or four times as many copies as do the conservative ones. The proportion is greater in London and Paris. In our large cities almost all the newspapers of great circulation began the building-up process by audacious sensationalism; as they became prosperous they became moderate. Joseph Addison, of long-ago literary fame, recognized the public liking for sensation. He says in The Spectator: "At the same time I am very sensible that nothing spreads a paper like private calumny and defamation."

The Late David Graham Phillips Began His Brilliant Literary Career as a Newspaper Man

And the Reverend Lyman Abbot in rebuking the sensational press was moved to remark: "Is the defense of the newspaper that it must give the public what it wants a good one? Most certainly no! No more than the selling of whisky, opium, stale fish or decayed vegetables. The editor ought to be a public teacher."

The popular taste that demands this sort of newspaper stimulant attracted the attention of Lafcadio Hearn, who remarks: "Everywhere there is a public of this kind to whom lachrymose emotion and mawkish sentiment give the same kind of pleasure that black, red and blazing yellow give to the eyes of little children and savages."

Conversely, The Christian Science Monitor is read by thousands of persons for the reason not so much that it represents a religious emotion as that it prints wholesome news free from spasm. "It reflects the true balance of the world's work and refuses to see only the evil and morbid happenings in it and let it appear that they are the preponderant forces of the world's efforts. Thus it emphasizes the decent things, the heroic things, the things worth while." With fairly good service The Christian Science Monitor presents the news of the day, and it especially appeals to parents who wish to keep the tart news reports of the secular press from their children.

What to print? This is a question that has disturbed many an editor's nightcap. So much depends on the editorial purpose. If the editor seeks to have a wholesome influence, seeks to do good, seeks a reputation for honesty of purpose and honesty of community service he naturally will stick to a conservative course. For somehow exaggeration and sensationalism, not to mention falsehood, do not seem quite to harmonize with moral precepts; nor do they inspire confidence in the editor's influence. The conservative sheets are duller but they are trusted the more; and public confidence is a mighty fine foundation on which to build a healthy circulation.

Many persons read the same newspaper for years and years. They become used to its ways, its arrangement of news; and they have confidence in its integrity. It comes to be almost a spiritual consolation to them. They swear by it and they believe in it just as they believe in their pastor or their family physician. This is true especially of readers in the smaller cities, although it prevails everywhere.

Now it behooves the editor to nurse this attitude, for once it gets a hold on a community it is hard to dislodge. It grows like a river after spring rains, slowly but surely increasing in volume and in strength.

The people bought Greeley's Tribune because they believed that Greeley was honest. They were willing to be influenced by what he said. For the same reason Bowles' Springfield Republican became popular and prosperous. Throughout the country we have repeated instances of newspapers having the confidence of the community because they are honestly conducted.

How the Sun Was Made Interesting

THE New York Times is perhaps our most gratifying exhibit of a newspaper advanced to supreme success by conservative methods. Free from exaggeration of statement or typographical appearance or hysteria of any sort, it has grown to great circulation and vast influence. Mr. Ochs planned this result on the theory of giving to each reader the things in which he is personally interested, printing the news in such volume as to attract a great variety of interests. The lawyer found the full court calendar, the real-estate man a record of every sale, the sporting enthusiast the result of every game.

Before Jesse Lynch Williams Wrote Plays He Wrote Newspaper "Copy"

Dana's purpose was to make The Sun interesting to everybody. He wanted to print matter that would be equally absorbing to a reader in Chicago, Boston or New York. Minor neighborhood events were minimized to make room for the important, for the odd and queer, for bright things. He inspired his staff to enthusiasm for good writing. He chose to lead public opinion rather than be led by it.

Greeley's idea was to print a newspaper of national importance

and national influence; and that meant of course the printing of a lot of national politics. He sought to be a great political leader, to be the champion of his party. He was little interested as a journalist in the ordinary run of news.

Whitelaw Reid, who succeeded Greeley as editor of the Tribune, once said: "The thing always forgotten by the closest critics of the newspapers is that the newspapers must be measurably what their readers make them, what their constituents call for and sustain." Reid wished the Tribune to be of national importance. He was heard to speak of the city department as a necessary evil.

Thomas M. Disnaide, for Many Years City Editor of the Old Evening Sun

People are especially interested in reading about the things in which they have participated. If you have attended a public meeting you follow with pleasure the newspaper report of that meeting. You are grateful to recognize things you remember the speaker to have said. If you have been to the theater you want to read a report or a criticism of the performance. You are pleased especially if the critic mentions some good or poor feature that you had noticed. It is a sort of verification of your judgment. You feel a sense of personal participation in the article. The same is true of the opera or a music event. All these things are constantly recurring, and reporters and critics are likely to become so familiar with them that their importance becomes obscured. This is true of opera and theater notices. The opera critic who has been listening to Faust for thirty years ceases to write much about it; but the young person who hears the opera for the first time is disappointed because so little is printed about the performance. Theater critics make good notices of opening-night performances but rarely repeat comments on the same play. A play may run for months or years and be enjoyed by thousands, but nothing more is printed about it save mere announcements.

To the man or woman in society the news of society is infinitely more than mere gossip. The society man of any pretension must know what society folk are doing, must be informed of their every movement. His newspaper gives the hint for many letters. He must congratulate the family whose daughter's engagement is announced. He must sympathize with the bereaved. Society news has the personal note, and personalities sell newspapers. Cram your sheet with them, young man!

The Pleasures of Recognition

YOU pay little attention to ordinary reports of conflagrations, but if you happen to see one you seek the report describing it. It has much bigger news value for you. Several times have I noticed verification of this idea. A hundred-thousand-dollar-damage fire uptown might get ten lines of space, but a fifty-thousand-dollar one downtown, whose big blaze was in plain sight of the newspaper offices when they were all down in Printing House Square, would get half a column because the editors had quit work to look at it and had become interested. We are much the more interested in the ball games, the prize fights, the contests of any sort that we have seen than we can be in those not seen.

Will Irwin in 1905, the Year He Left the Sun

Whatever is nearest the heart, whatever is uppermost in mind—that is what we want to read about. We are changeable creatures in thought, in purpose and in habit. The new always is fascinating. The smart editor appreciates this love of change, and accordingly he exalts the new. More than that, he anticipates interest that is to develop—foresees changes in government policies, the introduction of new methods, the outcome of scientific discovery—and he prepares his readers accordingly.

Man's supreme interest is in his business, in his money-making. Frequently the newspapers are of especial service to him. In many lines of business they are a necessity. The manufacturer of goods, for instance, searches every column for information bearing on the raw product that enters into them, the price, the supply, the demand, weather conditions that may influence, the condition and the cost of transportation, the effect of legislation, the menace of competition—anything that has influence on the making and delivery of his product. Quick information is an important factor.

We are living in a commercial age, a money-making age, and people are thinking as never before of money accumulation and business expansion. The journalistic tendency of the hour is to exalt the practical and minimize the sentimental. War has made us money mad. We note a growing fascination for articles of the practical, of how great fortunes are developed, of how money is made and lost, of how the poor become rich and the rich become poor—stories of business construction involving millions, of the application of invention to everyday needs. This kind of narrative includes the recital of personal successes, how the quick-witted boy becomes a captain of industry, how Nature's forces are utilized and Nature's secrets are turned to practical account. The details of how great success or great wealth has been achieved never have failed to fascinate mankind.

Here is the Irvin S. Cobb of 1907, Then Star Reporter of the Evening World Staff

All fiction has been saturated with stories of money seeking because the topic is so interesting. Nevertheless fiction can but feebly compete with the realities of the present. The tales of great gambling in Wall Street, of card conquests at Monte Carlo, of three-card monte on shipboard, of new gold discoveries, of money made in real-estate speculations, of gigantic swindling operations, of big winnings on the racing track, of mental smartness in money getting, of big success in any quest for cash—you cannot give the public too much of this kind of stuff if you wish to sell your sheet.

But if you ask me to describe the kind of news for which the people surge and struggle—the most popular kind of news printed anywhere—I must reply that it is found in the details of a contest, a fight, whether between men with their fists, or dogs, or armies, politicians or polo players, football teams or racing horses, church choirs or kitchen cabinets.

I remember so well that in my boyhood days my own little village held its breath to await details of the world's champion prize fight between Heenan, of America, and Tom Sayers, of England. Not since that day has interest in prize fights languished. The fist fight between John L. Sullivan and James Corbett quadrupled the circulation of next-day newspapers. Repeatedly the big Madison Square Garden has been crowded to its roof with patriots who paid from fifteen to fifty dollars to see two men batter each other. Fifty thousand persons see the big football games, and fifteen millions read about them.

Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, the Novelist, Used to Write for the Sun of Mr. Lord's Day

War and the Journalist

SO GREAT is the interest in baseball contests the newspapers are compelled to print from seven to ten columns a day in description of them. The same conditions exist to a triflingly less degree only with contests in tennis, rowing, polo, yachting, horse racing, golf—any event, especially in athletics, involving a fight for supremacy. I know of one New York newspaper that confidently counts on an increase of eighteen or twenty thousand in circulation with the opening of the baseball season. There seems to be no limit to popular interest in the details of any kind of contest, especially one that has been lavishly advertised.

Samuel Hopkins Adams Was a Special Writer for the Sun in 1901

Business usually languishes every four years while the fight for the Presidency proceeds, and the newspapers print hundreds of columns about it. The squabbles, the encounters, the fights in sports, in business, in politics, in the courts, among doctors and educators, in the churches even—they all absorb the people almost to the limit of human interest. The young man in journalism should get wise to this interest.

But interest in war surpasses all other attention, as it has from the beginning of man's mastery over man. It is difficult to recall any condition of human existence not affected by war. War is supreme as an agent of destruction. It destroys not only nations and government, life and property, but also it blunts civilization, coarsens refinement, stops study and progress, prevents the fulfillment of life-cherished plans and ambitions, changes the life purpose of millions of men. It is entirely impossible to comprehend the multitudinous effects of war or to appreciate the condition of mind in which a stricken people emerge from war. The study of war gives the journalist exalted opportunity, for his hearers are interested in war more than in anything else.

Some folks delight in reading criticism of their neighbors, attacks on public men or complaints of the conduct of mankind in general. It is a species of jealousy that rejoices in the discomfiture of others. They gloat over disclosures, get cynical over the downfall of public idols, the reversals of public policies and the destruction of popular

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CASSIDY'S JOB

By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

SPRING had begun to blow across the peaks and into Martin Cassidy's soul. The snow mantle had lifted like a curtain from the ridges toward the valley of Naylor's Creek; its fringed edges already rested a good mile above the shaft house of the Wild Rose Mine. Sutter's Peak, above, bore a crude resemblance in profile to the head of an old woman. In summer the perpetual snows crowned it with the appropriate semblance of a lawn cap. That cap was now a white enveloping hood, from which trickled moisture, as though the old woman within were weeping for springs long past. All day the sun, catching this simple garment at a new angle, painted it capriciously a fresh color. It was violet; it was slate gray; it was mauve; it was yellow with an underlying tone of green like the shallows of a tropical river. Now the lord of day was sinking toward the hull ridge on the other side of the valley from Sutter's Peak. Already the pines at the foot of the hills were swallowed up in a shadow which traveled faster and faster across the valley floor. And the hood was turning the brilliant but ethereal pink of an amaryllis.

Below the fringe of the hood lay a clean world of waters. Every hollow in the red-brown earth was a pool, every cleft a brook; their uncertain flow made a singing all day long. Over earth and waters lay dusted the spring green of sparse grasses and mosses; along the more permanent of the water courses bloomed the white and purple and dun red of anemones.

If you were a poet you saw in this mountain prospect a world as clean as the purpose of God. If you were a practical man you saw very bad going; for the reddish-brown background to all these beauties was mud, just mud—slippery, clinging. Martin Cassidy, being Irish, was a poet; being a most expert stationary engineer, he was also a practical man. As he came to the edge of the dump his violet eyes were misty with meditation under their long lashes, and his brown beard quivered as though the lips beneath were muttering to express the ineffable. But as he slid on his heavy boots down the shifting face of the dump, he was talking as by old habit to Tim, his orange-colored, curly-haired little cur dog. Tim, bounding over clumps of bunch grass like a yellow roll of thistledown, looked back responsively, but continued his evening frolics. Tim had learned by a winter of most intimate association that when his master spoke in that tone it really meant nothing except perhaps general human good will.

"He might 'a' waited," said Cassidy, the pensive longing in his tone and the touch of a lilt in his accent making poetry of the commonplace words.

"He" was the R. F. D. carrier on Route 3, who less than a week before had begun summer delivery on the Cresta-Willows Road. For that highway, bad enough even in dry midsummer, had nevertheless been cunningly laid to avoid the worst course of the spring freshets; a road gang had gone forth from Willows to repair the cave-ins and look after the bridges on the difficult stretch beyond the pass, and Baldy Jones, the carrier, had ventured forth with his little flivver runabout, a nipple valve set into the vent of the gasoline tank, that he might pump up pressure on the difficult grades. For three or four days now, Baldy Jones had arrived at about five o'clock by the nickel-rimmed clock in the shaft house of the Wild Rose; and each day Cassidy had been waiting for him beside the mail box for a bit of gossip about the roads and the winter delights of Cresta.

To-day the triple toot of Baldy's horn had caught Cassidy in the act of polishing brass in the shaft house. He had looked out in time to see Baldy scoot away, chugging on low speed. And with that keen observation of detail bred into the lonely, Cassidy had marked the muzzle of a repeating rifle sticking up above the seat, convenient to

The Stranger Straightened Up, Threw on Cassidy One of His Hard, Direct Glances. "What's the Big Idea, May I Ask?"

Baldy's right hand. The carrier, in his memory, had never traveled armed before.

Baldy had chugged, coughed and rattled across the slope when Cassidy and the frolicking Tim reached the post crowned by the zinc mail box. Cassidy drew out to-day's Cresta Chronicle, this week's Irish Sphere. From between them dropped a letter, inclosed in a stamped envelope, addressed in a strange hand—an event unusual enough so that Cassidy tore it open on the spot.

"Aw," said Cassidy to Tim, "'tis only a printed dodger!"

But he read and reread it so intently that Tim gave up wondering where they were going next and started out by himself on an alluring chipmunk trail. The paper read:

$1000 REWARD

Above reward will be paid for the arrest or apprehension, dead or alive, of William Blackwell, who on May eleventh held up the Seavy Smelting Company's messenger at Cresta, stole a flivver touring car from Sipple's store, and escaped. About thirty-eight years old, five feet ten inches tall, blue eyes, smooth shaven, light brown hair, has apparently old injury to right leg, which causes him to limp at times. When last seen wore a brown suit, black slouch hat and soft shirt. Believed he will try to make his way across the divide. ROBERT WHITTAKER, *Chief of Police.*

"'Tis hazy!" said Cassidy to Tim, with a suddenness which stopped that faithful follower's digging as though someone had turned the power off from him, brought him curvetting across the rocks, his eyes bright with the expectation of going somewhere. "'Tis a pity they hadn't a photograph! A thousand dollars! Tim, b'y, what cud we do with a thousand dollars?"

Cassidy did not pursue this line of query, even to Tim, but let his words, as he plodded and slipped up to the shaft house, sink back into thoughts. The spring had transmuted even a prosaic thousand dollars into romance. A thousand dollars! He blushed as rosy as the lights on Sutter's Peak at the thought of what he might do with a thousand dollars. I have said that spring had blown across the peaks and into the soul of Martin Cassidy. Of that soul this was the past history and the present state:

You would think from the poetic name that the Wild Rose Mine yielded gold for engagement rings or silver for bridal presents or jewels for the delight of queens. As a matter of prosaic fact it produced zinc for bathtubs and tank linings and brass alloy—commonplace zinc, the refractory bromide of metals. The Wild Rose had begun with high-grade ore, valuable enough to pay for hauling to the railroad, fifteen miles away. When that was gone the war arrived, making zinc of almost any grade a paying proposition; the Wild Rose tapped an enormous low-grade deposit.

With the armistice the bottom dropped out of zinc; the Wild Rose closed down.

Then along came the Zinc Mining and Reduction Company, which, rumor in Cresta had it, owned half the supply of that metal in the world. It bought the Wild Rose; when summer bared and dried the earth it proposed to run a narrow-gauge railroad to the foot of the dump. The working force of the Wild Rose departed with the migrating birds, to scatter almost as far, leaving Cassidy the engineer. For someone must watch the claim and keep the machinery bright, oiled and working; and Cassidy was assigned the job. By December he would be snowed in; even by November the roads to Cresta, the mountain metropolis twenty miles away, would be impassable for the little plant flivver. Cassidy therefore got no days off; he was to have an accumulated three weeks when the mountains dried out and the Zinc Mining and Reduction Company began its new development work.

Cassidy had accepted the job blithely, optimistically, and with little thought of the morrow—as he did everything. By the end of November he was to know the urge of restlessness; by the end of December its very misery; by the end of January a strange peace. The restlessness sprang from the past, for Cassidy was just out of the Army when he went to work for the Wild Rose. The peace came after he was first thoroughly snowed in.

That morning the apprehensive whimpering of Tim wakened him. Cassidy turned over in his cot by the engine, opened a weather eye. It was just dawn—or was it? There was a dim light, but unnatural, as from an eclipsed sun. It showed Tim cowering in a corner, his whimper become a moan. Prudently dressing against frostbite, Cassidy made his way to the window. It was curtained in white. He rushed to the storm entry beyond the shaft house, opened the door to a solid barrier of snow, which began to unpack, to slide gently toward his feet.

Tim, expressing his relief in action by sharp yelps, began digging with forepaws which seemed to whirl like an electric fan. Cassidy groped for a shovel and himself dug upward like mad, his mind full of apprehensive calculations on the lay of the hills, the chance of a snowslide. Fifteen minutes of this, and his shovel broke through the white roof, letting in a blinding streak of light. He packed the snow underfoot, wriggled his way until head and shoulders thrust above the surface. It was full, garish day.

The storm was over; the sun was coming out; but snow and wind had played strange tricks. A turn of the weather had sent a drift clear across the shaft house; only an upper corner showed black against the white. The cabins in the gully had disappeared. He was looking out on a world as dead as the moon and robed for the death that lies between the worlds. Nothing suggested the life beneath, awaiting resurrection, except here and there the conical dignity of a

Cassidy Found Himself Turning Back Toward the Shaft House

group of firs, where the snow had drifted thin. Cassidy burrowed back to the shaft house for his skis; and half of that morning he ranged the drifts, his face—for there was none to see—exalted, his arms at intervals tossing out toward the sky.

And then came peace—the peace known to dwellers in deserts, where one is himself the only manifestation of life and must reach out for companionship not to the life of earth, which dies and fails, but to the life beyond earth, which dies not and fails not.

But as the winter went on with its changes, as a slight thaw followed by a week of ten degrees below zero crusted the snow, as life began to venture forth from its holes and hiding places and to make tracks across the snow, Cassidy knew stretches not of restlessness any more, but of pure loneliness. It ate into him at times; and there were but two measures of relief. One was the visit of Billy Watson the messenger, who traveled on skis from Cresta at irregular intervals of a week or ten days, bringing in his pack such necessities as had not been calculated in Cassidy's winter provisioning, together with mail—for the most part merely the Cresta Chronicle and the Irish Sphere. Billy came with his mouth full of camp gossip and usually stayed to dinner. Once, just after the episode of the snow-in, Cassidy had remarked casually that next time he would like some fresh meat.

"And you with two long guns," said Billy, "and tracks running everywhere! What's the matter with snowshoe rabbit? And if I was you I'd take a crack at some of those bighorn. There'll be no game wardens watchin' you over here."

"Oh, I dunno," said Cassidy, "I don't shoot very good," and gagged a little at the modest lie.

For Cassidy was a born shot; not only had he made the grade of sharpshooter in the Army, but he was high-score man in the regimental rifle team. The whole truth lay buried deep in his soul. Only two days before he had sniped a running snowshoe rabbit with his .22 rifle. When he came up to it on his skis he found that he had wounded, not killed; the little ranger of the snows was still kicking and squealing feebly; it looked on him with pleading, terrified eyes which had begun to film. That happened on one of those clear white days when Cassidy had tossed up his arms to greet life universal; and it was to him as though he had drawn a black curtain over his fair white world. The rabbit stiffened; Cassidy left the carcass lying where it was, to the tender mercies of Tim; skied slowly back to the shaft house, put the gun into its rack.

"I'd Marry You if You Were a Convict in a Jail," Said Mary Fondly. "I'll Not Let You Marry a Pauper," Said Martin Nobly

"I kill nawthin' any more," said Cassidy slowly; and felt better with the resolution.

Thereafter, like a Saint Francis of the snows, he shared his camp bread with the rabbits, scattering it in pieces along the trail. In the stables down by the road he found a dozen bales of hay—company property, but hadn't Mr. Means the boss told him to use anything he found? The bighorn, tame with hunger, had by now even nuzzled at the windows of the shaft house. Twice a week thereafter, until it was all gone, Cassidy spread a bale of hay about the barn; when at the end of three weeks the bighorn let him approach almost as though they had been barnyard cows, he knew a sense of triumph higher and keener than ever he felt at a difficult kill.

Besides the irregular visits of Billy the ski runner his only link with the world of men was the telephone, working irregularly and somewhat wheezily between the shaft house and Cresta. Twice a week he was supposed to call up Mr. Means, the local superintendent for the Zinc Mining and Reduction Company, and report that all was well with the plant; that he had kept the machinery bright and running and had got up steam and lowered and hoisted a bucket to prove it. Means was a businesslike and unsociable being, with no gossip in his system. Sometimes in his lonely periods Cassidy cast his mind over his acquaintance in Cresta, wondering whom he might call up for a chat. But his friends were not telephone people; besides, most of them had scattered with the approach of winter. Once, on the night of a world's-championship fight, he called up the Cresta Chronicle to get the results. Once again, wanting a new pair of boots, he took that occasion to do business with Sipple's by telephone instead of by letter. That was all the use of the telephone to Cassidy's soul.

Until the day when spring broke. How Cassidy knew that spring had broken he himself could not have told, except that the begging bighorn no more made gray splotches on the trails. It was not that the snow crust began to melt and to soften; it was not that the shrill little breeze off the peaks seemed milder. That had happened before, in the February thaw. No, the change was subtler. Something seemed to be moving under the white mantle, like the first coursing of the blood in the dead, resurrecting within their shrouds. It was as though a myriad of cells, buried yards deep under the snows, had begun swelling toward growth.

And that day, ranging the ridges on his skis after he had tested the hoist, a new idea stirred in Cassidy's mind. Why had he never thought to call up Mary Halloran on the telephone? She was the biscuit shooter at the miners' boarding house where he had stayed for ten days while he waited for his job at the Wild Rose; a shy slip of a girl with eyes like a violet hiding under long grass. The rest of the guests at Mrs. O'Brien's guyed Mary, trying to tease her into blushes; Cassidy talked to her with his own native gentleness. Twice he had taken her to the movies. Then, manlike, he rode away and thought no more of Mary Halloran until that day when spring, beneath the snows, parted her lips and breathed.

Cassidy found himself turning back, as though drawn by some fascination, toward the shaft house. He put away his skis in the corner, laid his hand on the bell crank of the telephone. However, he did not ring. He gave a shake of the shoulders as one who dismisses a dream, and set himself to getting supper. But the next day the glazed moisture on the surface of the crust became a definite melting; in the valley below, that fold in the snow mantle which marked the course of the creek was splashed here and there with the gleam of waters where the ice had begun to fall in; the dazzling skies were laced with the flight of birds making for more hospitable feeding grounds in the lower levels to the north. And that night, after a day of intermittent work, of aimless wandering across the ridges, Cassidy chose the hour when the waitresses would be redding up in the kitchen, called Mrs. O'Brien's establishment in Cresta, asked for Mary Halloran. Her soft little voice with a lilt on the syllables sent a delicious warmth coursing from his brain to his toes.

"It's Cassidy," said he; "it's Martin Cassidy, that lived in the house last fall."

"An' where are you now?" asked Mary Halloran.

"It's lonely I am," said Cassidy inconsequently. "I'm callin' you up from the Wild Rose Claim by Sutter's Peak, where I've been do-un solitary all winter."

"Do-un solitary?" inquired Mary, her voice conveying a shocking moral implication.

"Left all winter to kape the claim without a livin' soul round," said Cassidy. "'Tis a miracle that I can still talk at all."

"It must 'a' been lonely," said Mary.

In her demure tone Cassidy read a question. Why was he calling up now, after a winter of silence? And why was he? Cassidy himself could not have told exactly. Only the spring knew that. A flood of embarrassment turned his browned skin to bronze. And, as embarrassment sometimes does, it made him astonishingly bold.

"Ye're not married or spoken for yet, are ye, Mary Halloran?" he asked.

"No," said Mary. And then, seeming to fly to the first defense for her coyness, she added, "What's it to you?"

Cassidy was not yet sure himself what it was to him. And he temporized weakly.

"I'll be gettin' all my days off together as soon as this blessed snow melts," said Cassidy, "an' I was wonderin' if you still had a taste for movies."

"The movies are still open in Cresta," said Mary.

"Then you're bid," said Cassidy.

And he fell into an embarrassed silence, having so many things to say that he did not know what to say next. The wire singing on its twenty-mile course along the valley seemed to vibrate not only with electricity but with waves and currents never yet measured by an ammeter. And Mary Halloran it was—for all her shyness—who finished off the conversation.

"Dishes are to be washed while I'm here talkin'," said Mary. "I'll give you good night."

"I'll see you in Cresta on my month off, then," said Cassidy.

"Maybe," said Mary as she hung up. But the word seemed somehow to have no authority.

And now—so quickly and surely had the spring worked on his loneliness—Cassidy was definitely in love, and knew it. If anything were needed to clinch the matter it was the bundle of Cresta Chronicles which Billy Watson the ski

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BREAKING UP

By LOUISE DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

A SMALL pink note lay on Sally Belle's desk. She opened her eyes and saw it, and folded her hands over it and sat up very straight and looked round her. She was a sophomore now—she had been for almost three weeks—and she sat in Sophomore Row, in the middle of the high school assembly room, with Junior Row and Senior Corner behind her, and all the freshmen in front. She loved this room. The recitation rooms upstairs were little and dark, but this room was sunny and big and very old. It was the court room, and this building was the courthouse before the new brick one was built. The white pillars on the porch in front were beautiful.

And she loved this time of day. It was four, and school would close in half an hour; but nobody seemed to know it. They all sat still, as if they meant to sit there always, like the Sleeping Beauty's courtiers in the wood. The hands of the funny old clock, with the red boat always sailing, did not seem to move at all. Sally Belle sat just under the clock. Pig Plummer sat behind her. He was studying history and whispering dates to himself, the same dates over and over. She could hear them all, the room was so still. The principal was holding a Latin-prose class upstairs, and Freeman Foster was at his desk, keeping order. Free was the youngest assistant. He was saving money to go to law school, and reading law in her father's office, so she ought to marry him when she grew up. But he had a girl in Franklin Center. Perhaps he was writing to her now—he was writing fast with a fountain pen. His face was pale and his black hair was shiny and smooth. He looked beautiful, writing. The room looked beautiful, all in a golden haze of chalk dust and September sun.

Madgie Carr sat in the sunniest window. Her curls were made with curl papers at night, but they looked real. They looked like the golden curls of a princess in a picture. Her little white face was not like a princess though. It was like a witch or a fairy—a wicked fairy. She was looking at an atlas, open in the wrong place, and pretending to study, but she had written the pink note. It smelled of her Flower-of-the-World perfume. It was folded in the shape of a boat. Sally Belle opened it and read it. It was short:

Ruby: Walk home with me. Get rid of Pig and Diamond Must see you. PEARL.

Madgie Carr's name was Marguerite, and "marguerite" meant "pearl," so Madgie was Pearl; and Lillian Sewall, Sally Belle's best friend, was Diamond, and Sally Belle was Ruby. They were secret names—to sign notes with. Sally Belle tore up the note, hid the pieces in her pencil box and sighed. What was she going to do?

She had promised Madgie to make up her mind to-day, and it was not made up. Back in Senior Corner a row of chairs ran along the wall for special students studying out—in school for recitations only, and not needing desk room. All the chairs were empty but one, and in that chair a boy was sitting. She turned and looked at him. He was hunched over a book and reading. He had big square shoulders and a blue-serge suit and a bright-red tie and yellow hair brushed straight up and back like a girl's, but rough like a boy's hair. He looked up and smiled at her. He had nice white teeth and blue eyes. She liked blue eyes. He was Augustus Carr, Madgie's cousin. He lived at the Falls, but was boarding at Madgie's for the winter and coming into the sophomore class when he had tutored with Free. He was a handsome boy. She looked over her shoulder at Pig.

Pig was not handsome. He had lost two pounds in the summer, but he was fat. His face always looked round and red when he studied hard. It was very red now, and had a pencil smudge on one cheek; and his forehead was damp, so his dark hair curled in rings. He was wearing out his summer shirts. His mother made them. They had attached collars like a little boy's. He had on a pink one to-day. He was copying out his dates in an uneven column on ruled tablet paper, and wetting his pencil to make it write black and big. Pig's eyes were brown. He was not handsome at all. But she did not know what to do.

Well, if you could not think what to do you just did something and did not try to think. Sally Belle opened her atlas, held it high, settled down in her seat and shut her eyes. Life was hard, complicated, but it was pleasant too. Only last year she had crushes, slept with boys' pictures under her pillow. Now all that was past. She did not have crushes. She was not in love.

"'To-day I look into an empty heart,'" she whispered. It was a line from some poem she had read. There were women who never loved. She would be one; give her life to some great cause—women's rights, perhaps—or write novels; she had a plot for one. And already she had a woman's problem to face, to settle now, to-day. It was pleasant in Sophomore Row.

Free rang the first bell for closing. Closing time happened suddenly and fast, though the last half hour was so slow. The golden quiet of the room was gone all in a minute. There was a shuffling of feet and a banging of desk lids. Free put his letter in his pocket and smiled to himself. It was a letter to his girl. He rang the second bell, and long lines filed out and scattered at the door. Sally Belle slipped into her place and marched sedately; then pushed into the crowd round the cloakroom door and out with her red tam in her hand. Lillian was inside adjusting a new white tam deliberately. Pig, in the cloakroom across the hall, was struggling patiently with a broken shoe lace. Madgie was waiting behind a pillar on the porch. She put an arm round Sally Belle's waist and hugged her in the patronizing way that Sally Belle did not quite like.

"Good kid!" she said. "The crowd's going round to Lil's. We can walk there slow and talk."

They linked arms and started down Schoolhouse Hill. A long procession walked with them—all the school, for the few who lived on the Hill Road above the schoolhouse did not count in society. At the foot of the hill ways divided and you walked up Main Street under spreading maples and elms, or east and west into smaller and shadier streets; but down the short slant of hill and over the creaking board bridge that crossed the little river you all walked together. You walked in a solid phalanx, leaving the empty white schoolhouse up on the hill behind you. Sally Belle liked this walk, and she was proud to take it with Madgie. Madgie was president of the Happy Thought Club and the Whist Club. She led society. She was queen of all Sally Belle's set. She was hard to get on with if she did not get her own way, but she almost always did. Sally Belle was proud of her, but sometimes she was afraid of her too. She was afraid to-day. The procession had reached the foot of the hill. They dropped back to the rear of it and walked slowly, keeping step.

"Well?" Madgie said.

"Well what?" said Sally Belle nervously.

"You know what."

"Yes, I do know," said Sally Belle. "I do. You want me to stop going with Pig and go with Augustus Carr. Is that it?"

"Yes. Will you do it? Of course," Madgie added elegantly, "it makes no odds to me what you do."

"No, of course not," said Sally Belle humbly.

"I think a good deal of you, and I like to see you do the right thing, that's all."

"Madgie," Sally Belle took a long breath, cleared her throat and went on quite firmly, "now Madgie—Pearl—I don't know that I care to do this. You see, it's this way: You were good to fix it up for me. I appreciate it. And I'd just as lief do it as not. I'd like to. But it would be hard to do, and—and I don't see much point to it, Pearl."

"Why, Sarah Isabel Smith!" said Madgie sadly.

"Well ——"

Sally Belle stopped. It was no use to argue. Madgie would only talk more, and everything she said sounded true when she talked, and she talked so fast you could not think of good answers.

"Have I or have I not been over all this with you? Didn't we talk till twelve last time I stayed all night with you? Can't you see Gus has got to have a girl? And he could get other girls. He can't wait for you forever. He needs a girl to take to the chowder at camp next week."

"Well, why has he got to have me?"

"He likes you. I don't know why. You are a kid, but he likes you. Don't you like Gus?"

"I guess so. I haven't talked to him, only once or twice at recess."

"Gus is my own second cousin, once removed," Madgie began eloquently. "He lives at the Falls, but his mother keeps two girls and his father owns the woolen mill and part interest in the shoe factory. Gus is a cute fellow and he says cute things, and he's a smooth little dancer. Pig can't reverse, and he steps on your toes in the schottish."

"I know," said Sally Belle.

"Want to Get Run Over?" Said a Gruff Voice From the Buggy

"Of course," said Madgie sarcastically, "if my Cousin Gus isn't good enough for you ——"

"Oh, he is," said Sally Belle. "But—but ——"

She walked on more slowly, looking hard at her boots.

"I'm going with Pig," she said after a minute. "I went with Pig last year and the year before. I—I never went with anybody but Pig."

"Then it's time you did."

"Why?" asked Sally Belle weakly.

She knew why well enough. She was tired of hearing all this, very tired; yet it was all true. Madgie was right. They were halfway up Main Street now, with the shops behind them and front lawns and houses ahead. They were walking west, straight into the afternoon light. It was golden light to-day and the maple leaves were red gold. Sally Belle stared up at them and sighed.

"A girl," Madgie said, "can't go with the same boy too long. When a girl and a boy have been going together a year they ought to break up. If you let one boy hang round too long it looks as if you couldn't get anybody else, and after a while you can't. No other boy will go with you. You don't want to be known as a girl that can't get but one boy."

"No," said Sally Belle doubtfully.

"And if you keep on going with the same boy till you grow up, what happens? You either get engaged to him and marry him or you don't, and you have to be an old maid. You don't want to be an old maid, do you?"

"No," said Sally Belle. She shivered. She was fourteen already—almost fifteen. "But Lil and Tissue Doyle have been going together two years," she argued, "and you and Stub have."

"I went with two boys before I went with Stub, and I may make a change before long, though I'm not telling that yet. If you don't want Gus you can get somebody else. I'll help you. But you and Pig ought to break up."

"I know it," said Sally Belle faintly. "But—but ——"

"Take your time. It's your funeral," said Madgie.

"If I did break up with Pig, how would I do it?"

"That's easy. Be cold to him for a while, then give him a hint that you're tired of him, then turn him down when he asks you to go some place, and then go some place with Gus. That's all."

"Pig can't take hints, and I can't do all that. I don't want to. If I do break up—if I did—I'd want to do it quick and get it over."

"You can do it next week at camp," said Madgie promptly. "Drive out with Pig, and begin to be cold to him. Act cold to him all day, and drive home with Gus at night. You can do it all in one day. Is that quick enough?"

"Yes," said Sally Belle, "but I don't want to hurt Pig's feelings. Pig's sensitive. Pig ——"

"Ruby," said Madgie severely, "have you got a crush on Pig?"

"A crush?" said Sally Belle. "On Pig?" she laughed. "Why, no! But I don't want to hurt his feelings. He treats me right. And I like him, all right. I like Pig."

"Pig will think more of you if you can get some other boy."

"He will?"

"All boys do. Boys are like that. And he can go with some other girl."

"What girl?" said Sally Belle quickly.

"Oh, any girl! You don't care what girl, do you?"

"No."

"That's all right then." Madgie seemed pleased. "Then it's settled."

"I ."

"It's all settled," Madgie repeated brightly. "You'll do it."

"I don't have to just because you tell me to, Madgie Carr. It's a free country."

"But you want to do the right thing."

"I suppose so."

"Then that's all there is to it."

"Is it?" said Sally Belle.

She pulled her arm out of Madgie's and stood still. They were far up Main Street now, just across the street from her own house. The afternoon light came and went on the lawn in the pretty way that it always did. It touched the open lawn, making the faded grass look bright, and then slanted quickly away and hid under the one big tree at the corner. It was a beautiful tree. Half the leaves had fallen now, and you could see the wide free sweep of the branches, and the leaves that clung were a cool, clear, greeny gold. Sally Belle liked this tree. She always liked to look at it. She looked at it now for a minute, and while she looked she had a queer solemn feeling. She knew what to do. She had decided all in a minute as they walked up the street. Had she decided right? Anyway, she had decided. It was done. She took Madgie's arm and squeezed it hard and they started on up the street again. The last of the crowd was hurrying into Lillian's front yard, and she could hear the piano, though she could not make out the tune. They were in the back parlor singing. It was good to be going there too. It was good to belong to a crowd and do what the crowd did. It was good to be grown up.

"Pearl," she said, "I'll do it."

"Next week at camp?"

"Yes."

"Promise?"

"I'll shake."

Their hands met and clasped in their new secret grip, with which important vows were sealed, thumb pressed to thumb, ring fingers intertwined.

"Cross my heart till death do us part," said Sally Belle, reciting an ancient formula invented freshman year but respected still. "I'll go with Gus. Pig and I will break up."

"Come on, Baby. Come on, Bess."

Pig and Sally Belle were taking their last ride together. Pig did not know it. He talked in a low singsong voice to his old white horse, Queen Bess, as he always talked when he was very angry or very comfortable. He was comfortable now. He sat slouched over the reins, with his hat off and his black head bare. The noon sun beat down on the open parts of the road, but he only squinted and grinned. Pig liked the sun. The white birches along the wood road were almost bare, and dry autumn leaves fell on the buggy top in little scattering showers; but the evergreens were black green and made deep patches of black-velvet shadow, and the woods far in were a rusty sunlit gold as they passed. It was almost high noon. They were halfway to camp already, and Sally Belle had not begun to be cold to Pig yet.

She did not know how to begin. This was the day when she was to break up with Pig, but she had made no plans for it—just waited for it to come. She had felt it coming, like examination day, and waked up in the night and remembered it. All that week she had not quarreled with Pig. He had given her two green tablets out of his father's store, and she was writing her novel on them. It was a novel of the Latin Quarter in Paris. She was the heroine, eighteen, and studying music there, and Free Foster was the hero. The first chapter was almost done. She had to break up, but she had a whole day to do it—a day at camp.

They Were Halfway to Camp Already, and Sally Belle Had Not Begun to be Cold to Pig Yet

Days at camp were wonderful. They were so long that anything might happen, and many things did. Hearts broke and were mended again. There were little private camps all along the lake for hunting and fishing—Camp Sewall and Camp Smith—but this camp had no name at all. It was just The Camp—the big public camp, where the Village Improvement Society kept a cook and boats, and ice boats in winter; where the crowd's finest parties were given. To-day they had *two freezers of* ice cream and Free Foster for chaperon and Free's violin for dancing, and the whole crowd was here; six couples in buggies and eight in the hayrack just ahead, though the winding road hid it. If it were not for the duty that Sally Belle had to perform, this would be a perfect day. She looked at Pig, and he caught her eye and grinned.

"Great day for the race," he said. "What race? The human race."

This was an old joke, and it was not very funny, but Pig liked it.

"Cat got your tongue?" he asked.

"No, not a cat," said Sally Belle carefully. "Pig ——"

"Sir!"

"Pig, I want to talk to you."

"'My Lord, your word is my will and my sword is at your service,'" said Pig politely. It was one of his two lines in the sophomore play, now in rehearsal. "'One hour to sunrise,'" he added. It was his other line.

"Pig, maybe you think ——"

"Never!"

Sally Belle sighed. Pig was going to be funny. He did that sometimes, but if you took no notice of it and talked straight on he stopped after a while.

"Maybe you think I've acted quiet, driving out here to-day—I've acted queer all the week. Well, Pig, there's a reason why—why ——"

"'Why do they call me a Gibson girl?'" interrupted Pig with deep feeling.

"There's a reason why I act the way I act," explained Sally Belle patiently. "You and I have been going together —— "

"Don't boast of it."

"Don't be silly," said Sally Belle impatiently.

"Maybe I'm not the one that's silly," said Pig in a low voice.

He took the stubby whip, flicked a fly that Sally Belle could not see from Queen Bess' collar and put the whip carefully back in the socket; then turned in his seat and looked at Sally Belle.

"Strike here!" he said. It was not his line in the play; it was the hero's, and Pig smote his red sweater with the hero's noble gesture. "'This heart beats for you!'"

Pig looked straight into Sally Belle's eyes and waited. His eyes looked just the brown that the pine needles were, deep in the woods. She had never noticed that before. He was not grinning now. He was not smiling at all. His chin wiggled the way it used to sometimes when he was a very little boy. Sally Belle could not go on for a minute with what she had meant to say. She could not go on at all. She did not know why. Her cheeks felt hot.

"That's not your heart. It's your diaphragm," she said crossly. "Pig——"

"Waiting."

"I've got something to tell you. Not now, but later—later, sometime to-day."

"All right for you. Come on, Baby"

"You needn't act so pleased with yourself," said Sally Belle sulkily. "There's nothing to be pleased about."

Pig was waving the stubby whip in curves and flourishes, like rapier play as the sophomore dramatic club understood it, stabbing at passing trees and at Queen Bess, who, though used to this and other extravagances, flapped her left ear and glanced over her shoulder.

"'Die, traitor!'" said Pig. It was the last line of the play. "'Thank heaven, that I have lived to win the subject of my masterpiece!'" He made the grand salute with the whip, looped the reins over the hook in the buggy top, put his feet on the dasher and leaned back, squinting contentedly at the sky.

"'I can't keep still no longer. I got to sing,'" he announced from the latest coon song.

"If you've got to sing, then sing," said Sally Belle.

"Thanking you for the cordial invitation," said Pig, and in a high plaintive voice, which was only slightly off key, he sang:

"My Ann Eliza
She's a surpriser,
She is my ragtime girl."

Queen Bess, who had learned to hear music calmly, whinnied once, and then plodded stolidly on up the Brook Road, which she knew much better than Pig. Sally Belle cuddled down beside him into the soft place in the cushion where the springs were weak, and leaned back her head and looked up at the moving strip of blue sky between the buggy top and the high dark trees. She liked this song. Pig's voice sounded sweet outdoors. There was something about it that went with outdoors. It made you want to cry, and it made you feel all warm inside, and happy. While he sang you thought of other things, beautiful things—the next chapter of her Paris novel was beginning now in her head—or you did not think at all. That was best. The hayrack was far ahead, and you could not see it or hear it. The end of the Brook Road was near. The trees were thin. You could see blue water through them, but you did not need to look. You could shut your eyes and be all alone in the woods, with Pig singing. This was their last ride, but it felt like all their other rides.

"Lost your voice!" Pig asked. He had sung Ann Eliza twice, straight through, and was starting the chorus again, conducting an imaginary orchestra with his whip.

"I—I don't feel like singing."

"No?"

Pig did not ask why. He stopped singing and took down the reins and turned out of the Brook Road into the narrow cart track that led to camp. He drove through it and pulled up Queen Bess. The cart track and the woods ended here together. At the left, half hidden by trees, was the stable; and ahead, with a steep path winding down to it, the camp, wide and low, with a fringe of trees in front, and then the lake. It looked very blue to-day, more blue than the sky—the bluest blue in the world. Sally Belle jumped down, holding Pig's hand.

"Thank you for a very pleasant ride," she said formally.

"See you later," said Pig, and drove off to the stable.

The ride was over. She had been cold to Pig. Pig did not know it, but that was not her fault. She had done it. It was hard to do, but perhaps the rest of breaking up would not be so hard. She started down the path to camp. It was slippery with pine needles. They made your feet dance when you walked, and a wind from the lake made all the trees dance too. The white birches were very white against the blue of the lake. The boats at the slip bobbed up and down in the water, the wood paths along the lake were gold fairy paths in the sun, and blue-white smoke came from both the camp chimneys. She slid down the path to the end and ran up the steps to the broad piazza of the camp and stood there dancing the pine needles off her feet and taking deep breaths of the air from the lake. It was fun to be there. It always was. It was fun, even if you had to break up. She pulled open the big, unpainted door and slipped inside.

The big, bare room looked just as it always did; the giant fireplace, where a log fire was snapping; the stone chimney, the shelf above, so broad that she and Pig always climbed up there and played cards; the rough armchairs and unpainted tables; the wide, many-paned windows with red curtains pushed back so that you saw the lake and the trees. This room and the tiny kitchen and the long dining room beyond, with the gallery above, and the bunks for hunting parties, were all there was to camp.

The crowd was all here and at home already. One boat was out on the lake. Free was in it. She saw his blue sweater. Games of whist or Pitch Jack were started at all the tables and in front of the fire both corn poppers were going. Tish and Lil held one and Madgie the other. She dropped it and hurried to Sally Belle.

"Hello, darling. How did you get home last night?" she said.

It was a standard greeting. You never answered the question. She helped Sally Belle out of her wraps and pulled her down on the nearest window sill with an arm round her waist.

"Darling," she said in a thrilling whisper, "Gus and I have got it all fixed up."

"What?" said Sally Belle faintly.

"Gus is so pleased. He could hardly wait for you to get here. Look at him."

Sally Belle looked. Gus was reading a paper-covered Nick Carter book in a corner by the fire. His head was bent over it and his chair was tilted back. His impatience did not appear, but his yellow hair looked very yellow and his red tie looked very red.

"He's handsome," said Sally Belle.

"He put on that red tie just to please you," said Madgie impressively. "Now, darling, you never broke up with a boy before, and you're scared to. Is that right? And Pig can't see through a ladder with a hole in it. Is that right too?"

"I gave him a hint and he didn't take it," Sally Belle admitted.

"Well, don't give him any more hints. Just start going with Gus. Start now."

"Before dinner?" said Sally Belle.

"Now."

"I I don't know how."

"I'll show you. Unless," said Madgie sarcastically, "you'd rather run this yourself."

"Oh, I couldn't," said Sally Belle—"no. But, Pearl"—a question had been troubling Sally Belle for a week. She tried to ask it now—"if a boy wants to go with a girl, why can't he go right to the girl and say so? Why does it have to be all fixed up for him like this?"

"It's the right way to do it. All the boys do it that way."

"Oh!"

"Ready?" Sally Belle nodded. "Gus," Madgie called, "there's a little girl over here that wants a game of cards."

"Pearl, I can't. I don't want to. I can't," whispered Sally Belle, but Madgie's arm held her tight.

Gus put his book in his pocket and came slowly toward them. He stood looking down at them and smiling. His face was red from the fire—as red as his tie—and his teeth were very big and white. He was very tall. He seemed to grow taller as he stood there.

"That right?" he said. "Want to play cards, Miss Smith?"

"Yes," said Sally Belle firmly.

"Who with?"

"Guess," said Madgie, giggling. "Somebody not ten miles from here. Somebody in a red necktie."

"You," said Sally Belle.

"I don't care if I do," said Gus elegantly.

"I'll play with you till you get started, if you want," said Madgie graciously.

"No, I thank you," said Sally Belle formally. "Mr. Carr, you come here." She crossed the room to the fireplace, pushed a chair close to it, climbed up and sat cross-legged on the shelf at the end. Gus looked up at her doubtfully. "It's big enough. And," she added with dignity, "it's where I play."

"What you say goes," said Gus gallantly. "What a girl says goes with me, though it isn't every girl I'd say that to," he added pointedly. "Know that?" He put his hands on the shelf and swung himself up and sat facing her. "Pretty snug up here."

"Yes." Sally Belle pulled out Pig's pack of cards that he kept hidden behind the chimney, shuffled them, let him cut

(Continued on Page 98)

The Hermit of Turkey Hollow

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Alibi (al' i-bi) *n.* 1. In *law*, a plea of having been elsewhere at the time an offense is alleged to have been committed. Hence—2. The fact or state of having been elsewhere at the time specified, as he attempted to prove an *alibi*." Century Dictionary

"If it (alibi) appeareth to be founded in truth, it is the best negative evidence that can be offered. It is really positive evidence which in the nature of things necessarily implieth a negative." Foster, J., Crown Law, 3d ed., p. 358, 362.

"If any one fact necessary to the conclusion is wholly inconsistent with the hypothesis of the guilt of the accused, it breaks the chain of circumstantial evidence, upon which the inference depends; and, however plausible or apparently conclusive the other circumstances may be, the charge must fail. Of this character is the defense usually called an alibi; that is, that the accused was elsewhere at the time the offense is alleged to have been committed. If this is true, it being impossible that the accused could be in two places at the same time, it is a fact inconsistent with that sought to be proved, and excludes its possibility."

Shaw, C. J., in Commonwealth vs. Webster, 5 Cush. 299, 318 (1850).

IV

WHEN Lawyer Ephraim Tutt arrived in Pottsville, New York, to conduct the defense of Skinny the Tramp for the murder of The Hermit of Turkey Hollow, having been retained to that end by the local order of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek, he found the whole town already up and waiting for him. But, having with his customary equanimity deposited his bag at the Phœnix House and eaten his breakfast, he strolled into the kitchen and, as was his wont, endeavored to gain some knowledge of local color, politics and personalities, including that of the client for whose life he was responsible, by engaging genial Ma Best, the proprietress, in conversation.

"Why, bless your heart, Mr. Tutt," she assured him after she had wiped her hands upon her apron and invited him to a seat in the broken-down rocker beside the wood box, "there ain't no gentler, kinder soul than Skinny in the whole county! I've known him all his life, and his ma afore him. He's just a pore, harmless critter that wouldn't hurt a fly. Many's the time I've seen him put a baby bird back into the nest that had fallen out. O' course he's kind o' weak in the upper story—but he ain't crazy by a long shot, an' there's some things he knows a lot more about 'n most folks."

"Will you testify as a witness to his good reputation?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Indeed I will!" she declared warmly. "And so'll half the people in Pottsville—the children anyways! Now what would you like for your supper? Griddle cakes?"

Lawyer Ephraim Tutt Arrived in Pottsville to Conduct the Defense of Skinny the Tramp

Those of our readers who have journeyed from London down to Epsom on race day may be able to form some notion of the condition of affairs in the environs of Pottsville upon the opening morning of the trial of Skinny the Tramp. Long before the light of the stars had paled before the coming dawn—e'en before the glowworm had shown the matin to be near—lanterns flickered in the doorways of distant barns and bobbed down country roads beneath the bouncing axles of buggies and carryalls bearing the sleepless inhabitants of the valley. By sunrise Main Street was one long line of flivvers, while the race track recently occupied by the Zingari Gypsies was crowded with every variety of antediluvian vehicle of locomotion, parked axle to axle.

When, at eight o'clock, Sheriff Higgins unlocked the door of the courthouse the stampede that followed filled every bench in less than thirty seconds. Competition for the pleasurable and exciting privilege of sitting on the jury was keen.

The box having been quickly filled by eleven o'clock, old Judge Tompkins was able to direct the prosecutor to open his case.

"Silence in the court room!" cautioned the sheriff pompously. "Silence in the court! All them folks as wants to go out—git out now or set still!"

This invitation was disingenuous and not meant to be taken seriously, as obviously nobody wished to withdraw. There were, on the contrary, by actual count, three hundred and sixty-one persons packed against the outside of the door who were anxious to get in. Everybody sat still, except for that slow, uniform, rhythmical facial movement which now characterizes the entire American nation while viewing any spectacle. Sheriff Higgins thereupon sat down heavily himself, and by so doing seemed coincidentally to elevate Squire Mason, as if upon the other end of the seesaw of public attention. The trial was on in earnest, the biggest event in the valley since Abe Lincoln showed himself on the back platform of his train when he came through on his way to Washington in 1861. Some of the old codgers who had seen him then—as little boys—were even sitting in the court room now; and more than one commented on the striking resemblance between him and Lawyer Tutt.

And now Squire Mason, in a new light-blue broadcloth suit, bowed to Judge Tompkins, wiped his massive forehead with a party-colored handkerchief, took an ostentatious sip from the glass of water upon the deal table in front of him, replaced it carefully, shot a defiant and contemptuous glance in the direction where Skinny the Tramp sat with Mr. Tutt, and cleared his throat. Having thus, by convolutions somewhat less complicated than those of a bush-league pitcher, but serving much the same purpose, given due notice that he was about to deliver the ball and that everybody had better look, Squire Mason, we say, began his great opening address to the gentleman farmers of the jury, who had in their keeping the life of Skinny the Tramp.

Having first outlined the entire history of the law of homicide, beginning with the well-known Cain-Abel murder in 4000 B. C., he proceeded, by vocal stages of approximately twenty parasangs each, through the pages of Holy Writ, not excluding the Apocrypha; and referring specifically to both the Judith-Holofernes homicide and the Jael-Sisera case, touched briefly upon the *lex talionis*, the Salic law, the development of the ecclesiastical courts, and finally burst into the full flower of rhetoric along with the abolition of benefit of clergy in 1827. As a symposium of miscellaneous penological information it was something very fine indeed—though it had nothing to do with Skinny the Tramp or The Hermit of Turkey Hollow—and the jury, hardened by generations of country sermons, not only accepted it as their due but drank it all in with rapturous delight. And at length—as befitted its importance both to the jury and to him—the squire came to the matter in hand, and that is where this story really only begins—the story of the real fight for a human life.

Sometime on the afternoon of Saturday, April twenty-seventh last, declared the squire, an innocent, helpless old recluse was shot to death in his shanty in Turkey Hollow. Obviously robbery had been the motive, since the dead man still clutched in his hand a piece of gold and upon the floor lay a shattered earthen receptacle which had doubtless contained others. There were only two persons known to be anywhere in the neighborhood at the time—James Hawkins, alias Skinny the Tramp, the prisoner at the bar, and Emerson the lumberman, who had been cutting pea sticks in the hollow, who had seen the defendant going toward the hermit's shanty, had heard the shot, and had hurried at once to the scene of the murder and later given the alarm.

The squire here paused for increased emphasis. However, he remarked, the murderer, like most murderers, fortunately, had not made his escape without leaving positive evidences of his identity behind him. Not only had he left his pipe, but fresh in the rich earth of the hermit's potato patch were the prints of a heavy pair of boots the soles of which were thickly studded with nails. He would in due course exhibit to them an enlarged photograph of said footprints taken on the very afternoon of the crime by Mr. Pennypacker, who ran the gallery ove to Somerset Corners. Again he paused significantly, and looked at Skinny the Tramp.

"Who," he asked, "wore those fatal boots? Whose guilty feet left those telltale prints? The same person," he answered dramatically, "who at four o'clock stumbled, disheveled, out of breath and bloodstained, into Colson's Grocery and called for a bottle of root beer that same Saturday afternoon; who fled the town, was caught, and in whose pockets was discovered the balance of the gold pieces representing the hermit's hoard—the defendant!"

A murmur in which were blended astonishment, horror and admiration arose from the crowded benches, showing that for the first time the audience realized the gravity of what was going on; that not only an innocent man had been killed but that there was sitting within reach of their fingers the man who had killed him, and whom the law now sought to kill in return. Beneath the table Mr. Tutt patted the knee of Skinny the Tramp, indicating a confidence which he by no means felt.

The prosecutor proceeded to drive the final nail in Skinny's coffin. When the defendant had been arrested, he informed the jury, he had declined to make any statement,

either of explanation or of denial, in his own behalf. He had simply stood mute, giving by his trembling limbs, his averted eyes and the chalklike color of his face, every evidence of a guilty conscience. Then Mason told them with an air of melancholy how he hated to be compelled to prosecute any human being for a crime—much more for a murder—but that it was his solemn, sworn duty to do so, just as it would be theirs under the circumstances to convict. And with a gesture he called Charlie Emerson the lumberman to the witness chair.

If at this point the reader should begin to speculate as to what, if any, is the underlying purpose of this story, let us hasten to state that its object is to demonstrate that sometimes the trial of an action in court under our rules of evidence is less a search for the truth than it is a game of legal chess.

There are two lessons to be drawn from the case of Skinny the Tramp. The first is that the trial lawyer, like the general, must be ready instantly to change his tactics to meet new situations as they arise; and that the prosecutor or attorney for the defense who goes into court with a hidebound theory as to his case is apt to leave his own hide behind him neatly hammered to the court-room wall. He should realize that the whole actual truth concerning any human happening is never known, being never learned in court because the witnesses, well-meaning though they be, are human, fallible as to observation, memory, and the power to express their recollection of what they think they originally saw and heard. In a word, the real or absolute truth is never the legal truth, and as what the legal truth under the technical rules of procedure is going to turn out to be cannot be foretold it is usually idle to speculate much about it. Therefore, the lawyer should go boldly into court, listen calmly while the witnesses on both sides tell their widely divergent stories, and then—and not until then—devise and finally determine upon the theory under which he may excusably demand judgment for his client or the acquittal of the prisoner. This requires, to be sure, self-control, ingenuity and audacity; the restraint of a Foch awaiting the precise moment to counter-attack; the self-trust which, Emerson says, is the essence of heroism.

But Mr. Tutt knew well that the expected never occurs, except when the expected is the unexpected. Thus he always went into a trial with an entirely open mind, committed to no hypothesis, and ready to go to the mat in a catch-as-catch-can on law or fact, or—to run like a jack rabbit. The unknown quantity was both what he dreaded and what he gambled on. He was an opportunist of opportunists, on the alert to snatch victory out of defeat, making shining virtues out of adroitly concealed necessities, scrambling to his feet with a benign smile just as he was about to be counted out. The only generality to which he subscribed was "You never can tell!" In a word, Mr. Tutt had a high confidence in his own star, and as he never acknowledged defeat nobody ever knew when he was beaten, an adverse verdict being to him only the starting point for a renewal of the battle, in which he had at least an even chance of outwitting his antagonist. He held that the best preparation for a day in court was a sound sleep the night before, an hour's exercise, and a hearty breakfast followed by a good cigar. But not all of us have the equipoise of Ephraim Tutt.

Now the other lesson to be deduced from the trial of Skinny the Tramp is that the best rule in examining witnesses is to have no rule at all—which is very much the same thing as "You never can tell!" There is no more any hard and fast rule for the interrogation of a witness than there is in arguing with your stepmother. It all depends. The lawyer who says that you must never let a witness leave the stand without exhausting his information is just as wide of the mark as he who claims that the only safe cross-examination is no cross-examination and that the best cross-examiner is he who does not cross-examine at all. Yet no generality is true—not even this one, as the French say; the fact of the matter being that cross-examination is obviously a dangerous weapon, usually resulting in more harm than good—but not always; and that every witness presents a new and special problem, which can be solved only by a subtle and perhaps instinctive appreciation of his psychology. Generally speaking it is a pretty safe plan to ask no questions of a witness who has not harmed your side of the case, for if you cross-examine you may bring out something entirely unexpected, to your great and everlasting detriment. "Leave well enough alone." That is the path of prudence—and yet, not always. But let us not anticipate.

Emerson the lumberman, like many another man of limited education, in addition to an astonishingly accurate memory for detail showed himself to have a gift for picturesque description which made him a graphic and convincing witness for the prosecution. He was obviously unbiased, absolutely clear, positive in all his statements, and careful—as both the judge and the prosecutor took pains to instruct him to be—to answer only the exact questions put to him.

This of course is the regular and proper rule, for if a witness is permitted to volunteer testimony he is almost certain to violate every rule of evidence within the first thirty seconds. But in the case of Emerson there was a particular and vital reason for such a caution on the part of the prosecutor, which was known only to him, namely, that for tactical reasons it was imperative for the state's case that certain features of his testimony should be suppressed.

Now it is the general rule of law that the lawyer who calls a witness to the stand vouches in the first place for his integrity and, in the second, commits himself and his associates to the truth of the proposition of fact that the witness is called to substantiate. But there is a qualification upon this rule, which is that technically the lawyer is bound by his own witness only upon those subjects upon which he sees fit to examine him; and if later his adversary brings out from the same witness new facts upon other subjects the lawyer who originally called him may attack the witness as hostile, discredit him as to those facts and controvert them if he can. Yet, underlying all rules is the universal principle of sound ethics and common decency, which holds true both in law and in life as a whole, that we must conduct ourselves at all times and places as gentlemen and sportamen, whether in court or outdoors, until we join the great army of forever discharged talesmen and have no longer any moral problems. In other words, the lawyer has got to play his game fairly and if, on the one hand, he calls a witness to prove a certain fact, knowing that the witness is mistaken, or on the other hand, knowing that his witness is telling the truth about a certain fact induces the jury or the judge to believe that the witness is mistaken—that man is a liar, a cad and a shyster, and ought to be disbarred.

Now Squire Mason was up against a most unfortunate, tantalizing and exasperating situation with regard to this his principal witness, which was that, though Emerson had taken only a few minutes to reach the hermit's shanty after hearing the fatal shot, and had lingered there but a minute or two more and having briefly hunted for the assassin in the woods had then hurried hotfoot to Pottsville, arriving there within fifteen minutes of the time Skinny reached the town—which is to say, considering that the murderer had at least a five-minute start, almost at his heels—nevertheless—and this is the crux of the case—he was prepared to state definitely and unequivocally, if asked the time when he found the hermit dying, that it was four o'clock exactly; which, as we know, and Squire Mason also perfectly well knew, was the precise moment at which the tramp entered Colson's Grocery a full mile away. If this were true, then James Hawkins, no matter how strongly circumstances pointed toward him as the murderer, could not be guilty.

Thus, if District Attorney Mason should elicit the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth from Emerson—which was what he was in duty bound to do and what Emerson had sworn to tell—the prosecution would establish a perfect alibi for the defendant from the lips of its own chief witness. For this reason Mason had secretly resolved to refrain from asking the lumberman any question bearing upon the time of the homicide, and, in order that no one else might suspect what Emerson might be able, if questioned, to say upon this important topic, had slipped him twenty-five dollars and instructed him that the interest of the public—particularly that of Pottsville—demanded that he should absent himself from his customary haunts until he should be needed at the trial.

Of all this, naturally, Mr. Tutt was wholly ignorant, and he had come to court with no other defense than the rather shaky argument that Skinny could not have fired the shot that killed the hermit and, with only a five-minute start, have increased his lead over the pursuing Emerson to fifteen whole minutes in a single mile. It had, according to his theory, taken the lumberman only three minutes to reach the shanty after hearing the shot, and he was out of the place again and hot on the murderer's trail in two minutes more. That meant that he was only five minutes behind when he started in pursuit. Now, as Mr. Tutt was going to claim, a man could run a mile in less than ten minutes, and hence Skinny could not have reached Pottsville fifteen minutes ahead of Emerson—if he were guilty.

This ephemeral and distinctly Tuttian argument depended, however, entirely upon the assumption that Emerson did not take more than three minutes to get to the shanty after hearing the shot, did not stay in its vicinity for more than a couple more, and had run at top speed without pause all the way to Pottsville; assumptions that had little to sustain them, and had small appeal compared with the overwhelming mass of circumstantial evidence that pointed to the tramp as the murderer. Mr. Tutt realized full well that his defense was a flimsy one, since in all probability Emerson had been fully fifteen minutes behind the fleeing assassin when he had started for the town, and at best had probably done no more than hold his distance, if indeed he had succeeded in doing that. Yet, though, as far as Mr. Tutt was aware, this shaky syllogism was all that stood between his client and the electric chair, nevertheless, had he only known it—according to Emerson's full story, related privately to Mason—Skinny had an ironclad, copper-fastened, dyed-in-the-wool, unimpeachable and perfect alibi. It was this full story—the whole truth—that Mason now set himself to conceal in the hope that it would never be known, for as long as the exact time of the murder could be left vague and undetermined the alibi would be valueless. So the shifty squire carefully omitted to ask the lumberman any question as to the hour except when it was that he had started in to cut his pea sticks, which had been two o'clock.

"There had been a smart shower," the latter testified, "and some thunder—but the sun had come out real bright ag'in. I was about two hundred yards from where the hermit lived; most through with my job—I'd cut a hundred sticks and I only wanted a hundred and a half—when I hearn a holler from the direction of the house, follered by a shot."

"Yes. Go on!" directed Squire Mason ominously.

"I run over there as fast as I could. The door was open. I called out but got no answer, so I went in. The shanty was hot, for the winders were closed, and it was sort o' dim in there; and then I hearn a kind of cluckin' sound and I see the hermit lyin' on the floor. He had toppled over on his back, and the blood was frothin' out of his mouth where he was tryin' to breathe."

"Proceed," said the court. "What else did you observe?"

"I stepped over to where he was lyin' an' lifted up his head so's to look in his face. I remember there was a great big moth flappin' like mad inside the window. It skeart me. Then all of a sudden the hermit stopped breathin', the moth flew out the door; and I knew he was dead—murdered."

"Do you object to the word 'murdered,' Mr. Tutt?" inquired the court.

"No, Your Honor," replied the old lawyer. "The poor man was undoubtedly murdered."

"Very well, go on," continued Judge Tompkins to the witness.

"I threw somethin' over him and looked round for a second or two. There was a busted bean pot lyin' under the table and I noticed the hermit had a gold piece clutched in his fist. The rest of the shanty looked same as usual. So I run right out and listened. I could hear someone brashing through the brush and I followed after, towards the town, but he beat me to it."

The court room was as still as the hermit's death chamber.

"Did you see any footprints in the garden patch?" asked Squire Mason.

"I did. Sure. An' I showed 'em both to the sheriff and to Mr. Pennypacker, the photographer."

"When you went back there with Sheriff Higgins and Mr. Pennypacker was everything in and round the shanty the same as when you was there the first time?" asked Mason.

"Just the same. No one else had been there," declared Emerson.

"That is all!" announced the prosecutor in a tone of triumph. "You may cross-examine, Mr. Tutt."

Mr. Tutt did not immediately rise to his feet. It was of course obvious to him that Mason had refrained from eliciting the time of the murder from Emerson. Time and place were the inevitable bases of all testimony. Why had he done so? It was conceivable that the witness was entirely at sea about it and hence his evidence of no value. That was more than probable, in which case it was natural enough that the district attorney should not have gone into the matter at all. But there was also, Mr. Tutt recognized, another possibility, so remote as to be almost theoretical—that Emerson did know the time at which he entered the shanty, and that Mason was deliberately holding it back. If this were so he was doing it for a reason—and what reasons could there be?

Mr. Tutt was face to face with one of the greatest dilemmas of his life: If Emerson knew the time of the shot and it was such that Skinny could have fired it and reached the village by four o'clock, that fact, if he brought it out, would be of inestimable damage to him; but if, by any chance—oh, could it be!—the shot had been fired so close to four as to make it unlikely or impossible that Skinny could have fired it and yet have arrived at Colson's at four, the answer might acquit him! The Lady or the Tiger—which was it? Mr. Tutt thought hard. Was Mason concealing the trap, or was he luring his adversary into a trap? For, if Mr. Tutt himself adduced the fact that the murder occurred, say, at a quarter to four, his client would be doubly damned. A bit of supposedly unexpected evidence elicited on cross-examination by a party to whom it is harmful is invariably more damaging than if brought out by the side which has called the witness in the first place. On the one hand it was a great temptation for Mr. Tutt to wave the witness from the stand with a nonchalant "No questions," as if his testimony contained nothing damaging to the defense; but on the other it might be his last chance of proving even the approximate time of the murder.

Sly old dog that he was, he resolved to try to steal whatever advantage might lie in both courses. So, without getting up, he waved his hand toward the window and

remarked in the most casual manner possible: "No questions. Thank you, Mr. Emerson, for your very vivid word picture!" And he busied himself with his papers.

Then, as the witness was about to descend from the platform, he looked up hastily and added in a tone of apology as if from afterthought: "I beg your pardon. I forget whether you happened to mention the hour at which you visited the shanty the first time."

Emerson smiled. Without taking his seat he answered, "No, I didn't mention it."

"Do you know?"

"Yes."

"What time was it?"

Emerson turned to the jury, who were leaning forward.

"When I lifted the hermit's head in my hand I was lookin' straight into the face of that old clock of his that stands between the two winders in the back—and it was just four o'clock."

"Thanks," remarked Mr. Tutt quietly, as if the reply held no particular significance for his client, whom in fact he believed that it would save. "No other questions."

The judge glanced at Squire Mason.

"Have you anything further, Mister District Attorney?"

"No—I have no further questions," replied the prosecutor, also as if the matter was not of the slightest moment.

"May I go, Your Honor?" asked Emerson.

"Yes—if these gentlemen are through with you," smiled Judge Tompkins.

As neither of the gentlemen wished or dared to ask him the fraction of another question, Mr. Emerson forthwith was given leave to depart upon his business—which, unknown to either of them, was to take a job as foreman in a steam lumber mill seventy miles distant, the train for which bore him thither later that afternoon.

Mr. Tutt settled back in his chair, a heavenly calm descending upon his previously agonized spirit. His client had been snatched from the very jaws of death! There was nothing to worry about any longer. Skinny the Tramp couldn't have been in two places at once, no matter how strong the evidence against him might be.

Evidently the squire was a good bluffer. It required real nerve to be as placid as all that in the face of such a body blow! The prosecutor took a sip of water, pushed a mass of papers away from him, leaned over and picked up a large diagram of the clearing, including the hermit's shanty, drawn to scale. It had been artistically done and contained no objectionable matter, the position of the body not having been marked at all, and the various pieces of furniture appearing only in outline. Next to the cot bed the most conspicuous object in the place had been the hermit's clock opposite the door. Squire Mason handed the diagram to Mr. Tutt with stately courtesy.

"Any objection to my puttin' in this here diagram?"

Mr. Tutt smiled as he glanced over it.

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!*" he replied. Then observing the look of bewilderment upon the prosecutor's face he added: "None whatever! It can be admitted, so far as I am concerned, subject, of course, to correction. Who made it?"

"Miss Gookin," replied Mason.

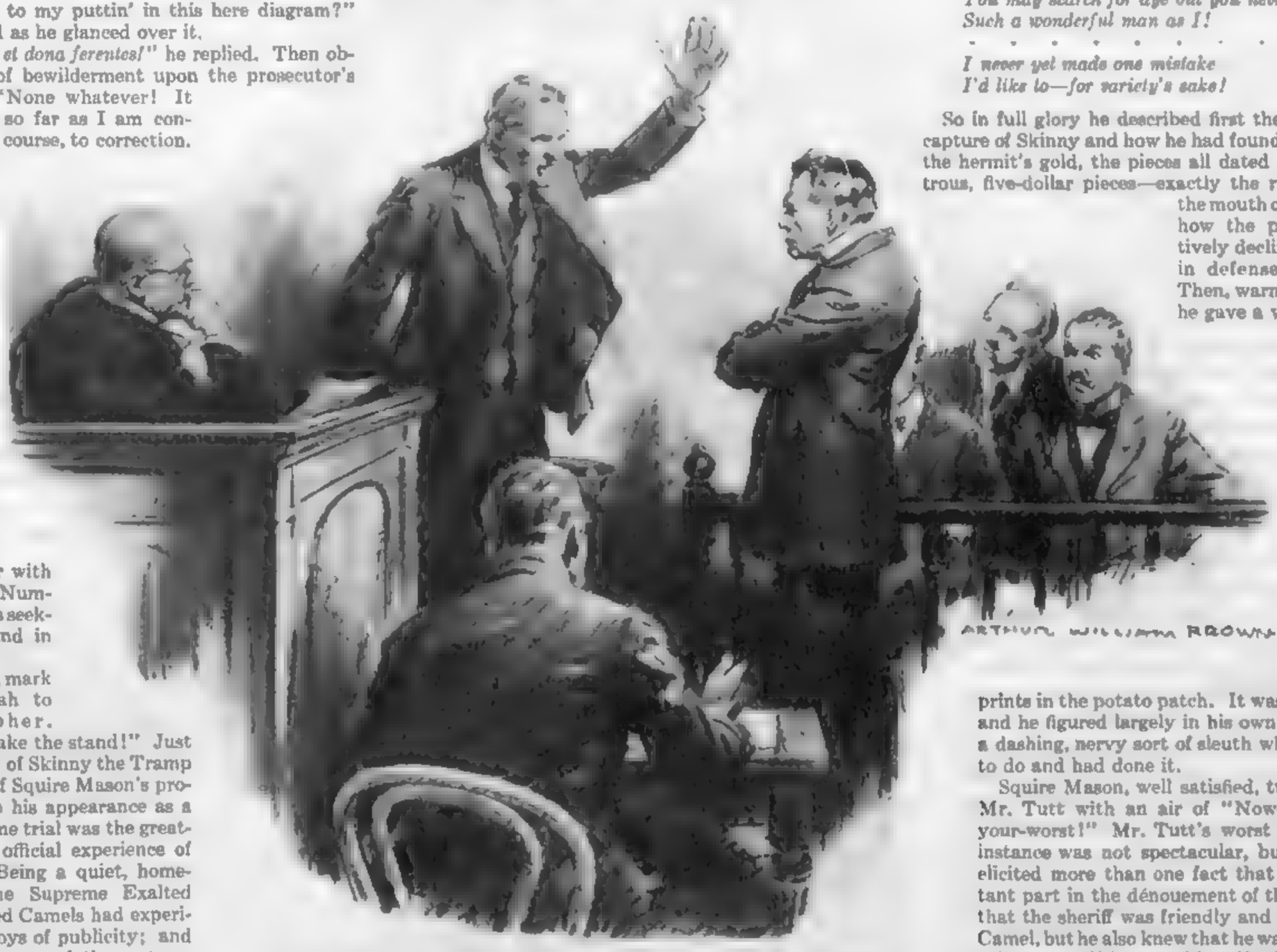
"Then I heartily congratulate Miss Gookin on her artistic ability," said Mr. Tutt, thus making sure of at least one vote if ever he should run for governor, from Toggery Bill, her father, and gaining high favor with Mr. Soper, Juror Number Eight, who was seeking the lady's hand in marriage.

"All right, then, mark it!" said Hezekiah to the stenographer. "Now, sheriff! Take the stand!" Just as the prosecution of Skinny the Tramp marked the peak of Squire Mason's professional career, so his appearance as a witness at that same trial was the greatest event in the official experience of Sheriff Higgins. Being a quiet, home-loving citizen, the Supreme Exalted Ruler of the Sacred Camels had experienced few of the joys of publicity; and now to be able to ascend the rostrum and, with a real reporter sent down special from Utica taking down every word that fell from his lips, to recount the thrilling narrative of how he had captured Skinny the Tramp and later secured the evidence against him through a personal visit to the scene of the homicide while the body was still warm; to sit elevated high in the court room upon a level with the judge himself, to feel in his own opinion that he was the most important figure among the *dramatis personæ*, and that the eyes and ears of all waited upon him—ah, who that has not had a similar experience can have the faintest realization of its ecstasy?

Now Sheriff Higgins had looked forward to his coming testimony with great satisfaction, not only for the reasons just stated but also because it would give him an opportunity to indicate publicly what small potatoes he thought Squire Mason to be. He was in the delightful position of being able to gratify his vanity, to do his full duty to the state, and also to savor the full venom of his hatred for an ancient enemy. He proposed to do each in turn and to do it thoroughly and well, but he was in a somewhat delicate and paradoxical situation. He had collected the evidence against Skinny and was one of the chief witnesses against him; he acknowledged that logically there was no escape from the conclusion that the tramp was the guilty party; he was the mainstay of the law in that county and it was up to him to see that the murderer was convicted; and yet—he didn't believe Skinny had done it. No, sir! And the reason was simply that the tramp wasn't that kind of a feller.

And he and half a dozen other Sacred Camels were ready—if asked—to say so.

But first, to approach his various phases in proper order, let us take up the sheriff's innocent gratification of his own vanity—in which he differed not a whit from ninety-nine out of every hundred other just witnesses. It is a noticeable thing that once a man finds himself the cynosure of public attention he feels obliged to picture himself as of heroic mold. Has any witness since the Creation, we wonder, in any court of law, ever admitted—unless his questioner had the goods on him and he knew it—that he was in any degree stupid, unscrupulous, negligent, timid or even slightly impolite or uncultivated? After observing a procession of them which it has taken a quarter century to pass by we have never met one. It cannot be mere boastfulness or vainglory that leads each man who kisses the Book and gazes upon the carping features of the jury to try to make them believe him the highest type of citizen. He isn't, and he knows it; and he knows they know he knows it, and yet he will thrust forth his chest and assume for the nonce to possess every virtue in the calendar while modestly protesting that there may be others as good or as brave as he.



Sheriff Higgins Stood Up and Waved His Long Arms, Almost Speechless With Rage. "It's a Lie!" He Shouted. "Who Told Ye That?"

We have heard otherwise apparently honest and sensible men confess under oath without a trace of embarrassment—one that he was regarded as the handsomest man in Rochester, New York; another that he was the greatest mechanical genius in the world; another that he would back his own opinion on any given subject against that of any ten men and stick to it even if proved mathematically to be mistaken; another that he had never told a lie or been guilty of any sort of misleading statement in his life; another that he had never consciously done anything wrong; another that he had read every book worth reading in the English language, and, with no evasion based upon the adjective, answer categorically "Yes" to some six hundred separate works, such as Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy and Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; and one, who may have been telling the truth, that he had never kissed or been kissed by a member of the opposite sex.

The sheriff wasn't so bad as any of these, but now that it was all over, his recollections as to his own conduct and demeanor differed radically from those of his associates at the time. He honestly thought that he had done things which in fact had been done by others. Anyhow, someone had done them, so what difference did it make? While, therefore, the substance of his testimony—as with most witnesses—was based on fact, the details bore no resemblance whatever to the truth. As the reader knows, the barber had received Skinny's surrender, yet the sheriff unhesitatingly swore that he had reduced him into possession; the proprietor of the Palace Theater had searched the tramp and found the twenty five-dollar gold pieces, yet Higgins managed to give the impression that it was he, and not Mr. Perkins, who had discovered them. As the reader knows, the sheriff had been scared out of his seven senses when he visited the hermit's shanty and had refused to touch the body, yet he now was obviously under the firm impression that he had walked boldly in, uncovered the corpse, searched the clothes upon it, inventoried the furniture, and in general conducted himself with the brilliant audacity of one of Dumas' heroes and the astuteness of Mr. Sherlock Holmes; which, to tell the truth, nobody would have minded in the slightest degree—least of all Mr. Tutt—for the slab-sided old sheriff was a good old soul, a deacon in the Baptist congregation, as well as the leading Sacred Camel in that part of the country—had it not been for what Squire Mason regarded as his deliberate act of treachery in giving Skinny a good character—all of which we will set down in due course. By the time he was called to the stand Mose Higgins was almost of the same mind as the Sheriff of Nottingham in the opera of Robin Hood:

You may search for aye but you never will descry
Such a wonderful man as I!
. . . . . .
I never yet made one mistake
I'd like to—for variety's sake!

So in full glory he described first the pursuit and final capture of Skinny and how he had found his pockets full of the hermit's gold, the pieces all dated 1910, shining, lustrous, five-dollar pieces—exactly the right sort to make the mouth of any tramp water; how the prisoner had positively declined to say a word in defense or extenuation. Then, warming to his subject, he gave a vivid picture of his visit to the shanty just at nightfall and how he had discovered the hermit lying in his gore, with another—the last!—gold piece clutched tight in his left hand, also dated 1910; Skinny's pipe upon the table, and the marks of fresh footprints in the potato patch. It was all clear as a bell, and he figured largely in his own account as rather a dashing, nervy sort of sleuth who knew just what to do and had done it.

Squire Mason, well satisfied, turned him over to Mr. Tutt with an air of "Now-go-ahead-and-do-your-worst!" Mr. Tutt's worst in this particular instance was not spectacular, but he nevertheless elicited more than one fact that played an important part in the dénouement of the trial. He knew that the sheriff was friendly and also was a Sacred Camel, but he also knew that he was an honest public officer, even if he gave himself a little the best end of it.

(Continued on Page 38)

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The Great Impasse

THE statement credited to the elder Morgan that a bear on the United States is sure to go broke reflects to a profound degree the unquenchable spirit of confidence which forms so engaging a feature of our national character. It is often said that the wealth and resources of this country are too vast to permit of more than a temporary depression; and we are told that just as pessimism has made for bad times so all that is needed to produce good times is sufficient optimism. Certainly we have gone through most of the painful readjustment period. The banking system has held together. There has been no panic. Many signs point to improvement. It may be that the bottom has been reached or, to change the figure, that the worst is over or, to change it again, that the corner has been turned. Fervent indeed are the hopes and wishes, the prayers even of a whole people, that this may be the truth.

But tunnels are built by steam shovels as well as by faith. Cheer-up propaganda, movements to buy or sell now, millions of speeches and articles and editorials of a robust, inspiring and enthusiastic nature, such as are addressed to salesmen and young business men in general—these all have their uses. But they do not save the transportation system from crucifixion; they do not lift that old man of the sea known as taxes off the almost broken back of enterprise and initiative; they do not bring about the restoration of a price-and-cost equilibrium, without which a genuine business revival is unthinkable; and they do not restore the productive activity of Europe. Optimism is a powerful weapon, but why not be honest with ourselves and admit that it alone cannot break down and through the great impasse?

It is doubtful if Franklin, Washington, Hamilton and other founders of this nation ever expected the interior of the country to be much except a wilderness over which the hunter might range for game and on the fringe of which settlers might wring a meager living from the soil. The railroads made the vast interior not only the greatest agricultural area in the world but second to none in industrial output. When Rome built her roads she was on the upgrade, and when the roads were allowed to go to pieces Rome, too, declined. The breakdown in Russia has accompanied that of her transportation, and it must not be supposed that, because motor trucks are seen on every highroad and aëroplanes hover overhead, railroads are any the less important in this country to-day than at an earlier period.

Transcontinental railroads opened up the interior of North America, and nothing else could have done it, because the great mountain ranges of the East and the West make water transportation impossible. No one can surely place a limit to the development of motor truck and aëroplane, but not until they can carry iron ore, coal, grain, cattle, steel and other heavy bulky products in tremendous quantities and at low rates will the railroad problem become less acute. Surely no one can be so ignorant as to expect this country to grow in prosperity and welfare unless these great heavy products of the earth continue to be transported on the same mammoth scale as in the past, at a cost and effectiveness at least not out of proportion to other vital industrial processes.

This is not the place to suggest solutions of the railroad problem, but it is most assuredly the place to say that cheerful business prognostications are like feathers on a raging torrent if the railroads should function worse instead of better.

Nor can industry be restored to health unless the burden of taxes is lightened. Not only are men prevented from starting up in business by the excessive rates of taxation but where any industry is actually in operation the cost to everyone, including the ultimate consumer, is piled high from the same cause. The war must be paid for, it is true, but if taxes are to be laid on the same basis or in anticipation of future wars of an incredibly expensive character, business will revive in about the same fashion as a corpse is made to look lifelike by proper make-up.

To a marked degree better business waits upon the readjustment, or restoration to a balance or equilibrium, of cost and price. An American banker who attended the meeting in London in June of the International Chamber of Commerce, where an opportunity was afforded of meeting bankers and business men from nearly all the countries of Europe, came away with the "conviction that the want of balance between industries is a more serious factor in the world depression than the want of balance between countries. Everywhere wages, manufacturers' charges, transportation charges and middlemen's charges generally are out of proportion to the value of primary products. The latter have fallen precipitately; wages come down slowly, and wages are the sustaining factor in the cost of manufactured goods, transportation charges and middlemen's services."

In plain language this means that prices and costs which have not come down must come down before there is a business revival. It means everything that is or has been out of line. In a great downward movement it is natural for wholesale prices of raw materials to drop first and most violently, and for manufactured articles, retail prices, wages, salaries and rents to follow somewhat in the order named.

But the chain is not complete until every link is forged, the last as well as the first. We are not altogether through the process, but fortunately it proceeds, slowly but surely and inevitably under the impelling force of economic law. As balance, equality and equilibrium are approached, business revival draws nearer. The process, it must be repeated, is hard, long and tedious, but resistance weakens day by day, and the movement goes on, as surely as the seasons, to its appointed goal. The impasse loomed big and terrifying, but it broke down bit by bit, and the way out is clear ahead unless the insanity of nations forces them to use up all their substance for future warfare, or unless, like Rome in her latter days, our roads are allowed to go to ruin.

This country has been obliged throughout its industrial history to export a considerable portion of its products in order to maintain prosperity. Foreign demand has been the balance wheel of home industry. But that demand for our raw materials cannot make itself felt because of weakened credit. Millions cry for food on foreign shores, while some part of our agricultural products banks up unsold at home.

On the other hand, strange as it may seem, the deranged state of the exchanges and the desperation of extreme poverty are stimulating the sale in this country of foreign manufactured products at prices which our industrialists cannot meet. For five years we had a monopoly of the world. It seemed almost as if Fate had said to our manufacturers and wage earners "Charge all you want." But all that has suddenly changed and once more we are in competition with a world whose broken economic equilibrium is our concern from a dollars-and-cents standpoint just as its human sufferings concern us sentimentally. We cannot escape our share in rebuilding the wrecked fabric if we wish to continue in business on the large scale of the past. But fortunately there appears to be a steady improvement in physical conditions over most of Europe.

Says George E. Roberts, a banker of long experience, who recently returned from a trip of observation: "But the greatest gain has been in the spirit of industry and social order. The revolutionary spirit is fast disappearing. The revolutionary element has had its day; it made the most of the confusion following the war, of government management in industry, government doles, and the vague though generous sentiment for a new order of society. The people are tired of agitation and of being 'fed up' on idealistic theories, conceived without any working knowledge of real conditions. Government management of industry is everywhere discredited, and the people are turning back with a feeling of relief to the old ways and methods by which they know how to get things done. . . .

"This change is a fundamental one. It is the most important thing that could have happened for the improvement of the situation, because no recovery could take place unless the stability of society was assured. It affords a basis for credit and encouragement to enterprise."

Marketing the Crop Surplus

PRECIPITOUS changes in prices of agricultural products and limitation of the buying power of Europe have forced to the front numerous projects for extension of credits for exports. It seems to be tacitly assumed in wide circles that the marketing of our excess agricultural products would be expedited by their being placed in a national pool.

The first of July found our store of wheat reduced to the volume of the prewar carry-over, the result of the heaviest annual export on record. The new crop will not permit of so large an export. That the marketing of an exportable surplus is in reality not facilitated by forming a national pool is clearly indicated in the experiences of other countries.

The Australian crop of wheat, harvested in the spring of this year, is under governmental control. The Commonwealth will have about one hundred million bushels to export. The price guaranteed to the grower is five shillings a bushel—$1.22 at par, at present exchange about ninety cents. Whether any higher price would go to the grower *in toto* or be divided by the grower and government is not at this distance clear. The government had fixed the price of wheat for domestic consumption at nine shillings a bushel—$2.19 at par, about $1.62 at present exchange—and had fixed the price of flour at twenty-one pounds sterling a ton; at present exchange about $6.90 a barrel. These prices, being appreciably above world prices, have made it impossible for Australian millers to export flour. To relieve this situation the government reduced the price of wheat to seven shillings eleven pence a bushel—$1.93 at par, about $1.42 at present exchange—with a corresponding reduction for flour.

It is questionable whether this will enable the millers to recover their trade in South Africa, South America and Asia. The one hundred million bushels to be exported must meet the world price minus freight. The freight rate is at present supposed to be about thirty cents a bushel to Liverpool, though arrangements for reduction through state subsidy may exist. Obviously the wheat grower, the miller and the consumer occupy a triangular situation, with the government endeavoring to mediate between them and at the same time dispose of approximately three-quarters of the crop in export sale, pay a guaranteed price, and escape without loss to be reflected sooner or later in the tax levy.

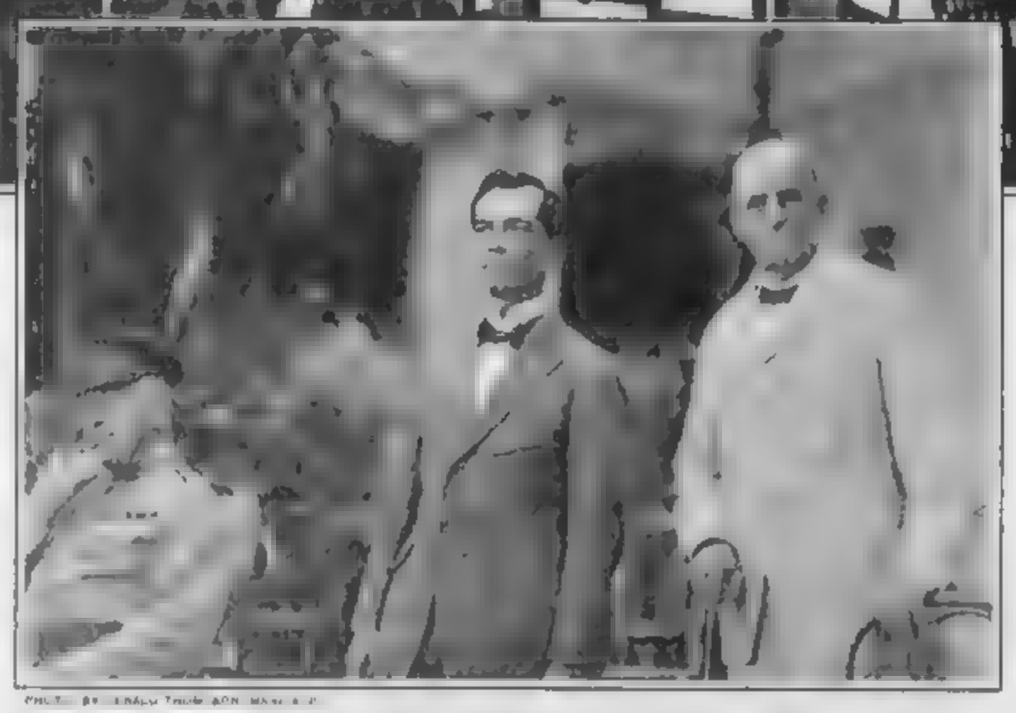
From this distance it would appear that the only one clearly and indubitably benefited by the existing arrangement is the banker.

The Philippines for Some Filipinos

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE Hon. Manuel L. Quezon, ringmaster of the Philippine political circus, for many years representative of his people as resident commissioner at Washington and now president of the Philippine Senate, says he would "rather have a Philippine government run like hell by Filipinos than like heaven by any other people."

This is the kind of utterance that becomes historic, and Mr. Quezon must expect it to be remembered against him, or to his credit, for all time by those who write the story of his career. It is possible that it may come to be quoted as a fine expression of patriotic exaltation; it may even come to be regarded as being worthy to rank in the pages of history with "Give me liberty or give me death!" But just now what Mr. Quezon seems to mean by it is that he would prefer a Philippine government run like hell by Manuel L. Quezon than like heaven by anyone who might curtail some of Manuel L. Quezon's own activities.



General Leonard Wood Seated, Mr. Quezon and Governor Forbes. Above—The First Philippine Assembly Inaugurated by Secretary of War Taft in 1907. In the Ovals—Left, Speaker Osmena; Right, President Manuel L. Quezon

Since the inauguration of the present form of administration under the Philippine charter of liberties known as the Jones Law, Mr. Quezon has had ample opportunities to observe what a government run like hell amounts to. His exalted position has afforded him unique advantages in this regard. But one is pleased to note that though the government may have been run like hell one of the consequences has not been the creation of a Philippine body politic consisting wholly of imps. The people have learned more from eight years of governmental incompetence and confusion than they learned during the entire period which preceded their New Era, when intelligent and orderly processes were the only processes to be observed in the conduct of their affairs, and they are showing a healthy reaction against the present widespread demoralization that promises better things for them in the future than they have known in the past.

There is a tendency on the part of everybody in the Philippines—Americans and Filipinos alike—to hold just one man responsible for the situation that exists to-day. We have withheld self-government from the Philippine people all these years on the ground that they were not yet fitted to exercise its privileges, and few Americans who are familiar with them and who are interested in their welfare have ever regarded Mr. Francis Burton Harrison as being fitted to guide them along the path of preparation. But because he permitted them throughout his administration as governor-general to do about as they pleased, the Filipinos were like children adoring an indulgent guardian before that in which he indulged them began to get in its deadly work on their immature systems of assimilation. He was their great and glorious friend. But not any more. He is now freely referred to in the Filipino press and by Filipinos on all occasions as "the worst enemy the Philippine people ever had." And the conservative Americans of the old régime are smiling with a certain degree of perhaps pardonable satisfaction and saying, "We've been trying for eight years to get you to realize that!"

But I think maybe they ought to let Mr. Harrison alone. He is no longer with them and he is not in a position to defend himself. And besides, he was in the Islands in the first place for no purpose but to carry out the policy of his party. He was instructed to do exactly what he did. Whether or not he was instructed to do it the way he did is another question. It is perfectly true that he might have saved the situation in some degree by an intelligent exercise of the power that, under the Jones Law, was vested in him as governor-general of the Islands.

I was not in Manila to witness the arrival of Mr. Harrison in 1913. I wish I had been. Like the San Francisco fire, the eruption of Mt. Pelée and other spectacular catastrophes, as long as it had to happen I should like to have seen it. And this is not such a mean way of putting it, either, in view of the fact that the task confronting the American people in the Islands to-day very closely resembles the task that the San Franciscans had to face the day after their holocaust. The most hopeless-looking job the San Franciscans had to tackle was the job of sorting out the débris, and I may say that that will be the most difficult part of our program of reconstruction in the Philippines

Everybody now has a fairly detailed knowledge of what took place after Mr. Harrison's inauguration as Mr. W. Cameron Forbes' successor; so I need only refer to the fact that when he dismissed, one after another, practically every trained and experienced man in the government service, he did not put in their places Filipinos selected by himself because of their proved fitness to serve—he was a stranger in a strange land and knew nobody—but local politicians selected by Manuel L. Quezon and his political colleagues. Some years ago, after a notable career in local politics and governmental employment,

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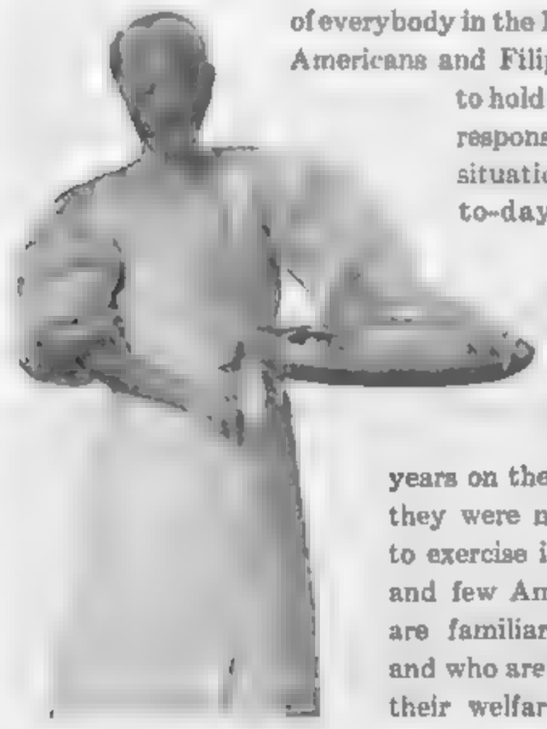

An Example of Splendid Country Highway

FACE TO FACE

XIX

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ON TUESDAY morning at 9:10 Mr. James J. Jones, accompanied by his son, left his house to go to the bank. Mr. Jones was very happy, but forced himself to retain a nodding acquaintance with wisdom by not expecting his only son to become infatuated with the work from the start. It was up to the president of the bank to make the experience interesting.

Junior happened to see his father's face as they entered the bank together. It was so full of juvenile pride in the possession of the only baseball bat in the block that he felt a pang of remorse at the fraud.

"Dad," he said impressively, "I'll never forget the day when you and I walked into the bank to work together. Not if I live to be a million years."

"Why, son!" smiled Mr. Jones.

He poignantly regretted that Junior was not twenty-five months old. Twenty-four years and the sex made it impossible, in public.

"There's a lady waiting to see you, sir," said the gray-coated diplomat, whose chief business it was to have blank checks in his upper coat pocket for old ladies and young novelists.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Jones reassuringly. The diplomat thereupon smoothed his wrinkled front.

Junior had hurried ahead.

"Good morning, Miss Jones," he said and shook hands

"Good morning," she said and nodded twice. Then in a whisper: "I'm scared to death."

"Nonsense!"

"But I am!"

Mr. Jones came up, a pleasant smile on his face. A good old scout, the governor!

"Father, this is Miss Jones, of whom I spoke to you."

"I'm very glad to know you, Miss Jones," said Mr. Jones as cordially as though Miss Jones were his star depositress. "Won't you come in? Allow me!"

Mr. Jones led the way. Miss Jones followed him, and Junior followed Miss Jones. Watching her walk he imagined he heard musical sounds and also that the bank was full of lilac blossoms. Some people are beautiful in a general way, as the sea is beautiful or the sky, with a beauty that belongs to everyone. But Elizabeth's beauty was made specially for one man. He told himself this in the time that it took Elizabeth to walk less than twenty-seven feet.

"Sit down, Miss Jones." Mr. Jones pointed to the chair beside his desk—a wooden chair with an uncomfortable back especially designed to discourage long speeches.

Junior smiled approvingly, took his first look at his desk and walked toward it with an effect of a man keeping an important engagement. He sat down and concentrated on business.

He regretted not having told Joe Fowler, the gray-coated omniscience by the door, to have a stack of mail ready for him to open. Then he thought there was no time to lose, and called loudly: "Joe!"

His father started violently; nobody ever raised his voice in that inclosure, not even when the president said the bank would not renew.

Joe, who in his youth had been a policeman in Bayonne, clapped his right hand to hip pocket and almost vaulted over the railing. Junior, realizing that he had made a mistake, walked toward Mr. Fowler.

"You are the Only Son of a Rich Man. You've Never Had to be Anything but a Big Boy"

"Joe," he whispered, "get me some mail, quick!"

"Get you what?"

"Some letters for me to open and read; anything; circulars, bills, anything that has an envelope and a sheet of paper inside. Get a gait on. I've got to earn my living. Bring them in in one of those baskets like the one on top of the governor's desk. Hurry up, before that girl goes away. I've got to be a busy man!"

Joe understood and darted away. Junior walked back to his desk and prepared for the rush. Presently a trim young man, square-shouldered, red-cheeked, clear-eyed, came in with the basket.

"Good morning, major." He almost saluted.

Junior rose and extended his hand.

"How are you, my boy?"

"Fine, sir!"

Junior sat down and began to empty the envelopes, most of which had already been slit open. Miss Jones, although listening to Mr. Jones, found time to glance toward Mr. Jones Junior. Mr. Jones Junior, who had been waiting for the glance, frowningly wrote on the bottom of a circular of a patent water filter "O. K., J. J. J., Jr."

Happening to see a push button at his right, he pressed it to see what would happen. Then he wrote on a sheet of paper "Come in and ask me if I will see Mr. Silas Frost."

He put it in an envelope, which he addressed to Joseph Fowler. Then he waited.

Nobody came. Junior pushed the button and kept his finger on it. Nothing. He happened to catch Joe's eye, and by means of the eyebrows bade him observe that he, the real head of the bank, was pushing a button on the desk.

Joe nodded and disappeared. Presently a young man came in and stood at attention beside the desk.

"Deliver this at once!" The major gave to the boy the envelope addressed to Joe Fowler.

Upon getting it Joe promptly walked out of sight to read it unobserved.

Presently Joe came in and said with great distinctness, "Mr. Silas Frost is out there, sir, and wants to know if you'll see him."

"Tell him we have not yet received any advices from London. He'd better come back about 11:30," said Junior in a clear voice, and returned to his correspondence.

Mr. Jones stood up, and Elizabeth also.

"I'm going to show Miss Jones her desk," said Mr. Jones to Junior.

"Can't I—er—oh, yes."

Mr. Jones said "Allow me," and preceded Miss Jones, who whispered to Junior as she passed, "He's awfully nice!"

She followed the respected president of the Park Avenue Bank. Junior held out his hand, but she ignored it. Business, he decided, was not going to prove such a wonderful adventure after all. While waiting for his father to return he went out and thanked Joe Fowler.

"Joe, the first thing I'll do when I get to be president will be to raise your salary to five times what you're getting now."

"The chief looks pretty strong to me," said Joe pessimistically.

Junior sought to cheer him by reminding him: "He doesn't have to croak, Joe. He can resign, you know."

"He ain't that kind." Joe shook his head, intent on not being comforted.

"Well, then, I don't see what I can do for you. Are you married?"

"Am I?"

Joe looked so pityingly at Junior that Junior was forced to ask, "In heaven's name, how many wives have you got?"

"Say, I've got one." Joe spoke slowly, lingeringly. "One!" he repeated distinctly, and nodded. "But ——" He nodded again, threw up his hands and walked away.

Junior, who was on the verge of bursting out laughing, suddenly thought of his own.

"One!" he echoed. "But ——"

There were others. The thought did not comfort him.

Mr. Jones returned to his desk. Junior succeeded in forcing himself to look incuriously at his father.

But Mr. Jones volunteered, "She hasn't had any experience. I've never been able to keep one long enough to train. The moment they begin to be useful they get married."

Junior frowned. His father went on, "Pull your chair over here and we'll go over my mail."

Mr. Jones began to read his letters. As he finished them he passed them one by one to Junior, with comments. Many of them had nothing to do directly with the bank, but, as Mr. Jones pointed out, he would not have received

(Continued on Page 24)

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The pleasure you take in eating the delicious Campbell's Beans with their tomato sauce is all the greater when you realize how thoroughly they agree with you. Here are beans so good that you cannot resist their tempting flavor. Yet they are so wholesome and so easily digested (slow-cooked) that you can indulge in them to your heart's content!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

them had he not been president of the Park Avenue Bank. Junior listened carefully and at times asked for additional reasons for his father's answers.

"My rule," Mr. Jones told him with an air of conscious wisdom, "is never to sign my name to a letter that I do not care to have read in a court of justice or printed in full in a newspaper. You had better listen to me when I dictate. By and by I will let you answer my mail—or most of it—but first you must know what my general attitude is."

He would be able to dictate the replies to Elizabeth!

"I will listen very carefully to your dictation," Junior assured his father, so earnestly that Mr. Jones beamed, and further rewarded Junior by ringing for the new secretary.

She came. She had taken off her coat, thereby improving matters fully three thousand per cent. She had a new notebook in her hand, and Junior noticed that she had an artist's fingers. At least they looked so to him, for they were long and slim and inexpressibly graceful. He did not wonder that even before he had taken a good look at them he had loved to hold them.

He would like to dictate to her with one hand—that is, holding one of hers while she jotted down stenographic symbols with the other. A wonderful thing, to understand those chicken tracks. He never before had seen her without her hat. Her hair was most wonderful—brown, with gold threads; also soft, silky, clean looking and suggestive of delicate fragrances. He ostentatiously took a long breath in order to disguise an exploratory sniff.

She sat down by Mr. Jones' desk. She was nervous, but the way she held her pencil was exquisite.

"Take this down, please," said Mr. Jones, unnecessarily, but politely.

Then he dictated, too quickly, Junior thought:

HON. JOHN G. MARSLAND,
White Plains, N. Y.

Dear Senator: I shall be glad to see you at your convenience. A decision in the matter to which you refer is liable to be fraught with far-reaching consequences. Precipitancy is to be deprecated and great care should be taken to avert a conflict of prejudices and the revival of ancient animosities. I am heartily in accord with your expressed view. Hoping to see you before you definitely pledge yourself to either side, I remain,

Sincerely your friend,

Miss Jones, flustered and obviously uncomfortable, said: "Ah—what was that word after 'conferences'?"

"What is what?"

"The word after 'conferences'?"

Junior listened and heard Mr. James J. Jones say, not at all rudely but a trifle more sharply than the father of James J. Jones Junior need have spoken: "I didn't say anything about conferences. There isn't any conference that I know of."

"I—I'm sorry," murmured Elizabeth so brokenheartedly that Junior half rose from his chair on the way to her rescue.

"Let me see. What went before it?" asked Mr. Jones less impatiently.

"Fur—no—far—ah—reaching ——" read Miss Jones hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes; consequences, not conferences."

"Th-thank you. It was the word after that; 'per—' oh, I've got it!" She smiled with relief and waited for the next letter.

"Miss Jones," said Mr. Jones not unkindly, "I think the best way would be to ask me when you don't understand—er—I mean, hear—some word. I may not carry the whole letter in my mind, and I couldn't help you if you wait till the end."

"Very well, sir," she promised.

Mr. Jones continued his dictation. Elizabeth, mindful of what he had told her, did not hesitate to ask him to repeat every word she did not understand on first utterance. She did it quite often.

Finally Mr. Jones said, "That will be all just now, Miss Jones."

"Yes, sir."

She rose and went away without a look at Junior, who felt sorry for her and for himself. Was she angry at him?

Mr. Jones turned to his son and shook his head dubiously.

"I'm afraid she's not going to do"

"Why not?" asked Junior in a controversial tone.

"She has never done this sort of work."

"Oh," said Junior, "she's nervous. When it wears off she will do as well as anyone." But in his heart of hearts he did not think that such a girl was made to be wasted on a job that could be filled better by a short, sallow person of thirty-five.

"Well, we'll see how she does," said Mr. Jones magnanimously.

"Just wait," said Junior. Then somebody came in to talk to Mr. Jones, and Junior went out for a walk as far as the receiving teller's window.

It was shortly before noon when Miss Jones came in with the letters. Mr. Jones arched his eyebrows—Junior was watching him as well as her—but said "Thank you" politely enough.

She hesitated, looked toward Junior, and went back to her office.

Junior approached his father, to see with his own eyes the work of her beautiful slim fingers. The way she held the pencil ——

"What in blazes! Great Scott!" Mr. Jones looked up dazedly at his son.

"What's the matter?" asked Junior. For the first time in his life the famous American ace knew fear—a cold sinking at his heart.

"This is the matter!"

Mr. Jones handed the letter to the man on whose recommendation he had employed the new secretary. There had been many erasures, but she had done her best.

HON. JOHN JAY MARCELINE,
White Plain, N. Y.

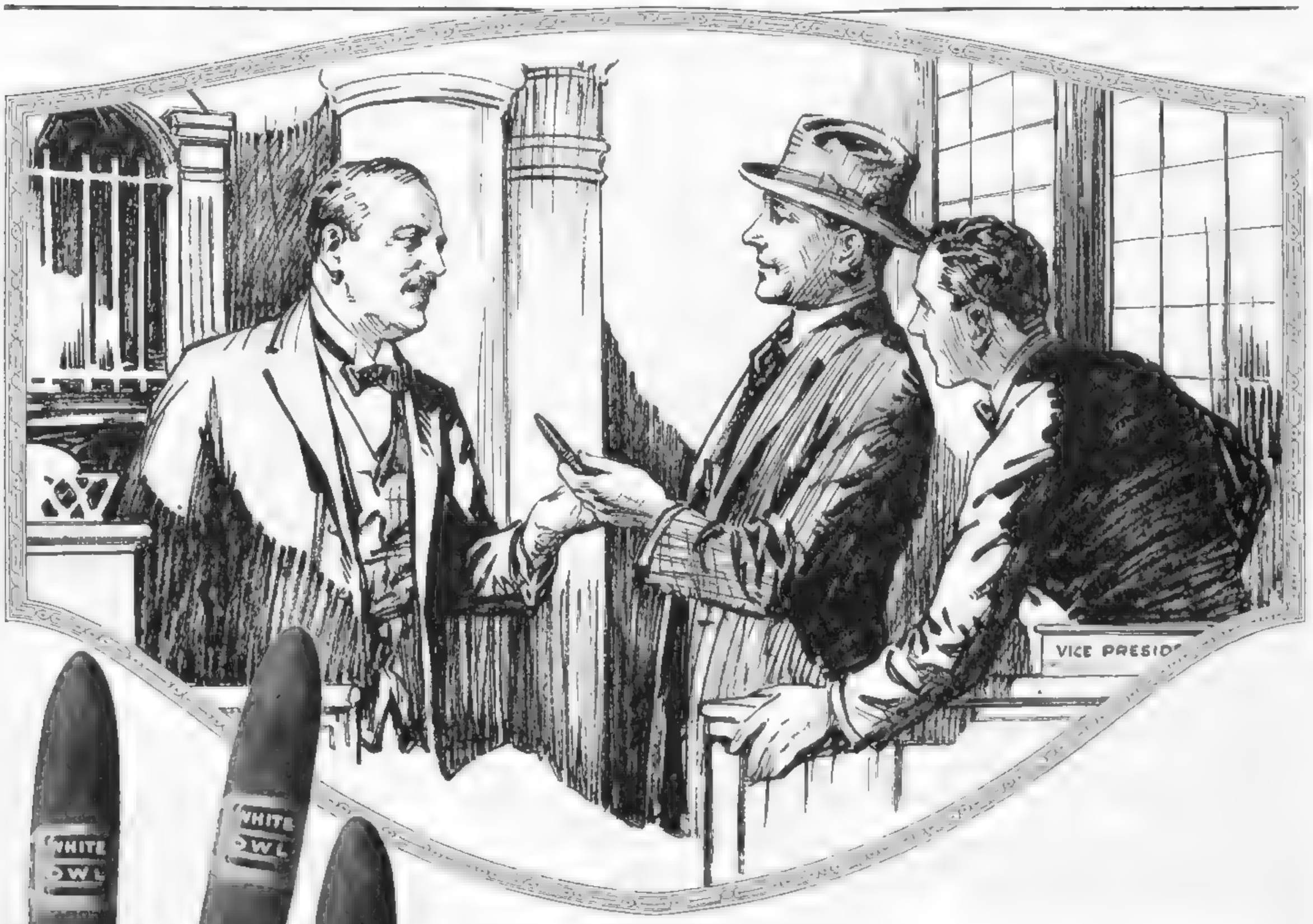
Dear Senor: I shall be glad to see you as you are, consequences of additional mothers to which you refer—and lightly to be fought with ferocious conferences.

Permmanency is apreciated and a good undertaker toward a conflict of predjudiced and the Bible of ancient universities.

(Continued on Page 26)

"What Have I to Look Forward to in This World? What are My Prospects of Happiness? Answer Me! Answer Me!"

Have a White Owl



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NATIONAL BRANDS

NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 24)

I can hardly afford to insure the press use. Hoping to see you before you defiantly bulge yourself to otherwise, I remain
Sincerely your freind,

"Well?" said Junior coldly.

Mr. Jones shook his head.

"What's wrong?" asked Junior in his most inconvincible voice.

"What's wrong?" repeated the astonished Mr. Jones.

"Yes; what?"

"Everything is wrong! Nine out of every ten words are wrong!"

Junior looked at the letter again.

"Well," he admitted, "there may possibly be one 'm' too many in 'permanency.' She doubtless was thinking of 'immanency.'"

"You might put another 'p' in 'appreciate,' just to show there's no hard feeling."

"I am for reformed spelling, myself. It's more American. And, anyhow, I don't see that this letter's a crime."

"It isn't a crime. It's a mystery. If Jack Marsland, whose middle name is Greene, recognizes himself as John Jay Marceline I'll vote for him for governor. And he's a Democrat."

"Marsland? Well, if he's a politician Marceline is a good enough name for him."

Mr. Jones burst out laughing, but Junior frowned coldly because Mr. Jones began to make corrections in the letter.

"That," he said, showing Junior the letter with his interlineations, "is what I think I dictated to her."

"You see," said Junior quickly, "you are not sure of what you dictated."

"I'm sure I didn't dictate that. Let's see how she made out with this."

He picked up the next letter. He read it, compressed his lips, took up a third, read two lines of it and laid it down.

"No use! Impossible!"

Junior read the other letters carefully. Then he said, "Dad, the trouble is"—Junior was intent on being just—"that you don't enunciate distinctly. That girl is not accustomed to your speech."

"Is she to yours?" asked Mr. Jones with a quick frown.

"Not yet," replied Junior tranquilly. "And then, you use long, awkward words ——"

"Son, let's go to luncheon while we're still on speaking terms."

"And what about Miss Jones' luncheon?"

"I told her to see Miss Tifft about the time, and that she could have hers upstairs with the others."

"You're not going to tell Miss Jones that she won't do? Just like that?"

"It's never a pleasant thing to do," admitted Mr. Jones ruefully. "On the whole I think you had better tell her, yourself. You hired; now you fire."

"To-day?"

"What's the use of waiting? We'll give her a week's salary if you think she needs it. That's square, isn't it, son?" Mr. Jones looked at Junior, anxious to please.

"Yes," admitted Junior slowly, "that's square. Now you run along, dad. I'll go later if I get hungry."

XX

IT WAS not the economic phase that worried Junior. Of course she would not be allowed to starve. But how could she help becoming discouraged when she learned that as a stenographer she was an even greater failure than as a transformer of old museum things into novelties?

He asked Joe Fowler to take him to Miss Jones' office. It was delightfully private. He did not know that it was a room used by his father for conferences with his lieutenants when it was important not to be disturbed. Joe Fowler knocked at the door. Her fresh, sweet voice answered "Come!"

Junior entered. Joe Fowler closed the door, leaving Major Jones alone with Miss Jones and the dread specter of duty.

Junior noticed an Oriental rug on the floor; lithographs of views of New York in 1850 on the wall; a flat mahogany table; a new typewriter stand and chair near the window; an empty leather-upholstered armchair; and, finally, Miss Elizabeth Jones studying her notebook.

Confronted by the necessity of telling her that as a stenographer she was a monumental failure, Junior smiled pleasantly and observed, "Am I in time to take you to luncheon?"

He looked her straight in the eyes and was shocked by her expression. It was utterly different from the habitual look of his lilac girl. She had covered herself with a layer of ice.

Was there a wireless system in this bank as there was in the army so that she was aware of the nature of his errand? Or, if it was something else, why blame him? Who had told her what? Utterly guiltless though he was, he felt uncomfortable as he stood there before her. When she spoke it was as if he were an elevator man.

"I am to have my luncheon upstairs when Miss Tifft returns. All the lower grade of employes are supposed to eat there. It's free, you know."

"I have to do it myself. I hope the chow is good."

"It's good enough for people who work here."

Her emphasis on the most distressing word in the language was not very pronounced, but he caught it and retorted, "I am supposed to eat there with the rest. But I think Theodore at the Ritz could do better by us than ——"

She turned a determined face toward him.

"Mr. Jones, I think we ought to have a definite understanding. There can be no social relations between us in this bank during business hours."

"The luncheon hour is not a business hour. It is your own. And so ——"

"I am supposed to obey all the rules, and one of them is about luncheon," she told him.

"I begin to think that I made a mistake in coming to work in this place," said Junior.

"This also is your first day here, isn't it?"

"Who told you that?" he asked indignantly.

"And I thought you were convalescing!"

"You don't begrudge me such health as I have, do you?" He answered himself by shaking his head, to save her the trouble.

"And I felt like—like I don't know what, when Miss Tifft asked me how I came to get this position. I told her I'd met you while you were recovering in Central Park. Are you laughing?"

"Certainly not!" he assured her hastily, and looked lachrymose.

She went on: "And when I told her that my salary was fifty dollars a week she looked at me so funny ——"

"Humorist, is she?" Junior scowled.

"I could see she thought it was mighty queer that you—that I ——"

"Miss Jones," said Junior with his most businesslike air, "I supposed you understood that your position in this bank was merely in the nature of a stop-gap. My father felt a perfectly natural desire to help a girl trying to make a living in New York."

"But why didn't your father tell me ——"

She stopped, whereupon he said seriously, "He told me to tell you."

She must have seen in his face his distress, for she said, "Wh-what is it?" and caught her breath sharply.

It made him say pleadingly, "Elizabeth, let us go out somewheres and talk ——"

"I will not!" she interjected angrily. "Why do you insist?"

"What's the matter, Elizabeth? You are different."

"I can't abide deceit. Miss Tifft ——"

"I am beginning to dislike that old crab."

"She isn't old."

"She must be."

"She's not much over thirty."

"Well, that's what I said."

"And she's a great admirer of yours. She says your father tells her everything about you."

"Well, my life has no dark chapters unfit for young ladies' eyes."

"And she says ——" Miss Jones hesitated.

"Go on. I'm hardened."

"That you have no more intention of becoming a banker than she has of flying."

"Well, no more I have."

"Then why did you pick out this time of all others to come here, so that people would make remarks?"

"My father has been trying to secure my services," he told her with great dignity, "for ages!"

"So you waited until I came to work."

"Well, misery loves company."

"I'm not miserable."

"This is no place for us, Elizabeth. Let's go where we can see the sky and breathe fresh air."

"When I leave here," she said slowly, "it will be to go to Hazleton, Pennsylvania."

"Hang it, why do you always have to—er Let's get out of here. I've got to tell you ——"

"Tell me here. If it's business I'll have to listen."

She turned her left ear toward him. That prevented him from looking into her eyes.

"I can't tell you that way," he complained.

"Did your father tell you that I was not—competent?"

"He thought—you'd do better where—where—the work—ah—would not be so—ah—specialized."

"And I was so anxious to show Aunt Sarah I could support myself!"

She rose to her feet and covered her face with her hands.

"Elizabeth, dear girl, please!" he said and put his arm about her shoulders.

Instantly she dropped her hands and looked at him. Her eyes were bright with grief and her cheeks were flushed.

Also they had never been so close to him. She was suffering; and he was suffering even more.

"Dear girl!" he murmured, and kissed the cheek that was so near.

She sprang back.

"You—you have just returned from your honeymoon! She told me."

"Miss Tifft?"

"I—I didn't believe it. She showed me clippings from the newspaper. She enjoyed showing them to me! Oh, I must go, right away! Tell her I've left."

She walked toward the rack where her hat and coat hung.

"Elizabeth, please let me tell you something."

"No."

"It's—it's business. I have your week's salary."

"Don't talk like that to me! Salary! Salary!" There was no mistaking her indignation.

"Will you allow me to explain?"

"There is nothing to explain."

"Yes, there is."

"There is not."

"Yes. I have to ——"

"No, you do not," she cut in.

"Very well. I do not. Elizabeth, I was only going to explain ——"

"Why don't you explain to your wife?"

"Elizabeth—I ——"

"You knew I had nobody in New York to take my part. You tell Miss Tifft I've left."

"Wait." He went toward her.

"Mr. Jones," she said slowly, but she could not prevent her lips from quivering, "do you wish me to shout for help?"

"I beg your pardon, Elizabeth." He stood aside, his face quite pale. Then, pleadingly: "If you would only allow me ——"

But she shook her head and would not look at him. She grasped the knob. She did not turn it. He heard the appalling sound of a sob not very successfully suppressed. He stepped to her side.

"I—please—I—I can't think of not seeing you again. It's—it's out of the question. I've got to see you!"

"You can't. You are ——"

"I'm not!" he almost shouted.

She raised her eyes—very blue and bright with unshed tears.

"Aren't you?" she asked eagerly. Then a cloud came into her sky—her two skies. "Yes, you are," she asserted gloomily.

"I am not. Let's go where we can talk ——"

"There is nothing to talk. You have your life to live, and I have mine. We probably will never meet again. No harm done!"

She spoke wearily. Then she straightened up and her hand grasped the door knob.

His hand grasped the hand that grasped the door knob.

"Please!" she said quietly.

"Elizabeth, you can't go like this. You mean too much to me."

She tried to open the door. He tried to prevent her. It brought him very close to her.

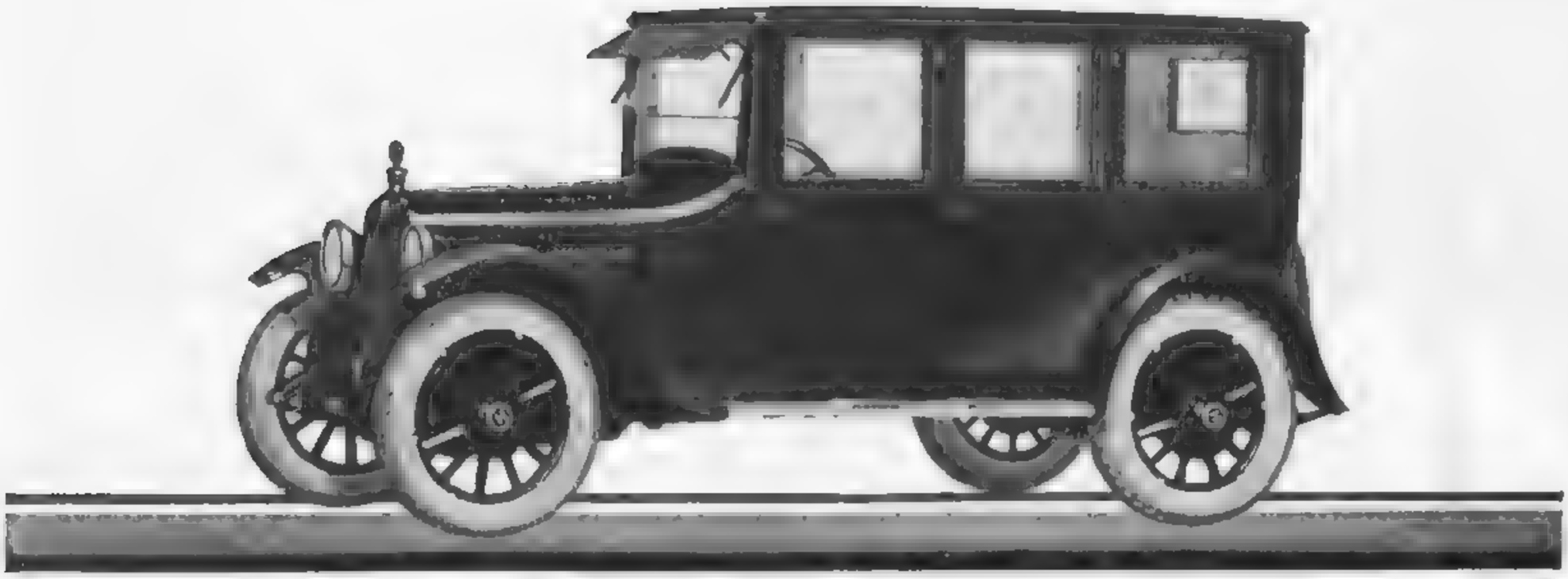
"Elizabeth, how can I tell you the truth? You won't believe it."

"Then I had better go away."

(Continued on Page 65)

Japanese Gardens in Moanalua Park, Honolulu, Hawaii

Hupmobile



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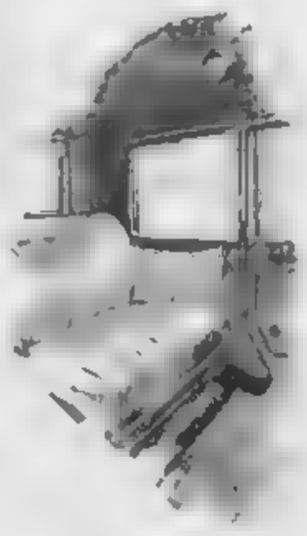

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NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO

MALLOY CAMPEADOR

(Continued from Page 5)

And Gus hates the boss like the devil hates holy water for it. He's been waiting for this chance from that day to this."

He turned to his superior.

"I don't give three hoots in Tophet about him taking the job of raising steel out of my hands, boss; honest I don't. When I'm shootin' rivets I'm not getting into any other deviltry, am I? And I'd get down so low as to keep time for you on this job if it'd help you beat old Gomez's date for steel completion. But he'll toss you if you let him raise steel for you here. He'll do it. I know that snake. He'll get you in the back just as sure as you trimmed his whiskers for him at Wheeling."

A momentary shadow passed over Malloy's face. Then he smiled reassuringly.

"Oh, Gus has forgotten that little fly-around long ago, Johnny. He's the oldest erector we've got; and the best, barring a certain go-getter I have in mind. He's too good a man to hold a grudge because he couldn't put me away with a punch. He had me licked up to the time we fell off the bridge, didn't he? He hasn't anything to be sore about, you fathead."

"He hasn't, eh?" answered Rapport sullenly. "I guess it wasn't lucky for him that the two of you took that tumble early in the scrap. He was licked when you took that wallop on your jaw, and shook your head and came back for another one; and he knew it. And who the hell pulled him out of the river, anyhow? He's hated you for that. He'd like you better if you'da let him splash for the pier himself, if he'da drowned for it. You broke his bully game. He'll scrap on the ground now; but he ain't hit a man ten feet aloft from that day to this."

Rapport's eyes were sparkling with reminiscence.

"I know that snake," he repeated in his earnestness. "I know him. He'll throw you sure. Right on your first big job, Mr. Malloy. If old Ramsden says you've got to take him on it'd be better to jack the job and go up the track talking to yourself than to let Gus smash your rep on your first real piece of work."

Love for this red-headed boss of his glowed in the bridgeman's hard face; but the young superintendent would not be convinced.

"Outside, crape hanger!" he said. "The air! It's too late anyhow. Gus ought to be here this minute. Depart, Calamity Jane. The rain's over. See if you can scrape together enough bums in the tool shanty to make a rivet gang, and stitch together a couple points before the whistle blows."

And grasping his loyal foreman by the shoulders he shoved him through the door, which the timekeeper held politely open, bowing his late opponent into the diminishing shower.

The door had scarcely closed, and the two men had just started to replace the legs under the fallen table, when the knob on the door wrenched round, and a burly figure, ill at ease in a bright striped hand-me-down suit of clothes, stomped into the room. A starched blue shirt and a gutta-percha collar of glassy blue to match inclosed the bulging muscles of his chest and weather-red neck. The yellow shoes he wore were, without the slightest doubt, the very ones whose size inspired the poem about the old woman who had so many children she didn't know what to do. And a new stiff hat, of the class known among steel men as five-eighths plate, about half concealed the mat of rusty hair that was tangled over his bull head. That head, set close down on huge humped shoulders, was the aspect of this engaging personality which had given Buffalo Gus Bensen his very appropriate nickname; that head, and the shoulders, and a foghorn voice that fairly bellowed steel out of the stock piles up into place in the structures that were raised under Gus' genial leadership.

"Good morning, Gus," said Malloy, smiling his broad and genuine smile, and risking a hand to the mercies of the ham that hung at Bensen's side.

"Morning, Malloy," answered Gus sourly, ignoring the proffered hand and walking over to the erection diagram on the wall. "Let's see the plans. I hear this job ain't made no tonnage."

He moved from before the long blue diagram toward a window so as to check the yellow pencil markings on the print against the steel as actually erected in the building. But he found his progress blocked. Malloy was standing in his path, his hand still outstretched, the broad smile still on his mouth. Gus attempted to disregard it, but gray eyes looked out from under their straight brows and caught the china-blue ones that were Gus' Scandinavian birthright.

"Let's start off right, Gus—what say?" inquired the quiet voice of young Malloy.

Gus looked sullenly at the proffered hand, but made no move to take it.

"Of course I can't make you take it—open—Gus."

Eddie Simms, perched on his high stool, ruined a half-completed pay-roll sheet by dropping his pen upon it carelessly, so that it rolled across the paper, blazing its course to where it dropped off the table edge with a trail of foot tracks that marked every revolution. But Eddie had more important matters than mere pay sheets to engage his mind.

The two men stood at gaze a while. But at last, failing to see behind the puzzling straight-mouthed smile with which Malloy regarded him, Bensen's huge paw came out and flopped limply, like a big dead carp, into the hand that was waiting for it. There is something disappointing to the point of nausea in a flabby handshake from a burly, iron-fisted man.

But Malloy laughed, satisfied, and said, "I knew you were too big a man to hold a grudge, Gus." And then to the timekeeper, "Eddie, go over the print file with Gus and dig out what he wants"; and he turned back to his calculations at the high desk.

Gus smiled; but as Malloy's back turned to him the thing changed to an ugly smirk, which he directed toward the timekeeper, coupling it with a contemptuous fling of his head toward the superintendent—his first effort to sound the loyalty of his superior's organization. And to his delight an answering smirk spread over the younger man's face. But deep down in Eddie's heart, unheard by Gus, a little voice was addressing the Swede:

"Guile with guile, you dirty squarehead; you big ugly mucker. We'll get you, me and Rappy, before you get the boss."

Three weeks had passed since the arrival of Gus Bensen on the Arapahoe job, and on a sunny day a bridgeman, arguing his time record with Eddie Simms, was suddenly thrust away from the little office window through which the ghost was wont to take his weekly promenade.

"One side, person! One side!" said Eddie in an excited undertone. "The nut for yours. This is a box seat I got. And believe me, son, I've dropped four-fifty and war tax many a time and never got such an eyeful."

He turned his head sidewise and whispered hoarsely backward through the pay window out of the side of his mouth.

"Skirt on the campus, Rappy. Skirt on the campus, 1921 length."

There was the sound of scrambling feet inside the office and almost instantaneously another head came jamming through the little orifice that framed Eddie's pop-eyed countenance. And the short-payed bridgeman suddenly lost all interest in the checking of his time as he turned and let his gaze follow the enraptured stares of the two heads just above him.

It's been hinted in this narrative that a construction job is no place for a lady of either sex. But picking her way amid the ordered confusion of steel and lumber and equipment that made a labyrinth of the space about the huge unloading derrick, there came a vision such as rarely cheers the sight of the field activities of a big contracting company—a creature of silken ankles and deliciously modish skirts, and just-before-dawn eyes, and hair that blazed and blazed and blazed.

Beside her, reaching out a hand from time to time to steady her as she stepped up on a prone twelve-by-twelve and floated along its length, or skipped lightly over a small stray beam or channel, puffed the rotund and dreaded figure of old Pete Gomez.

A sudden turn about a pile of crushed limestone swung the pair suddenly toward the construction shanty, at which the short-payed bridgeman took up the slack in his jaw, lost his charmed stare and pulled his freight suddenly for the tool house. And Rapport and the timekeeper, trying to withdraw their heads simultaneously through the small pay window, rapped their thick skulls so sharply on the upper edge of it that the gold-headed lady found difficulty in hiding a perfectly gorgeous giggle behind the absurdly small bit of lace that evidently did service as her handkerchief.

No serious damage, however, could have been suffered by the solid-head duo, for as Pete Gomez, begrouched all over, and his radiant companion reached the rude steps of the office, the door swung open with a flourish, revealing Simms in cavalier attitude, with his hand on the knob, and a perfectly heart-smashing smile upon his face. And Rapport, as the visitors entered, effaced himself by sliding unnoticed through the closing door and hit it for the obscurity of the hoisting-engine house, whispering under his breath, "The old buccaneer himself. This is no place for little Rappy!"

Inside the office, however, Chevalier Simms, hopelessly enamored in the golden lady's presence, and entirely unabashed by that of her grim escort, was busy as a man with the seven years' itch and a key-winder watch. A chair—the only one deserving of the name that graced the room—came rolling on swift casters out from under the superintendent's table.

"Yes, Miss Gomez," said Eddie, taking a flyer at the girl's identity, and suavely ignoring the exasperated gentleman now fuming at his side. "Whom do you wish to see? Something to read till we can serve you better?"

A random hand went over to the table where the day's papers waited the noon hour's perusal. Eddie's eyes were immovably fixed on the golden head, so it was not entirely his fault that instead of the day's news headings the pink cover of the Detective's Journal presented itself to the startled Miss Gomez's eyes. Unluckily the front and not the back cover leaf unfolded before her, so that instead of the entirely presentable countenance and Apollolike body of Mr. Carpentier, soldier of France, confronting the lady, Mazie deLune, Now Dazzling the Front-Row Patrons of the Jolly Dollies, made lavish display of indisputable charms.

That gleeful chuckle started to break from the golden lady's throat again at sight of Mr. Simms' purple embarrassment, but it, and all other potential sounds within a hundred yards, were suddenly cut short as Pedro Gomez, weary of addle-pated nonsense, whacked down the poker of the little egg stove on the table and bellowed, "I want Malloy!"

But even as the poker was falling toward the table a sheaf of blue prints had replaced the scantily clad slenderness of Miss DeLune, and Mr. Simms, entirely undisturbed by any whackings or bellowings whatsoever, was deep in the mysteries of the white-lined diagrams, explaining the problems of his chosen calling to a lady who was most thoroughly enjoying this young man's whole-souled enthusiasm in his subject and his audience.

"Yes, sir." The embryo engineer did find time to answer the thundered demand of Father Gomez. "Mr. Rapport, will you kindly find Mr. Malloy and ask him to step in?" And he plunged still deeper into the heroics of the steel raiser's profession.

"See here, you doddering imbecile!" roared Pete Gomez. "Who in the name of all that's fat and brown are you talking to? Yourself?"

The booming inquiry somehow penetrated the golden clouds that swam about the timekeeper's head, and he turned, to find that his menial, Rapport, had quietly melted into the void; and so, bowing confused apologies to the storming Mr. Gomez, and bestowing a heart-lost smile on that old pirate's fair daughter, he reached the door, backed out, stumbled and fell down the steps with a grace and ease that would have done credit to Ben Turpin.

The chuckle that had been lurking in Natalia Gomez's throat burst out in a cluster of crystal bubbles.

Dad Gomez snarled.

"Another college fool!" he said, and walked over to the window. "There's the man who's putting up this steel," he told his daughter, and pointed.

(Continued on Page 31)

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In America when automobile engines begin to wear out, some motorists think it is time to change to heavier oil. The engine is left—to grow worse and worse.

For a time, heavier oil may partially restore compression and power. BUT it may not distribute to the bearings. BUT it may choke your combustion chambers with sticky carbon deposit. BUT some fine day your heavier oil may bring your car to a sharp stop for expensive repairs. Then you *are* in trouble.

Age does not alter the delivering capacity of your oil pump. It was designed specifically to distribute oil of a certain body—*and none heavier*. Your oil feeds don't grow larger as your engine grows older. They may not accommodate the "heavier" oil. At best, "heavier oil" acts only as a temporary stop-gap. At worst it starts new and far more serious trouble.

No. Stick to the Chart on the right. Worn engines need repairs or renewals of parts. That is the only way to retain as long as possible the *original engine efficiency of your car.*

When used as specified in the Chart, Gargoyle Mobiloils give scientific lubrication. These oils prove their economy through providing greater lubrication; which means longer life, less renewal of parts, greater mileage per gallon of gasoline, greater mileage per gallon of oil, full compression and the greatest possible freedom from carbon troubles.

If your car is not listed in the partial chart shown here, consult the Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's, or send for booklet, "Correct Lubrication," which lists the correct grades for all automobiles, tractors and motorcycles.

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A grade for each type of motor

Chart of Recommendations
(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc. means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in [illegible] are listed separately for convenience

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921		1920		[illegible]	1918		1917	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter		Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A					
All Other Models	A	A	A	A		A	A		
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	A		A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A		A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A		A	A	A	A
VI Other Mod						A	A	Arc	Arc
Auburn [illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		Arc	Arc	A	A
[illegible]								A	Arc
[illegible] Tractor H Eng						A	Arc		
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		Arc	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	Arc		A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A		A	A	A	A
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A		A	A	A	A
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		Arc	Arc	A	A
[illegible]						A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A		A	A	A	A
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		Arc	Arc	Arc	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A		A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc		A	Arc	A	Arc

(Continued from Page 28)

Out at the nearest corner of the big steel skeleton Gus Bensen was standing, his young superior at his side. A blue print was stretched between the farther hands of the two men, a yellow pencil tracing Malloy's thoughts on the tough linen of the field workman's diagram, while the pointed steel handle of a small fitting-up wrench in Bensen's thick fingers marked the foreman's arguments.

"See it?" said Pedro Gomez. "He even does his planning with tough steel. Take men like him away from my jobs, and these pencil wielders wouldn't finish one of them in time for my great-grandchildren to spend the profit."

As father and daughter watched, Simms reached the two men and gave his message. Malloy turned to the office. And Bensen, stepping on a beam beside him, took hold of a cobweb that ran down to it out of the sky, and was whisked off dizzily into the topmost members of the skeleton building, ten stories aloft. In silence man and daughter watched the spectacular ride, and the girl's breath had not quite started again when Malloy entered the office.

The storm of protest and criticism regarding erection progress that met him when he stepped inside the door washed by, unheeded, as he snatched off his hat and walked over at once to where the girl was seated, obviously engrossed in blue prints; for Eddie, flying on smitten wings, had outdistanced his boss on the trip back to the office.

"Good morning, Miss Gomez," said Malloy. "My eye has gotten quite well, thank you."

His outheld hand stayed empty.

"Eddie," he said, "will you please chase out on the job and see if you can locate Mr. Forsythe of Graphite Paint, and tell him I can see him in fifteen minutes?" And he smiled slyly as the timekeeper, with rueful countenance, left paradise.

Then he looked down at his hand, which still was empty, and rubbed it carefully against the leg of his dirty khaki breeches and stuck it out again. It didn't draw a thing. Pete Gomez went on storming. Malloy kept right on smiling. He took his right hand in his left, at last, and treated himself to a cordial shake. Then he picked up Eddie's grimy time book from the table, opened its pages eagerly, and pored into them, burlesquing deepest absorption in the mythical narrative he found there.

"'Good morning,' said our heroine vindictively," he pretended to read aloud. "'So your eye has quite recovered, eh?' And the lithesome maiden extracted a deadly hatpin from her shining locks and took an undulating stride toward the gay deceiver."

He extended the bogus best-seller to the girl.

"You really must read it. A charming thing, entitled The Young Lord Oswald's Optic; or, She Treats 'Em Rough, by Laura Jean Gomez."

He threw the frayed time record to one side and dropped his banter.

"Aw, come on!" he said, extending his hand again. "Shake hands with me."

In spite of herself Natalia Gomez found it hard to resist his smile's contagion and the boyish invitation that went with the outstretched hand.

"I'd take it if you'd either fight my father back or at least not ignore him," said the girl.

"Whenever Pedro Gomez or any other man in the wide world comes busting into my office and starts ripping into me as though I were some thick-headed ignoramus who couldn't be reached by white man's talk I've either got to fight him or ignore him," said Malloy very quietly, turning away from the girl and talking squarely at the wrath-silent Gomez. "And if I start fighting him, then we'll both have lost our tempers, and neither of us will be able to talk sense."

And then, just as a gleam of pleasure started to steal into the girl's dark eyes, and as a fresh explosion actually began to wane in force under the gathered brows of Pete Gomez, the young superintendent added, "So I make it a practice to meet bulldozing with some other kind of absurdity; for I'm delicate"—a spurious cough racked his chest and shook the thin walls of the office—"and fighting's so hard on the eyes."

The dawning gleam died in Natalia Gomez's eyes at his return to nonsense; and father, swearing in disgust that he'd waste no more of his time on college fools, stalked out of the office, with Malloy at his heels, pantomiming a mock-serious explanation of the situation to the broad short back that made the daughter's blood run hot.

The two men reached the corner of the new building just as Bensen, riding the chains, came dropping down out of the sky beside them; and at once turning his back to Malloy, Gomez began to talk with Bensen as to one of his own kind. But the young superintendent, instead of leaving in insult, stood quietly by, drinking in the riches that rolled off the tongues of these old experienced builders.

At length with "One minute, Mr. Gomez, and I'll get the print that'll show the point I'm getting at," Gus turned and left. Gomez continued to ignore the man still at his side. Malloy, lighting a cigarette, waited in silence. And Natalia Gomez, looking out the office window at them, felt greater and greater revulsion rise within her at the pacifist attitude of this broad-shouldered man who wore the fighter's colors on his scalp.

Arriving at the office Buffalo Gus went direct to the blue-print cabinet in his search, and failing of his object turned to one of the littered tables, only to be knocked speechless by sight of a vision with olive skin and golden head bent industriously over the drawings there, endeavoring to trace with a slim finger the corresponding members of the high skeleton reared up only a few dozen steps away from her.

"You're Mr. Bensen, aren't you?" she asked, turning toward the spellbound Gus. "Perhaps you can tell me then. This big beam on the drawing here—is this the one you rode up into place a little while ago?"

And so Dad Gomez and young Pat Malloy stood waiting twenty minutes without the sign of a returning Gus. That gentleman was lost in the rapture of airing his know-how to this bewildering gold-headed apprentice at the bridging game; as much amazed at her quick comprehension of the complicated prints as she was at this rough-handed man's almost intuitive ability to interpret the maze of white lines laid out before her.

"And not only can you put it up, but you don't have to depend on any college shavetail to read the drawings for you. It must be much more glorious to actually do the thing than just to plan and sketch and theorize and calculate," she told him.

And Gus reaching past her shoulder, tracing his explanations on the print, felt his hard triceps brush against the softness of her; and that, and her words of praise, and a look of interest deep into his eyes misunderstood, and the caress of a loose strand of that golden hair across his cheek, urged the untrained animal within him to tear its weak leash, and swept what little discretion he possessed out of his make-up.

Pete Gomez waiting pulled on a heavy chain, and a thick silver watch came dangling forth at the end of it. Malloy mechanically jerked back his cuff.

"He doesn't know the cabinet well enough," he said. "I'll go and find that print for him."

He turned to leave.

"No wonder this steel isn't going up," Gomez called after him, "if you're timing your erection schedules with that thing on your wrist. That only tells when the tea and macaroons will be wheeled in."

Malloy looked over his shoulder as some unknown urge kept widening his strides toward the shanty.

"It told me when to climb out of a ditch in France one morning," he called back as he broke into a run.

Natalia Gomez was abrading her white knuckles on the stubble beard of Buffalo Gus Bensen when the door burst open. He wheeled and glared, crazy with emotion, and sprang at Malloy, snarling his passion. But the red-headed one leaped grinning over a desk, and shoved it out, arm's length, so that the Swede's swinging fists could not reach him, and so stood, ready for another leap should his opponent start to clamber over the desk to get at him.

The two circled the desk a time or two, one grinning widely, the other feeling more and more foolish as he saw the futility of trying to reach the one who was making him appear ridiculous by draining all the drama from the situation.

"Come on now, Gus, come on! No need to lose your head again. Cool off! Cool off!" Malloy threw out his chest and struck a heroic attitude. "The damsel's saved. Odsblud, what a-plague else is there for which good yeomen should bandy buffets! Out upon you, varlet! The ozone, Gus! Take the air, in other words."

The red fled out of Natalia Gomez's face at her champion's raillery. Her mouth went straight, and the teeth showed a little as her lips drew tight. So he hadn't even the courage to punish the big brute who had offered her this affront!

"The last time a man tried to force his attentions on me I didn't need any help," she said in a hard little voice, "and I didn't need any now. I'm very capable of taking care of myself, and I certainly resent any such half-hearted, white-livered interference as has just been thrust upon me. Besides, I don't mind telling you, Mr. Malloy, and the animal over there, that any man who's enough man to kiss me, may!"

And with a toss of her head and a swirl of her short skirts she was gone. And old Pete Gomez, who had followed to the office, and had heard enough to know what had just happened, stopped, and to Pat Malloy's amazement held out a hand to Bensen.

"Try not to lose your head over the ladies, Bensen," came to Malloy's astounded ears. "Any seventeen-year-old boy can do that. That's the test that shows you just how much man you are. That's the supreme trial. For instance, now, if my girl weren't so capable, I'd probably have to play God Save the Queen on that bull head of yours with a short piece of lead pipe, and then have you fired off the job. But as it stands, I rather take your style of wooing as a compliment to the girl. Better a live stamping bison for a prospective member of the family than a toy ba-lamb on wheels."

He swung on young Malloy.

"Either the eighteenth story of this little inn is completed by the end of the month or I'll see personally to it that all wrist-watch engineers are removed from this certain piece of work that Gomez & Co. is putting up!" he snapped; and he stamped through the door, closing it behind him with a slam that nearly tore it off its hinges.

Malloy stared at the quivering frame a second. Then he stepped over, took hold of the knob and tried it tentatively.

"You'd be surprised," he said, looking up brightly at big Gus. "It works! It opens, Gus! Look! This way out. I crave communion with my soul."

Gus with a leer of satisfaction on his face thumped out after the old buccaneer. Malloy, you can bet your spinal column, wanted to go Mr. Gomez one better, and to slam that door after Mr. Bensen with a jar that would shake the Arapahoe's foundations. In fact Gus listened for the bang. And the very fact that he didn't hear it—the fact that the door actually went very softly shut into its frame—should have warned Bensen that this man Malloy had himself licked, and to watch his step; for it is known that a fellow of this kind is often a greater scrapper than he who taketh a city.

A moment after Gus departed Eddie Simms opening the door found his young boss playing himself an elaborate piano accompaniment on the edge of his worktable, while he sang lugubriously:

Oh, the man that's worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything goes kablooey!

"How's this one, Eddie?" he asked at the conclusion of the solo. And he forced a smile ridiculous with fortitude under adversity to adorn his face; much the same jovial expression as comes to a man with the first qualms of *mal de mer*.

Eddie grinned appreciatively.

"Booniel Dan flouting his red-skinned torturers," he said.

"You got me," said his boss. "Did you locate Mr. Wilson, of the Carbon Paint Company?"

Eddie looked puzzled. "But, boss," he said, "I'm sure you told me Mr. Forsythe, of Graphite; and I couldn't locate him anywhere."

"Perhaps I did," answered the red-thatched one. "Why not? I only made him up anyway so as to pry you away from that future wife of mine."

Rain again. A veritable cloudburst. And the Arapahoe's bare bones scaling still higher toward the clouds that seemed to be trying so hard to stop their growth. The job, deserted now, and silent, for the work day was over and twilight was at hand.

Jim Henry's Column

Something for Nothing

Several fellows have bawled me out lately for not giving away my demonstrator tube.

One letter in particular rode me pretty roughly. Said I was hard boiled and tight and old fashioned and didn't understand the modern method of introducing a new product by giving away millions of samples. Said that it was up to me to prove that Mennen's was the finest shaving preparation in the world and that I needn't expect him to pay for the demonstration.

If our business wasn't growing so rapidly, I might be inclined to agree.

But I am a salesman and all of my thought processes have to do with selling rather than with giving away.

I suppose we could put out a little three-squirt sample instead of my big, generous demonstrator tube, but honestly I would rather struggle along with you and break down your prejudices and gradually build up in your mind a conception of the almost miraculous potency of Mennen's until you joyously and with razor-edge anticipation plunged on a fifteen cent investment for my big demonstrator.

It's been my experience that a hard sale is a permanent sale.

Moreover, I want you to start with enough cream to give you a lot of gorgeous shaves. Morning after morning, I want you to enthuse all over again at the way Mennen takes the bristle out of your beard, doesn't dry on the face and leaves your skin soft and happy. I want Mennen's to become a habit before you buy our giant size tube.

It's cost a lot of money to get you to the point of trying Mennen's and I propose that the demonstration shall be one of the most gratifying of your life.

and afterwards- Mennen Talcum for Men -it doesn't show

Of course you can buy a full size tube at any drug store if you are still in a position to spend recklessly.

But my demonstrator tube costs 15 cents by mail.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

For more than a hundred years the Hartford Fire Insurance Company has provided sound indemnity for loss by fire. In addition, it now gives to all its policy-holders who are willing to co-operate in its campaign to reduce waste by fire, the advice of prevention-engineers who know how fires start and how to avoid them.

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The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

But in the office Eddie Simms and Rapport were still seated close together, talking in low, guarded tones.

"The boss is too damned white," Rapport was saying. "There is such a thing, Ed. He's so clean and straight himself that he can't suspect another man, and that's some handicap to carry into the business world. He'll get that white rubbed through in a place or two before he gets much older. It's the shining color they make the angels' nighties out of. You and me'll be wearing it when they hand us out our golden harps. But it doesn't stand the smut down here. He's got to lose that blind white faith in men, Eddie, or he can't survive in this here vale of sin. There's skunks running free on top of the ground, and you got to face the facts. He can't trust everybody, more's the pity. He'll learn, Eddie. Every white young fellow's got that bitter pill to swallow. But he's got to learn it here, before it breaks him. That's up to you and me. We've got to do something or the boss goes on the rocks. I'm telling you. I've told him too—a thousand times; but he laughs me off. Says that the little things I point out to him might happen to hold up any job; and that we can't blame Gus for them.

"And that's just it. Gus's too wise to pull anything big. Gus's too wise for Pat Malloy. He knows bridgin' from one to fifty million. Malloy ain't got the years of steel raisin' back of him to stack up against the crooked work of that hump-backed maggot. He's got a dozen tricks a day to jimmy this job; and each day a dozen new ones. But he can't fool little Rappy. I cut my teeth on a drift pin. Just to-day, when we started up this morning, first lift, we found the glass on the sight-feed lubricator cracked. They cost about a nickel. Ten minutes, just the same, looking for a spare that can't be found. Another ten to put on a makeshift lubricator made out of a nipple and a couple valves. And I happen to know that there used to be a dozen of these piffling glasses on the job. I put 'em in the spare-parts bins when the job was starting. Some days there'll be a dozen of these ten-minute stops. Two hours gone galley west for practically the whole outfit. What can we do?"

The bridgeman ended his long wail of helplessness.

"We got to get him mad," said Eddie.

"Him mad?" exploded Rapport. "With that happy grin all over his map from whistle to whistle. Say, Eddie, if I could only get the boss to cut loose and rawhide me all over the job for one entire day I'd feel natural, and I'd leave the works at quitting time a better rivet foreman. It can't be done."

"Listen to Eddie," said the timekeeper. "I entered college the year before Red Malloy left. He played football. Always a good, reliable game. But once I saw him mad. Just once. And when the last man from the bleachers was going through the gate that evening the stretcher men were still lugging them to the garbage can. He laid 'em out in stacks, like cordwood. Here's our hope. We've got to catch Gus with the muck sticking to his fingers. No trifle. Something big. Then watch the fireworks. The question is, Will Gus try something with some size to it before he's through? I'd sleep on the waste bales in the tool shed from now on till the job was done if I thought I stood a chance of getting him."

"He won't try anything big as long as he's on the job," said Rapport. "He's too wise. But if he ever leaves—look out! One thing we've got on him. He thinks we're with him, the poor eel. He came to me yesterday and asked me how I'd like to take my rivet gangs and go along with him if he lands a job he's after with the Canada bridge people at that big span they're raising up in Saskatchewan. We'll lay low, you and me, with our eyes open and our mouths shut. There goes the night watchman's whistle. Let's beat it."

They left the office and picked their way across the material yard, and had almost reached the street when Eddie spied the lumbering figure of the Swede himself looming in the dusk, out at the extreme limit of the ordered steel piles, out where the grass grew high in the unfrequented lanes between the members which would be the last to go up into the building. They waited for him. He was wet.

"Making use of the rainy day to check up steel a little bit. Want to know where the stuff is when we come to it," he said.

"Thought maybe you were assembling a few roof trusses all by yourself," joked Rapport, pointing carelessly to the fitting-up wrench in Bensen's hand.

Gus looked at him keenly. He rubbed his hand over the long pointed handle of the tool.

"Good thing to stick in a rivet hole and upset a beam with if the erection marking's on the underside," he said. Then, "What say about that Canada bridge job? Come with your gang if I send for you some day?"

"Sure pop. Gonna land it?" Rapport returned.

"Maybe," Gus replied with a heavy smile, and, winking a china eye, left them and started for his car line.

Next morning Malloy going through his mail came to a crudely lettered envelope, addressed in pencil, and well besmeared with thumb marks. Grimly smiling in anticipation he sliced it open. His intuitive guess had been correct. It was a billet-doux from that Scandinavian Beau Brummell, Buffalo Gus Bensen. It read:

MALLOY.

deer sir, A day or 2 ago I rote the main office and tol them that this job was on the Fritz & i was runeing my reppatashun tryin to rase steel here. & if it didn go better soon i was gone to take up an offer wich the Canada Bridge People offered me. I am disgusted & have takn the offer, I hope i get under some engineer that nose his bizness. Yours &

GUS BENSEN.

The mixed grin of half anger and amusement was still on his face when Rapport came bursting through the door.

"Where's Eddie?" he demanded.

"Checking floor beams, seventeenth story. Out at the far end of the stock yard. Anything I can do for you?"

"Just wanted to ask him if he'd seen Gus any place," said Rapport anxiously.

Malloy handed him the letter. The bridgeman spelled his way slowly through it. And then without a word he sprang through the office door, bawling a hoarse order at the top of his lung power.

Malloy ran after him, following close enough to see that his vocal efforts were directed to the stock-yard derrick engineer, and noticed that this operative released his main hoist lever just as the cables were tightening to a big girder under the end of the boom.

"Don't you dare make a hoist with that old butter churn of yours until I tell you to!" Rapport was bawling at the astonished engineer. "Not if Marshal Foch himself steps over to you and tells you to take 'er up!"

The engineer closed his throttle. Rapport turned away and started running. Malloy reached out and caught his arm.

"Which place hurry up, Walyo?" he inquired lightly, in the language of the concrete-floor gang.

Without a word of answer the bridgeman took hold of his boss' arm in turn, and started him running with him toward the outskirts of the stock yard. At the farthest pile of steel they spied Eddie, print and yellow pencil in hand, checking over the beams for the last floor but one of the Arapahoe. Rapport shouted to him, and beckoned with a hand. The timekeeper joined them. Together the three of them, led by Rapport, passed from the cleared space under the yard derrick's boom, and waded out into the tall weeds of the field beyond, following under the long, graceful catenary of one of the thick guy cables that ran from the top of the derrick mast a couple hundred yards out to the deadman, where it was secured to a buried railroad tie six feet below the surface of the ground.

The three men reached the end of the long guy, and with a vicious oath Rapport stood still and pointed into the little trench that let the cable run down to the buried timber.

"I thought so," said the bridgeman, profanity sulphurous on his lips.

To a casual or an inexperienced eye everything was as it should have been. The cable, turning round the tie, came back along itself and was held tight by four big U-clamps, which gripped both strands of the heavy rope, the nuts being jammed down on the gripping jaw as hard as a strong man could twist them. At least they had been so when the guy was first stretched. But now Rapport, striking the clamps with a wrench he had brought along, made all four of them rattle loosely on the cable.

The men stood silent.

Rapport, finding relief in practicalities, as was characteristic of the man, was now applying his wrench to the loose clamp nuts with spiteful tugs that jammed them home with such pressure that the loop in the cable end became as solid as though an eye had been spliced in it.

The two others, without a word, stood in a kind of dumb fascination watching him at the task until it was entirely done.

Then Malloy let his glance run from the deadman up the long cable to the head of the mast, and when his eyes reached the shackle plate at the very top he seemed to see it move, sway. He squeezed his lids tight, and opened them again. It was only his imagination. The masthead was secure. But in his mind's eye he could see it swing, rush downward in a wide crashing arc as the strain of the big girder at the end of the hoisting lines threw its pull through the boom falls to the masthead, and from the masthead down the long guy to the deadman, and pulled the short end of the bight whizzing through the loosened clamps. The heavy clang of the dropped girder seemed to ring in his ears; the clash of tearing cables and the crash and rending of the heavy boom; the splintering roar as the long mast plunged after it; the rattle and hiss of flying lines; tangle; chaos. And from beneath it all, blood-chilling cries of pinioned men.

"Why?" said Malloy in a dull, emotionless voice.

"He's damn near got you ruined right now with his little tricks!" cursed Rapport. "But he was afraid your schedule might not lick you bad enough, once he got off the job with his dirty work. So he pulled this. He's left the job, and it wouldn't hurt his rep after he'd gone. When I couldn't find him on the job this morning I thought at once of him coming from the direction of this field with that wrench in his hand last night. Remember, Eddie?"

But Eddie, glancing out of the corner of his eye up at his boss' still dumfounded face, made answer in a peculiar way.

"Mucker football!" said Eddie as though to himself.

But it reached the spot. Sudden fire leaped in Malloy's pale eyes, and when he spoke there was no smile visible on that broad-mouthed countenance—unless you'd call that straight line of red through which a devil peeped, a smile.

"You're erector on that building, Johnny," said a voice that sounded something like Malloy's. "Snap into 'er, old kid, and beat that little job to death. You're the assistant engineer here, Eddie. Hunt yourself up a timekeeper to-night. You know how to make out the tonnage report and the rivet count. And you write all letters and sign 'em and send 'em out. Anything you can't handle will have to go plumb to. I'm in the field every split second from now on till the last stick of iron's up and a flag flies on top of her."

The three had reached the yard derrick while he talked.

"Take 'er up, Tommy," called Malloy.

The engineer, remembering his instructions, hesitated and looked at Rapport.

"I guess you'd better take 'er up," Rapport advised, "if you don't want to be slaughtered in cold blood on the spot." And the erector foreman looked happily toward his boss, who had already made a step toward the hoist-engine shed. The engine wheezed, felt tentatively of the load at the end of the boom, stretched its cables carefully, and then with a rush of steam yanked the great girder off its timber skids.

"Take 'er up, Billy!"

This time it was Rapport's voice bawling the order, and it carried to the signalman who stood watching out at the edge of the skeleton, seventeen stories in the air. He lifted a forefinger and wagged it at the sky; and the hoisting engineer, on the alert, caught the signal and took up the slack on his single fall drum. At the end of it, down on the ground, a long, flimsy tension rod came up in a bow in the middle, and picked one end free of the earth in a tentative lift. The other end of the rod stayed grounded.

"Lower!" roared Rapport; and kicked a block of wood under the rod close to the hitch so that the chain could be shifted to the center of gravity of the load when the cable slackened.

"Wha'd'y'mean—lower?" asked Mr. Malloy crisply. He took hold of the cable and stepped on the light side of the load, moving out from the chain far enough to bring the other end of the rod off of the ground. "Take 'er up, Needlehead. D'ya think we're building a subway?"

(Continued on Page 34)

The man of business whose tasks are made shorter and easier with modern devices, should be the first to advocate similar efficiency in his household. In particular should he approve a home labor-saver that eliminates the injurious drudgery of sweeping and dusting and one that repeatedly repays its cost, as does The Hoover. For this efficient cleaner ends carpet-cleaning expense, increases the efficiency of help and effects other tangible savings. Chief among these is the added life it imparts to floor coverings by gently beating out all nap-wearing, embedded grit as it electrically sweeps up all clinging litter, erects matted nap, brightens colors and suction cleans. Only The Hoover does all this. Hoover-cleaned homes are the standard for cleanliness and healthfulness, so let your next investment be a Hoover.

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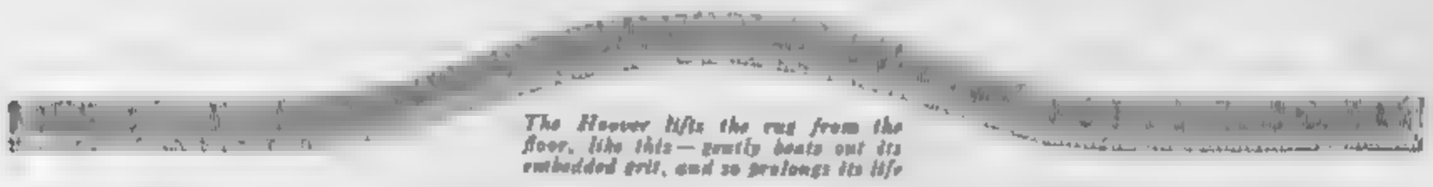

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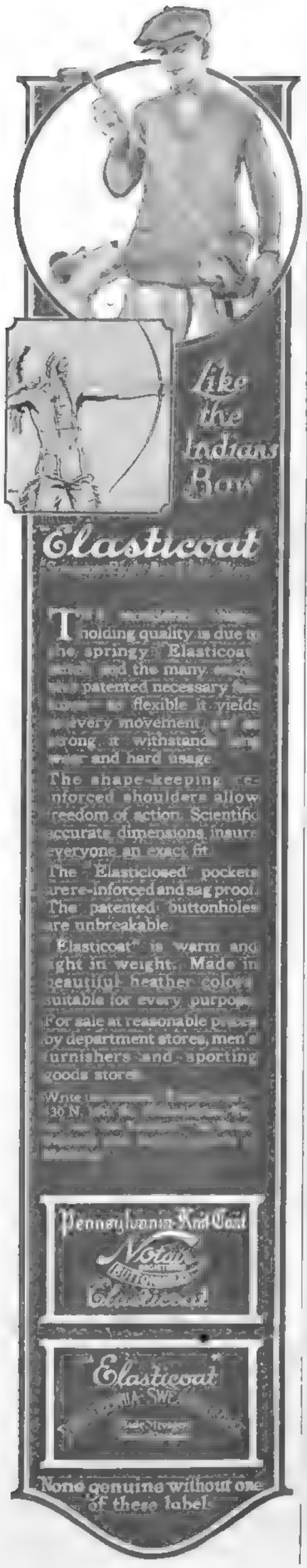


(Continued from Page 32)

"Take 'er up!" bellowed Rapport; and he stood and fairly beamed benevolence as he sent his beloved boss on his truly perilous trip into the air. He knew, did this rivet eater, why men ride beams and hoisting chains. He knew that no job ever erected went up under such an urge as demanded these hair-raising journeys aloft. Hazards enough lurk in the steel erector's day to render unnecessary any special searching after them. But the men will ride for the very joy of the risk; and at rarest intervals an erection superintendent with the requisite nerve will jump a big beam, for the same reason in part, but more for the loyalty and respect that such a daring and unexpected piece of dramatics inspires in the rough men who are the backbone of their jobs.

But to ride a tension rod! Here was a thing that no man on the Arapahoe had ever seen before.

The springy, flimsy inch and a half round at the end of its threadlike hoisting strand sailed, turning slowly about, aloft the seventeen dizzy stories, with Mr. Patrick Malloy holding to the cable with one hand and with the other scratching a match against one lifted thigh. He lit his cigarette, flicked the bit of burning wood out into nothingness and, audaciously looking downward, watched the wind carry it twirling out over the high mast of the yard derrick far below. The Arapahoe job went dead a minute as every man on it stopped work and gazed with breath-held admiration at the daredevil rider. But when the boss stepped off of his precarious elevator every riveter on the works cut loose his gun against the most resounding member within reach of his scaffold with a salvo of approval that widened the grin on Johnny Rapport's face to a pair of salients that threatened the position of his ears. He looked toward the office and, much to his delight, saw Eddie standing in the doorway with his mouth agape as he watched the boss make a landing on the comparative safety of a ten-inch floor beam.

"Into your cage, old secretary bird!" shouted the erector. "Into your cage! Out here's where the menfolks work."

And he turned his back on the age-old gesture of thumb properly placed and fingers violently agitated and, like the good bridgeman that he was, ran for the stairs that would take him much less quickly but much more surely to that part of the Arapahoe where his boss now held the stage. And at a quarter till five that afternoon he and his superior were still high up in the big steel skeleton, standing on the swaying boards of a rope-suspended riveter's scaffold, where the quitting whistle had found them, planning the next day's campaign.

But down on the ground the bridgemen, coming out of the tool shanty, pulling on their coats and genially exchanging profane congratulations over the excellent tonnage raised that day, came unexpectedly upon a derby of five-eighths plate and the enormous pair of yellow shoes that, with the accompanying blue-glass collar, marked the genteel presence of Buffalo Gus Bensen, all dressed up. The scattered groups of men had gathered about him, and were listening to the advantages to be enjoyed in Saskatchewan's wilds as painted by Gus' polished oratory, when Rapport, glancing down, let out a whoop.

"Hot damn!" he shouted. "I get first crack at him."

He jumped to a column, hooked his legs about the flanges of it, slid with almost the speed of a direct fall to within a couple feet of the floor below, brought leg pressure to bear, and came to an easy stop. Then he sprang for the temporary wooden steps that wound through the building, and clattered at breakneck pace down their long flights and past their numerous turning platforms toward the ground.

The astonished superintendent took one downward glance, and a glad, grim light shone in his eyes.

"You'll not get any first crack at him unless some fellow made a bum hitch at the top end of this line," he muttered.

A slender hand line, made fast to the end of a column just above him, hung down seventeen giddy stories, swinging out directly over the group of men so far below, to where it was tied to a heavy timber skid beneath a pile of beams. With a mere glance at the hitch about the column above him Malloy reached for the line, swung out and hung by his hands a breathless instant while he gave the peculiar flick of his foot that spiraled the rope about his leg.

Only the hardiest bridgemen would have attempted such a means of descent, so the rough group gathered about Buffalo Gus gasped in surprise when their superintendent, pale of face and grinning devilishly, dropped from the very sky into their midst, fell to a crouch, sprang straight again fair in front of the Swede, and without a word leaped on him.

By the time Rapport reached the ground he found to his utter amazement that this first crack he had promised himself was lost to him forever; for the bridgemen had already drawn back in a circle, and were tamping their cheeks with scrap and settling themselves on rivet kegs and blocks of wood and dinner pails.

Three-quarters of an hour passed and found that circle unchanged, each man in his original position. Old Tom Jones, better known by reason of his Cymric forbears as Cousin Jack, hoisting engineer extraordinary, and man by every tally that had added up his few virtues and his many vices, removed the stem that he had sucked dry of smoke these many minutes and groped for his pack. Half of the contents of his pouch he spilled in the reloading process, which was carried out by touch entirely. He found a match, switched his old garbage incinerator over to one side of his face, scratched fire, and pulled the flame down into the black bowl until the little leaping blaze burned the skin from his finger tips. But something must have dulled his sense of pain, for he shook the flame out leisurely and, with the glowing stick charring the sensitive cuticle at his finger ends, he laid the burned splinter very carefully and deliberately at his feet.

Inside the ring two figures were swaying on their feet. But the style of the ugly business under way remained unaltered; for what the one figure lost in speed to keep the fight at long range, the other lost in speed to bring it to close quarters.

The audience was as silent as were the two engaged in the hideous business that they watched with such delight. But after one desperate lurch of such unsuspected swiftness that Malloy was able to dodge the gorilla arms by only a hair's thickness, one of the watchers could contain himself no longer.

"Don't let him clinch, boss!" came the hoarse whispered advice. "That's duck soup for the Swede."

"Button your lip," growled old Tom Jones. "You're used to public rows, where anyone can join in. This here's a private fight. Keep out."

And then, to everyone's amazement, Malloy's panting voice came to them.

"I'll let him clinch all right," he said in one of the staggering pauses that now came from time to time, "if that's all he's been waiting for."

He stepped deliberately within range of those huge arms, and Gus, disarmed by word and action, fell into the trap. Maddened to eagerness by the taunt, he lurched forward, clutching roundly, leaving an opening up past stomach and chest, so that, just as his arms started to shut about the tall figure opposite, a fist, started at ankle height, shot up through the unguarded passage, and the swift uppercut landed fair. The clutching arms flew wide. But for the fact that his chin was pulled down well upon the protection of his chest, the fight had ended there. As it was, Gus, staggering backward, spat out teeth and an oath and, mad with the specter of defeat, let fly a villainous kick. The ungainly yellow shoe struck high and bounded off of stomach muscles that had acquired the strength and resilience of tire rubber in four years of college wrestling. A bruise, two handbreadths wide and colored a sickly black-green, marked the point of contact of that kick for many weeks. But back of that bruised wall of tough tissue the great nerve centers functioned after the blow, unparalyzed, and the soft vital organs went about their tasks, strong and unhurt by the cowardly attack from which they had been so wonderfully buttressed.

Without a pause, without a single backward step, without the writhing of a facial muscle, for the man was maddened by the craven attack beyond sensibility to pain, young Pat Malloy rushed wildly in. Caution was gone. The old lust to come to grips was upon him. And Gus, exulting in this opportunity he had been fighting for so long, wound monkey arms about his opponent's waist. No man had ever come out of that terrible waist lock of Bensen's as good a man as when he had gone into it; and Gus, content and hideous, pulled apart his smashed lips in a snag-toothed grin, snuggled his battered face against Malloy's shoulder, and set his great thews to their task, and his tough heart to endure whatever punishment should come until he had his job completed.

Malloy's face went purple with the surging blood of agonized resistance. But the slim waist stayed bent in a convex curve, and as the great Swede strained and tugged he felt the supple muscles under his clasp set hard, like the changing of plastic flowing concrete into unyielding rock. Panic took hold of him, and to add to it he felt two thumbs forcing their way up under his chin, and two sets of fingers sinking their hard tips into his bursting cheeks. His thick neck muscles stiffened in answer to the pressure that was suddenly flung mercilessly upon his face.

So they strained rigid, these two, testing which should be the first to yield—loin sinews of that convex back, or the thews in that thick bull throat—knowing that whichever fell first under the torture of that strain yielded perhaps to life maiming, perhaps to death.

The circle of bridgemen closed a trifle. There would be little need of room for action now. And as the tense ring of faces watched they saw defeat come stalking forward to tap a hand on the thick shoulder of Buffalo Gus. For suddenly, to help his weakening neck muscles hold his head against Malloy's wide shoulder, Gus sank what of his teeth had survived their battering, into his enemy's flesh.

Eddie Simms picked up a light pinch bar and walked out of the circle, slowly, into the center of the ring. Not a man in that grim audience moved a finger to stop him. Every last one of them, in his own crude way, knew justice when he saw it. How savagely it was administered worried not one of them a whit. So they sat still and watched the boy who stepped unhurriedly toward the fighting pair, swinging the light steel bar.

"Drop that!"

The words rasped out of Pat Malloy's parched throat so savagely that the bar fell from Eddie's hand as though it had glowed suddenly hot.

"Let him bite!" said Red Malloy. "He's going to pay the check. Aren't you, Gus, you dirty ——"

The hands gripped together over the small of Malloy's back slipped the tiniest fraction of an inch.

"Licked, huh, Gus?" came from a mouth terrible with bruises and cuts.

The simian arms changed from a steady and relentless pressure to wild, spasmodic jerkings, the sudden concentrations of great waves of ebbing strength that made Malloy's teeth show in agony. But the slim back stayed bowed, convex. The teeth in that grimy shoulder met, and the great bison head flung back and forth like a worrying bulldog's.

"Bite, Swede!" a hard voice snarled. "Bite fast and hearty, Gus. For here's where you get it!"

The huge rusty-blond head gave slowly backward. The neck muscles went entirely slack. Then suddenly something snapped like a heavy sling-shot rubber, and on the instant the huge buffalo-hunched shoulders came flying backward and crashed down to the trampled ground, and the burly figure lay sprawled out straight and still.

Malloy lurched over the step or two that brought him to the prone form.

"Get up!" he said in a voice so cold that the hardest man in the ring about him felt chilly fingers brush across his shoulders. "Get up!"

But the man was out.

"Get up, I tell you!"

Back of the smile that turned up one corner of the speaker's mouth hell-fire flickered. He stooped, and with an effort that filled him with anguish to the very marrow of his bones, he dragged the huge limp body to its feet, steadied it, drew back his arm, and struck.

"Get up, I tell you, Swede, and take it!"

The fighting lust, the gamecock's passion, the pit dog's rapture, was on the man. Mercy? Who gives that? Who asks it? To fight and fight and fight, till the last infinitesimal jot of strength is gone, till that which opposes, quick or still, is dragged from sight—that was the thing! And Malloy stooped sagging over the limp body of Gus to drag him to his feet again, when a figure stepped across to him and, laying a hand on the victor's shoulder, shoved him roughly back.

(Continued on Page 37)

For Business Floors

There is a pleasing color harmony in tan or buff walls, mahogany furniture and a floor of Armstrong's Plain Brown Linoleum.

The Blessing of Quietness

HERE is the private office of one of the vice-presidents of the American Exchange National Bank, New York City. The floor is Armstrong's Plain Brown Linoleum.

Bankers like floors of linoleum, because linoleum muffles the sound of hurrying footsteps, and gives to busy offices the blessing of quietness.

There are many reasons for the increasing use of linoleum floors in banks, offices, stores, public buildings. Cost of maintenance is low—no other kind of floor is so easy to clean. Linoleum never needs expensive refinishing.

A linoleum floor is springy and elastic underfoot, easy to walk and stand on. It gives good wear under the hardest usage. A good way to lay linoleum is to cement it down firmly over a layer of builders' felt paper. Such a linoleum floor will remain snug, tight, smooth, and waterproof.

If you are planning to build, if you need new floors in your store or office, consult your architect or contractor about Armstrong's Linoleum. We will gladly send him data and specifications.

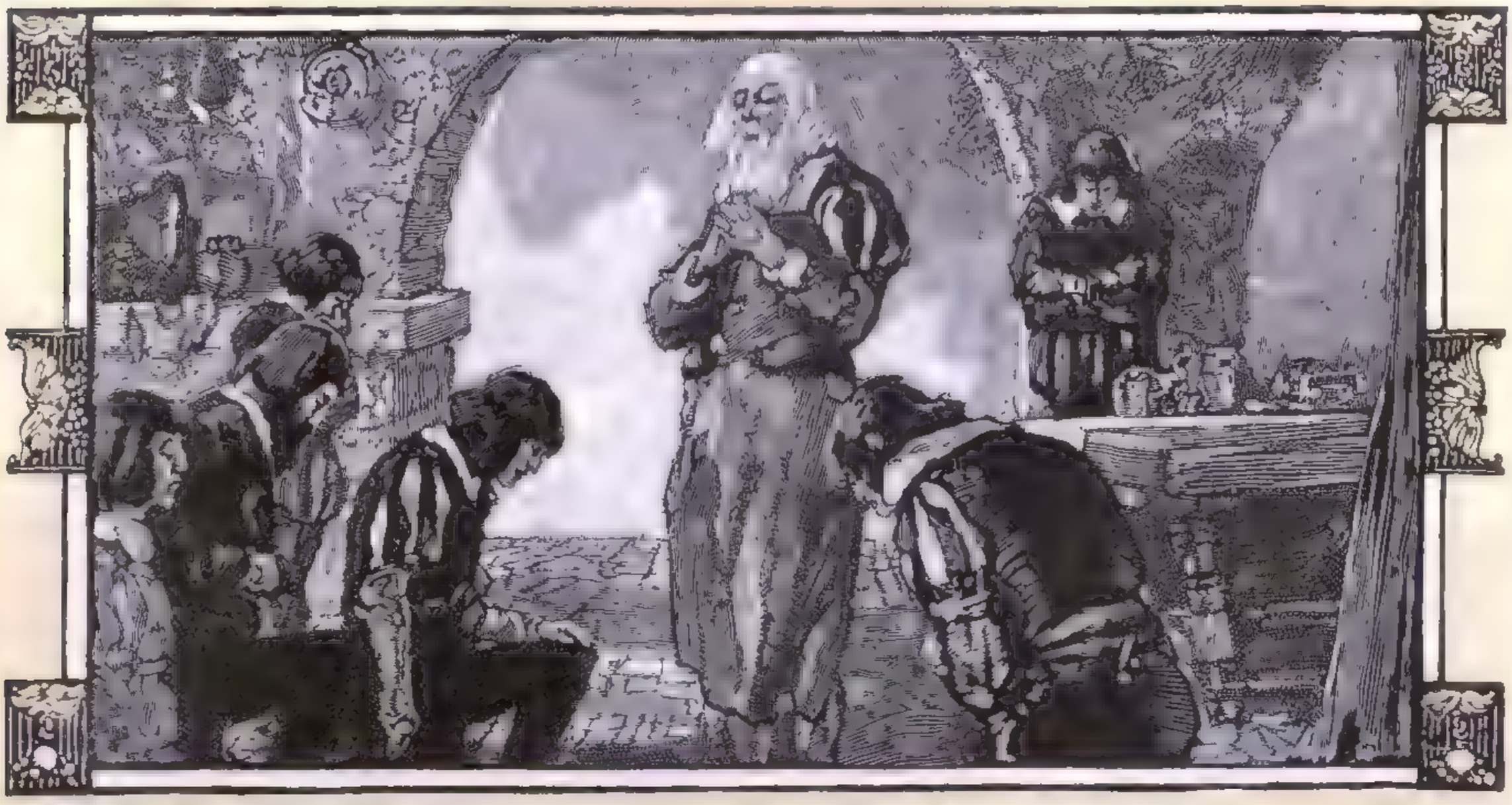
Our free book, "Business Floors," contains photographs of installations, plates of colors and designs from which you can choose, and directions for installation and care of linoleum floors. Write for it. All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT, *932 Liberty St., Lancaster, Penna.*

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



In Reverence *the Old* Guild Watches *Were* Conceived

SO devout, so filled with a love of their art, were the worthy masters of the ancient guilds of watchmakers that they were wont, at the opening of each session, to seek inspiration in a prayer to God, "that He might further the interests of these people and this craft."

To these old-time craftsmen who thus sought in prayer to consecrate their daily toil, the ideals and traditions of the guild were things of paramount importance. Rigidly they guarded the secrets of the craft from lesser artisans who sought to copy. With endless care they labored at their benches 'neath the vaulted arches of the old guildhalls, striving ever for perfection in their masterpieces.

So now, inspired by the ancient ideals of fine craftsmanship, do the modern Gruen artisans labor at their significant task, fashioning for the men of today watches whose rare elegance and accuracy bespeak the highest artistry.

In the Gruen Guild of Watchmakers may be found many of the descendants of the old guild masters. Here live the same ideals, the same love of fine craftsmanship, as obtained in the ancient guildhalls.

Where the old guild spirit dwells today

In the Gruen workshops at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Watches are conceived. There, with the aid of American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the movements to the exacting standards of the guild. On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop. Here the beautiful hand-wrought cases are made, the movements fitted into them and then given their final adjustments and tests for accuracy.

No. 91—Gruen Verithin [illegible] $65.00
14 kt. [illegible] $100.00

How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch logically thin. It isn't a Verithin unless it is a Gruen

In the accompanying panel may be seen the Gruen Verithin — America's first accurate *thin* watch — unsurpassed for elegance, sturdiness and simplicity of line. In it has been solved a watchmaking problem four centuries old. With a simple rearrangement of wheels that saved half the movement space without reducing the size or strength of parts the Gruen craftsmen set a new standard for precision accuracy in a pocket watch of beautiful form.

At the sign of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Watches are sold only by chartered agencies, among the best jewelry stores in each locality. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem. There you will find this beautiful Gruen model and other Gruen Guild Watches for men and women.

Prices: $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $6000.

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model

(Continued from Page 34)

"You, Oklahoma," Malloy turned a wolf's face to the interferer, "you always were Gus Bensen's bootlicker."

He took a swaying step toward this new opponent, stumbled as though from utter exhaustion, and went to one knee; but when he straightened again the short steel bar that Eddie had dropped was in his hand. Lucky the arm was spent that wielded this deadly tool, or a split skull would have marked the finish of the blow it dealt. Even as it was this Oklahoma person barely found time to throw a guard between his head and the swishing bar. With a hand dangling limp and twisted from a shattered wrist this eleventh-hour champion of Gus Bensen staggered backward under the ugly fire that shot at him out of Malloy's eyes. The red-haired man wheeled round the circle that inclosed him.

"See that?" he asked, laying a wavering hand against his evilly torn chest. "He's paying for his eats. Anyone else want to help settle the bill he just ran up?"

In silence he swayed, glaring; then stooped again, and with a sickening struggle dragged the prone figure to its feet. His legs were scarcely stiffer than those of the body he leaned against his chest a moment.

"Play possum to escape a beating, will you, Swede?" he said, into an ear of the head that was lolling helplessly across his shoulder. "That'll get you nothing."

He stepped back, and while the body before him crumpled to earth, swung at it viciously with his last ounce of strength, missed, whirled completely about, plunged, and sprawled over Bensen's bulky form. He struggled to get on his feet again. His legs went straight at the knees in a superb effort; but the long loin sinews, strained far beyond their strength in that terrible resistance to Bensen's clutch, would not answer, and his body would not come up straight upon his legs. So he leaned, a gallant wreck, legs straight, body bent over and supported on stiff forearms above Bensen's huddled form. His head dropped vertical, pendulous from his shoulders. Rapport and Eddie Simms helped straighten the bent hinge at his hips. He hung upon their shoulders, shirtless, horrible. His voice was very tired.

"How many of you little sweethearts are going to stay here with me and help put this tavern up in time for old PeteGomez?" he asked; and went out on his feet, hanging on the shoulders of the two loyalest of the rough loyal men about him.

Nunez, opening the door of the pretentious city domicile of Pedro Enrique Antonio y Davilla Gomez, fell back in consternation before the visitor who brushed unceremoniously past him. A sort of terror mixed with the look of indignation that suffused the butler's sallow face. And old Pete himself, a moment later, gazed in squint-eyed perplexity from under the flare of his library reading lamp at the young gentleman who with so little formality had thus presented himself.

The young man was attired point-device. His arm was in a sling, quite true; but in a sling of spotless and shimmering white. A patch covered one eye, that we admit; but it was held in place by a string of corded silk, tied in a bow, quite fetchingly, if we may use the word, over one ear—the good one. The uncovered eye was black; green also, yellow too; with a touch of purple to help the general color scheme. Someone, to employ the pugilistic parlance, had placed a mouse upon it; a full-grown rat, in fact. A wad of cotton was stuck with collodion upon a shaved spot at the back of his scalp; and a strip of adhesive running from cheek to skull held one ear securely in its original location. A long cut marked one corner of a mouth that shed the light of a radiant smile through to a thankful world in spite of every handicap that some zealous young interne had placed about it. Both hands bore evidence of having been engaged in some highly vigorous employment not many hours since.

Aside from these few little irregularities the figure was impeccable; a tall and gracious gentleman faultlessly arrayed for an evening call, thoroughly attractive in spite of and perhaps because of everything. Tall, flat, wide-shouldered, red-headed, long-upper-lipped, firm-jawed; with a generous mouth, much used, as has been observed, in smiling.

He stood in silence before Señor Gomez, a moment, and as no greeting seemed immediately forthcoming he tried that smile. By some miracle a row of white and shining teeth had come unmarred through the recent activities that had left so many other signs upon him. But even this genial display brought forth no salutation from the figure under the lamp. So the caller spoke:

"Good evening, Mr. Gomez. Where's Natalia?"

The pleasantest of voices. You might have thought that a harder tone would have accompanied a certain tenseness of jaw muscles noticeable underneath the various bandages.

Mr. Gomez eyed his visitor carefully, and something very close to approbation came on his dark countenance as he recognized the splendid ruin before him by that part of the man's original coloring which escaped the first-aid devices on his scalp.

"I hadn't heard about the subway accident," said Mr. Gomez.

"You didn't?" ejaculated Mr. Malloy in perfectly feigned surprise. "It sure was a humdinger while it lasted. But I'm not the one that stepped on the third rail. It was Gus Bensen, Mr. Gomez. The doctors say he'll be about in a month or so. Where's Natalia?"

Pete Gomez had by this time found equilibrium, and finding it he started to run a little truer to form. He jumped out of his chair.

"You impudent young licked puppy!" he began. "I'll have you understand you can't come bursting into my house, demanding the presence of my daughter as though ——"

"Shut up!" said P. Malloy quietly and distinctly, closing Pete Gomez's mouth in silence. "Sit down!" said P. Malloy.

Pete sat. But as he subsided into his chair again he drew his face back into the shadow beyond the lamp flare; and that shadow, instead of hiding consternation, covered instead a dawning upturn to the corners of Pete's hard mouth that he would not have let the young fellow before him discover for all the world.

"You and your daughter," said the bandaged caller, "seem to admire most the gentleman who arrays himself in a bearskin and a two-handed club. Old Cid Campeador, your national hero, won the undying affections of his sweet Ximena, we believe, by slaughtering her father just before he lugged her off. Ximena Gomez was her name. Remember? Pleasant coincidence. Well, we aim to please. The afternoon's activities have left us in exactly the right frame of mind to make you an ideal son-in-law. Where's Natalia?"

Señor Gomez readjusted his face before he brought it forth into the light again. It was frowning like a thundercloud as he shouted out: "My national hero isn't Cid Campeador; it's Teddy Roosevelt. Nunez, show this idiot the door!"

"I've seen it, Nunez, thanks," interrupted the young man suavely, "when I came in. You may show me to Miss Natalia's room instead."

Instead of complying with either of these simple orders Nunez stood petrified, staring dumbly at his master. So, handing that automaton his hat and stick, Mr. Malloy struggled out of a romantic bandolero cape, and draping this over the butler's head and shoulders, leaped for the staircase.

"Damned lunatic!" roared Pedro Gomez after the ascending figure. "Look here!" He held out a telephone. "You can't pull stuff like this in New York in the twentieth century."

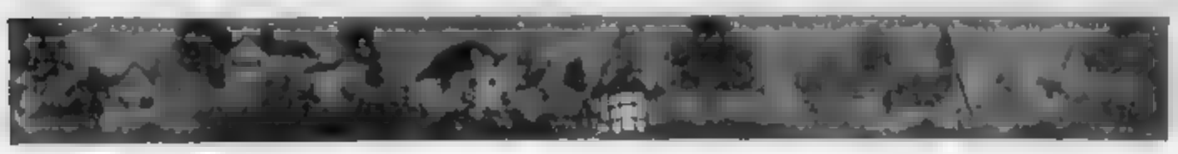
Young Malloy never stopped to look at this modern deterrent to medieval methods of courtship; but the bull roar of Señor Gomez must have reached its intended auditor in the hall above; for an answer, crisp and to the point, came to him as he lifted the receiver.

"The hell you can't," it said.

Next moment a soft voice floated along the upstairs hall.

"Did you call, papa?" it asked.

"Pop's language, but not pop's voice this time," came the answer to Miss Gomez's astonished ears. "It's the bridegroom speaking!"



"Here's a meal already cooked"

HEINZ Spaghetti

Ready cooked ready to serve

THINK of getting such a delightful meal—in a can! Nothing to do but heat and serve. Everybody knows what a good dish spaghetti is when it is rightly cooked. And every woman knows that it is a task to cook spaghetti rightly. First, the materials have to be right. And then the cooking has to be done just *so*.

Heinz makes the dry spaghetti. Then cooks it—after the recipe of a celebrated Italian chef. The Tomato Sauce, for which Heinz is famous, is used—and a special cheese with just the right flavor.

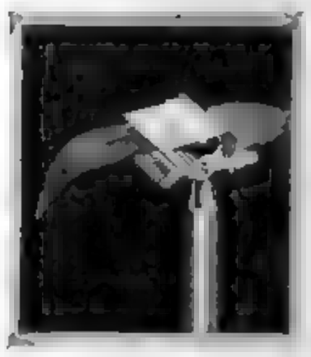
That's Heinz Spaghetti—as it comes to your table. Just heat and eat.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES



Just slip the strop through the razor

A few quick strokes - the blade is keen again

Sharpens itself on a straight leather strop

Less time is needed to sharpen *this* razor than to change the blade in an ordinary razor. Quick, easy, convenient! *Ten seconds* for a new keen edge—a smooth comfortable shave every day in the week!

No more poor shaves with rapidly dulling blades. This razor sharpens its own blades on a straight leather strop. No knack is needed. A few quick strokes—and you get a fresh edge morning after morning. At the end of every stroke the blade slaps over of itself. The Valet AutoStrop Razor strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

Save the money you spend on blades each year—the dozens of blades you pay for and soon throw away. With this razor you are guaranteed 500 perfect shaves from every full package of blades. Ask your razor dealer to demonstrate the Valet AutoStrop Razor for you. Get it into your own hands and you will see why it means greater shaving comfort and greater blade economy than you have ever known.

VALET
AutoStrop Razor

Silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, in compact case $5.00

Strops and blades may also be bought separately.

Saves constant blade expense

And into Natalla Gomez's boudoir there burst an amazingly handsome red-headed wreck. Natalla Gomez did not scream. For one thing, she was too engrossed in the business of looking, to waste time manipulating any other organs than those of sight. First amazed surprise found expression in her eyes. Then unalloyed admiration peeked timidly out of them. But at last, at a thing she saw in the tense jaw muscles, a sort of fear shone out from under the golden lashes. And Malloy, misinterpreting the look for one of horror at his battered face, spoke up in its defense.

"You ought to see Gus Bensen," he advised.

"What do you want—here in my room?" came breathless.

"You!" came the answer, also breathless. Then the smile broke through. "I come on marriage bent, milady. The carriage waits without. I'd tell you the rest of that joke, but I bet you've heard it."

A long hoarse blast from the street told the location of the vehicle. Malloy dropped banter. The smile disappeared.

"Come," he said.

Natalla Gomez stood rigid, her back to the wall, her hands, wide-fingered, pressed against it for support.

"Leave my room!" she said, pointing to the door. "Go!" Her eyes flashed such a warning as most men would have heeded.

"Can't. Door's locked," said Malloy. "See?" He twisted the key that was sticking in the deadlatch, withdrew it and flung it out an open window.

A pounding shook the door.

"We're off!" said Red Malloy, and stepped toward the girl.

A slim hand dropped into the drawer of an ivory vanity table and came out with something blue and shining in it.

Red Malloy laughed.

The girl had backed toward a window. Purple was flung on the floor about her feet, where the moon came through rich gauzy hangings of that royal color. The rest of her was silver, for the negligee she wore was white. Her hair, plaited for the night, hung down in front of her in two long burnished braids. No shining aureole sprayed about her face, for the polished strands, heavy and coarse and lustrous, were pulled tight about her exquisitely shaped head by the weight of the living streams of molten gold that poured across her shoulders. Hers was the sort of head that does not come by halos naturally. No sainted maiden here; no lost Lenore; no blessed damozel with her nimbus of seven stars. An earth girl, firm and warm. Eve.

"Cantabrian foothills have put their highland blond onto that Spanish head of yours. Fire of Andalusia smolders in your black eyes," said Pat Malloy. "The South to love a man with a love like old strong wine, drunk to the music of violins. The North to mother men children for him, and daughters with hair of molten gold." The Irishman touched his heart. "Sometimes the flame in here flares up so white and clean at the thought of you that I'd feel no shame to have you see it, Natalla Gomez."

The deadly little engine in the girl's hand lifted a trifle as he took a step.

"If you think you can shoot out a fire like that with such a toy, go ahead—crook your finger. But I'd be ashamed to offer a gold-headed gift from the gods like you a love that would flicker out with my last heartbeat. Ten thousand years from now the flame of it will be blazing higher than it is to-night."

The girl's arm was horizontal now, the man a step away from her.

"That little thing you're pointing at me may be telling me to stop, Natalla Gomez; but how can I hear the feeble whisper of it with all the voices of your beauty clamoring in my ears, telling me to come to you—like this!"

A hand flashed out. The little weapon clattered on hard wood. Malloy's good arm was round her.

When her feet came down again they were on the roof of the veranda, just outside the window. Out by the street curb three snarling blasts broke forth, and at once a figure stepped from the shadow of shrubbery on the lawn, stretched up its arms, and shouted, "Lower away!"

Your modern abductor, it would seem, has use for bravos who employ the vernacular of bridgemen.

A pair of slender slippers found themselves in the grasp of capable hands.

"Hold to the trellis, miss. You'll not fall," came instructions from below her, and the girl felt the strong hands move carefully downward till they touched the lawn. She stepped out of their firm grasp, to find it fastened on her arm at once.

A dark form hurtled over her head, hit the soft grass, and rolled, the torture of fight-stiffened muscles forcing a low groan out of Malloy's tight lips. Then she was lifted from her feet. A door behind her opened. Voices called. She felt the softness of deep cushions, heard grating in a gear box under her, felt a lurch.

"Step on 'er, Eddie," said a voice at her side.

The fact that the long car's lights were out—head, tail, tonneau and dash leaves the identity of this Eddie person doubtful. But whoever he was, he certainly was some stepper. The long car leaped like a startled moose and charged off into the night.

And as it leaped Pete Gomez got his number.

"Suburban Headquarters?" he shouted, unable to believe that the right connection had at last been made.

"Who's on to-night? . . . Who? . . . Danny Rourke? You, Dan? Some luck! Listen, Danny, old mate—it's Gomez talking. . . . Pete. Your blessed brother's partner, rest his soul. Danny, your men have pinched young Pat Malloy for speeding often enough to know his Athens-Dumoe when they see it, haven't they? About twenty-three feet wheelbase. . . . Yes, bright blue, disk wheels—that's it. . . . Well, listen, Danny. A favor for me. This young fool has just kidnaped my daughter. . . . Yes, yes; abducted Natalla. You get word to the stations out on the North Boulevard not to pinch him at anything under a thousand miles an hour. . . . Not to pinch him—yes, you got me. Let 'im tear his shirt! . . . Oh, yes, you've got it straight. He's abducting her, all right. He thinks he's raising merry hell. He doesn't know we're for it—both of us!"

And while the astounded Danny rang up his traffic stations out along the North Boulevard, Pedro Enrique Antonio y Davilla Gomez hung up, leaned back, set fire to an atrocious stogy, and, without looking, reached back into his shelves. A hand, long practiced, fell on a volume bound in genuine morocco, the pages printed in Castilian softer than the Spanish leather that inclosed them. He opened it.

"The Chronicles of the Exploits and Adventures," said the well-worn title page, spelled in the mellow vowels and soft interdentals of Iberia, "of the Paragon of Spanish Chivalry and Knightly Virtue, Ruy Diaz de Bivar, Cid Campeador."

THE HERMIT OF TURKEY HOLLOW

(Continued from Page 19)

"Sheriff Higgins," said he, approaching obliquely what might be called the time element in the case, "what hour was it when you and your posse left Pottsville for the scene of the crime?"

The sheriff pondered.

"About quarter past five," he answered.

"And how long did it take you to reach Turkey Hollow?"

"I should say about half an hour—carryin' the camera and all."

"Was it light when you got there?"

Now the darker the sheriff made it the greater impression of bravery would he create upon his auditors.

"It was gettin' along towards six—and there wasn't much light. Inside, it was pretty dark!"

"Was there a clock in the shanty?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the time?"

The sheriff hesitated; an all-seeing eye might have seen his conscience squirming.

"To tell ye the truth," he confessed, as it were, frankly, "although I'm positive sure I looked at it—must have!—I didn't get no real idee o' the time."

That helped Mr. Tutt—as he thought—not a whit, so he veered off on another tack.

(Continued on Page 40)

On trim ankles the luster of silk not only gives the security of supreme elegance, but it makes evident the buying sagacity of the person who stands within. Phoenix hosiery has earned first place in world sales because of its low cost and the long miles it conquers in elegance, for men, women, and children. Smart and enduring hosiery in silk, and silk-and-wool, at the better retailers' everywhere!

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

MADE IN PHOENIX MILWAUKEE

You'll Be Proud of Your Work

If, before you do that job of painting or varnishing, you go over—with sandpaper—the surface to be coated. A smoother, more lasting finish will be the result.

Keep sandpaper on hand in the home tool kit. You can get it in convenient form if you'll ask for a Utility Package of "3M" sandpaper. These packages contain 20 sheets, fine to coarse, in just the right size and grits.

When you buy paint or varnish, ask your paint or hardware dealer for a Utility Package. He has them. They cost but ten cents.

Made by

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Saint Paul, Minnesota

"Prepare the Surface" with

3·M SAND PAPER

IN HANDY 10¢ PACKAGES for HOUSEHOLD USE

15¢ in Canada

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY STAND AT YOUR DEALERS

(Continued from Page 38)

"Rather a grisly scene, wasn't it?"

Apparently Sheriff Higgins thought the examination of dead bodies a pleasant form of light entertainment.

"Not partic'ly," he answered casually.

"Did you search the body?"

"Oh, yes—natur'ly."

"What did you find?"

Sheriff Higgins removed with deliberation from his vest pocket a cheap memorandum book—evidently a recent acquisition—bound in cardboard, the edges dyed a bright blue. On the cover in letters of gigantic script appeared the words, Don't Forget! Running his thumb through the leaves, he opened it at the right place, adjusted his spectacles, cleared his throat and read in an aggressive, declamatory tone: "One fishhook, one copper cent, one piece of string, two bone buttons, nine cloves ——"

"What was that?"

"Cloves, nine cloves."

"Go on!"

"One tobacco pouch, five matches, one pipe, one jackknife, one piece of gum, one piece of wax, one nail, one bottle of whisky, one smaller bottle of whisky, one cork, extra, a handkerchief, eleven large pins, one pencil end ——"

"Anything else?"

"And one hundred dollars in bills."

"Is that all?"

"Absolutely."

The sheriff closed his book and returned it to his pocket. Clearly there was nothing in this catalogue to shed any light on the nature of the murder, except possibly to indicate that the assassin had been in too much of a hurry to search his victim, which was not a fact favorable to the defense. So Mr. Tutt moved on to the potato patch.

Here, as all admitted, the sheriff had done some slick work. He had carefully measured the footprints and then protected them from disturbance with a low wire fence. The earth had been soft and squashy and each one had been as distinct as a fossil in a museum. He had brought along one of Skinny's boots and it fitted into each print exactly. Even the broken-down heel was perfectly reproduced. There was nothing to be done about it, so Mr. Tutt merely handed the sheriff a few large bouquets to put him in a good humor.

Then he asked: "Known my client for some time, have you, sheriff?"

"Ever since he was a boy."

"Does he come from round here?"

"Yes. He was born over Holbrook way."

"Parents living?"

"No, he's an orphan."

"Do you know his reputation for honesty, peace and quiet?"

"Look here!" interjected Squire Mason. "You're makin' the sheriff your own witness!"

"I'm perfectly well aware of that," replied Mr. Tutt calmly.

"I do," answered Higgins with defiant emphasis.

"What is it?"

The sheriff looked round the room slowly as if to call those present to corroborate him.

"There ain't a quieter, honester, more law-abidin' citizen in this here county than Skinny Hawkins," said he with conviction.

"Ever know him to do an unkind act?"

"I object!" shouted the squire, springing to his feet. "That ain't proper, and you know it."

Judge Tompkins smiled indulgently.

"Oh, I'll give Mr. Tutt some latitude. It's a serious case," said he.

"No," answered the sheriff, "I never did. He's got a real kind heart. He wouldn't kill a grasshopper!"

Mr. Tutt bowed.

"Thank you kindly, sheriff," he remarked. "That is all."

Now, Squire Mason had heard this testimony with rising indignation. Moreover, his rejection as an Abyssinian Brother by the Order of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek rankled in his bosom. And he did not propose to let the sheriff get away with anything like that.

"Hold on a minute!" he cried as Mr. Higgins prepared to descend from the chair. "You're sheriff of this county, ain't you?"

"I be!" retorted the witness. "That is, I was a minute ago, an' if nothin' ain't happened since ——"

"It's your business to get th' evidence agin criminals and convict 'em, ain't it?" snapped the squire.

"If I think they're guilty," answered the sheriff.

"None of your business to try to help 'em, is it?"

"I ain't tried to help nobody," shot back the sheriff indignantly. "I've done my duty in this case better'n most."

"Brave feller—ain't ye?" sneered the squire.

"Brave as you be, I guess," countered his adversary.

The judge, Mr. Tutt and the jury were all enjoying the side show.

"Ain't it a fact you was so skeart when yer went to the shanty you run out and was sick to your stummick—an' wouldn't go back?"

Sheriff Higgins stood up and waved his long arms, almost speechless with rage.

"It's a lie!" he shouted. "Who told ye that, I'd like to know?"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" cautioned His Honor. "The personal courage of this officer is not an issue. Call your next witness, Mister District Attorney."

It was true that Mr. Tutt had not scored heavily, since he had failed in his most important attempt—that is, to corroborate through the sheriff's testimony the general accuracy of the hermit's timepiece; but he had at least secured an official recommendation for Skinny's character, and he had got Squire Mason quarreling with one of his principal witnesses. That was a good deal. Incidentally, though it got by him at the moment, he had gained something else, the importance of which did not appear until later. Still, nothing made any real difference, one way or another, so long as he had a perfect alibi for Skinny safely tucked away in his sleeve.

Mr. Tutt, pleased as Punch with the case, chatted gayly with the jury and assured Skinny that he would have him out and walking the street in forty-eight hours—a free man. So elated was he that he gave only perfunctory attention to the prosecution's other witnesses, until the boots worn by the defendant when arrested were put in evidence and Mr. Pennypacker was called to identify his photographic enlargement of the footprints in the hermit's vegetable patch. No, there wasn't the shadow of a doubt about it—they were Skinny's footprints! Yet, however interesting that fact might seem to the jury, Mr. Tutt rested secure in the knowledge that his client was far away from there when the hermit had been killed.

Mr. Pennypacker seemed a pleasant sort of person, and Mr. Tutt having nothing better to do proceeded to engage him in agreeable conversation. What time had he taken the photographs? About six o'clock. Rather dark? Not particularly, but of course he had had to make a time exposure. How long? Thirty seconds. How many exposures did he make? Four. How many plates had he brought with him? A dozen. Did he use the other plates for anything?

Mr. Pennypacker nodded.

"I photographed the interior of the shanty."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt eagerly.

No photograph could harm him. Nothing could hurt him now! Why had not Mason put them in evidence?

"Have you the prints with you?"

As Mr. Pennypacker affably leaned over and produced them from a package beside him Mr. Tutt saw a chance for one of those grandstand plays so dear to the heart of the trial lawyer.

"I offer them in evidence," said he, with a glance at the jury. "I don't know why Squire Mason didn't put 'em in, but whatever his reasons may have been I'll put them in—and we'll see what we can find! Now"—as the stenographer finished marking the prints—"you say you took these pictures within two hours of the murder, do you?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Pennypacker, "but I had to give them a ten-minute exposure."

Mr. Tutt picked one of them up and glanced at it. Then he suddenly turned faint. What an everlasting fool he had been! With the utmost difficulty he controlled himself.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Pennypacker," he said with a forced smile. "Thank you very much! They are most excellent and artistic photographs! That is all!"

Mr. Tutt sank back and gazed dreamily out of the court-room window, through which he could see the weathercock on the Baptist steeple. Just as he looked at it some draft of air caused it to veer suddenly. He had a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach. Those photographs held no interest for him—far from it! Curse them and the man who had taken them! For the photographs—though taken at the hour of six—all showed the hands of the clock as still pointing to four! Either it had been out of order or had run down before the homicide, and hence as evidence of the hour of the murder was of no value whatsoever. Mr. Tutt by putting the photographs in evidence had destroyed the alibi that his original question had so unexpectedly established!

One hope only remained: The jury had not yet seen the photographs. Was it humanly possible that Squire Mason had not noticed the hands of the clock at all?

Just then Judge Tompkins said pleasantly: "I think, gentlemen, that this is a good time to adjourn court until to-morrow morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PHILIPPINES FOR SOME FILIPINOS

(Continued from Page 21)

Mr. Quezon was sent by the Philippine Assembly to Washington as its resident commissioner, and he continued to occupy this office until after the Jones Law was passed. In the meantime, by a judicious distribution of political preferments under Governor Harrison, he had strengthened and consolidated his leadership of the Nationalist Party in the Islands, and when the new form of government was instituted he ran for the senate in his native province of Tayabas and was elected unanimously. His selection as president of the senate was a foregone conclusion, and since his elevation to that position he has been Number One Oligarch in the completest little oligarchy that ever was set up!

There is an opposition party in the Islands known as the Democratic Party, but its influence may be gauged from the fact that in the lower house, a body composed of ninety-two members, it has only four representatives, while in the senate, with a membership of twenty-nine, its principles are upheld by just one citizen.

The executive part of the central government as it was provided for in the Jones Law was to have consisted of a governor-general with a veto power, and secretaries of administrative departments. But without legal authority of any kind a sort of substitute for the old commission was established under the name of the council of state, and the simple little course of governmental procedure seems ordinarily to be that when some project comes up for consideration it is first presented at a meeting of the council of state and either rejected or agreed upon. If it is agreed upon a bill is drafted and placed either before the house of representatives or the senate, depending upon which body has been selected to act as its originator. If it happens to be the senate all that is necessary is for President Quezon—also a member of the council of state—to descend to the floor, make a speech about it and request that it be approved. The Hon. Sergio Osmena, speaker of the house of representatives—and a member of the council of state—performs the same office in his branch of the legislature. And presto, whatever it happens to be becomes law by due process of legislation.

This is not to say that the legislature has surrendered its right to introduce measures without first submitting them to the council of state, but it describes the usual performance. And I must not leave uncorrected an impression it is likely to convey that Mr. Osmena is boss of the house of representatives in the same sense that Mr. Quezon is boss of the senate. The house—formerly known as the assembly—has been in existence since 1907, and its membership is generally regarded as being superior in every way to the membership of the senate, many of the representatives

(Continued on Page 43)

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(Continued from Page 40)

having been seasoned by service under the old régime. Mr. Osmena has been speaker continuously since the day the first assembly was inaugurated by Mr. Taft, who was then Secretary of War in President Roosevelt's cabinet, and he not only has a high regard for the dignity of his office but is influenced as well by the scruples of a real patriot and statesman. In the opinion of a great many people he is the only statesman the Filipinos have to boast of, and in my opinion he would be a big man in anybody's country.

But during the Harrison administration his power was somewhat limited. He did not enjoy Mr. Harrison's continued confidence and countenance, and for a time there was a painful rift even between him and Mr. Quezon. He is not the popular type of man and would find very distasteful any kind of association that might endanger his reputation for personal dignity. He is generally known as The Sphinx. Those who are not familiar enough with Mr. Quezon to call him "Manny" usually refer to him as "Don Manuel," but I have yet to hear anybody address Mr. Osmena or refer to him as "Don Sergio" or "Sergie." Though it is not to be imagined that "Don Manuel" is a title of anything but respect. It is not only a title of respect but of affection as well. I know nobody who does not like Mr. Quezon. He has a most engaging personality, and that, together with his very excellent mind, no doubt accounts for his extraordinary power.

The Twin Popocatepetls

It would be difficult to convey an idea of how completely these two men dominate the situation, yet without a kind of vision of the position they occupy it would not be possible for anyone to understand the situation at all. One might say that the Philippine Islands are inhabited by Manuel Luis Quezon, Sergio Osmena and about ten million people. Mr. Quezon and Mr. Osmena stand out like twin Popocatepetls in the midst of a Sahara Desert. The pity is that they belong to the same party. If they were in opposition to each other there would soon be developed in the Islands a real bipartisan government, but while they stand together there can be no hope of anything but the oligarchy that has been established; while they stand together the Philippines must continue to provide the most illustrative example of what democracy is not that is on exhibition before the world to-day.

The leaders of the very weak minority party have always been trying to lure Mr. Osmena into their camp to become their chief, and it seems to me it would be a very excellent thing all round if he would yield to their desires. But of course he would have to give up office in order to do so and take his chances on being reëlected, and in the office he now holds he has grave responsibilities. Moreover he is a convinced and irrevocably committed *independista*, and though the Democratic Party declares itself to be as staunchly *independista* as the Nationalist Party there is a strong element in it of young men—products of the American school system—who either are prepared to compromise the independence issue or who are frankly in favor of strengthening rather than weakening or breaking altogether the bonds that bind the islands to the United States.

They maintain a quite excellent opposition press, but the government is so absolute and so ruthless in its methods that they have to steer a pretty careful course. The editor of the party's official organ—a daily paper called La Nacion—was sentenced not long ago to two months' imprisonment for an attack on the senate.

Not even the American press can call itself really free. The American press in Manila consists of The Bulletin, a morning newspaper; The Manila Times, an afternoon newspaper; and a weekly called The Philippine Free Press, which is printed half in English and half in Spanish. Taken by and large the attitude of all these publications is as conservative and reasonable as anything well could be. Their criticisms of governmental procedures are for the most part kindly and constructive, while the tone they usually employ is almost too respectful for forceful editorial purposes. But there is a reason. Editing an American newspaper in the Philippines is a dangerous occupation. I know because I have done it.

But once in a while something comes up for discussion that is of sufficient importance to the American community to justify a little forcefulness in argument on the part of American editors, and on such occasions they are likely to express themselves quite freely regardless of what the consequences may be.

But I must go back a lap now and start over again. I was trying to convey an idea of the way in which Mr. Quezon and Mr. Osmena tower above the rest of the population, and the amazing hold they have upon the minds of the people. Somebody perpetrated not long ago a witticism to the effect that when we give the Filipinos independence they will change the name of the archipelago to honor these two men and, taking the first syllable from each of their names, will call it "Queos."

A Filipino periodical called Integridad runs regularly a feature column under the caption What Young Minds Have in Mind, in which are printed brief communications from young people all over the Islands on topics the range of which evidently is limited only by the ability of the youth of the country to think up things to write about, and in following this column over quite a period I was interested to note the number of comments that were made on the respective characters of these men; and I can do no better, perhaps, than to quote a few of them. They show a tendency on the part of their young authors to be observant and analytical; also critical even where a highly placed Filipino is concerned, which is something new in Filipino development, and a very good sign. Taken at random, here and there, some of these comments are:

"In the Philippines we have only two 'livewires'; namely, Quezon and Osmena."

"Mr. Osmena is not ambitious, while Mr. Quezon is ambitious."

"Osmena is governed by reason; Quezon by passion. The former follows his mind; the latter his heart."

"Osmena is very conservative in his ideas and does not like to effect reforms. If he does effect them they are to the least extent."

"Unlike other aspirants to political power Speaker Osmena does not utter golden words to win popular favor."

"Mr. Quezon is firm and quick in action, while Mr. Osmena is slow but sure."

"Quezon is truly representative of the younger generation."

"Sergio Osmena acts quietly with tact and ability and speaks frankly with real simplicity."

Filipinos and Filipinas

"Speaker Osmena may not be a popular figure among the Filipinos and Filipinas who think that life and living are constituted by 70 per cent pleasure and 30 per cent desultory work. But he is the type of leader who will forget his own pleasure that his country may not be steeped in stupefying revelry. Political enemies of Speaker Osmena can well go to the Carnival City and be sure that they will neither see him commandeering government automobiles to cart his girl friends thither nor inviting a serious headache and mental torpor the next morning by outwatching the Great Bear in the dancing auditorium."

The last quotation is along the generally familiar lines of serious-minded reform and is from an amusing little slap at the propensities of those officeholders who are constantly under fire for making a too free and too private use of government automobile transportation.

I might add by way of further illumination that Mr. Quezon has a strong cross strain of Spanish blood, while Mr. Osmena is Chinese-Filipino. They are both perfectly good Filipinos, just as a Scotch-Italian-Irish product may be a perfectly good American, but the marked differences between them are racial nevertheless.

The Nationalist Party, of which these two strangely dissimilar men are joint leaders, has its basis of existence in the independence issue; and this explains in some degree why there is an almost universal demand for this impossible boon, regardless of what its consequences might be. The *nacionalistas* may not control public opinion, but they certainly do control a vast majority expression of it. And they do it by means of a political despotism. Every appointive office in the islands is held by a *nacionalista*, while provincial and municipal governments everywhere are completely dominated by the local organizations of this party. In other

(Continued on Page 45)

VIVIANI

RENE VIVIANI

Former Premier of France has joined the editorial staff of the Philadelphia

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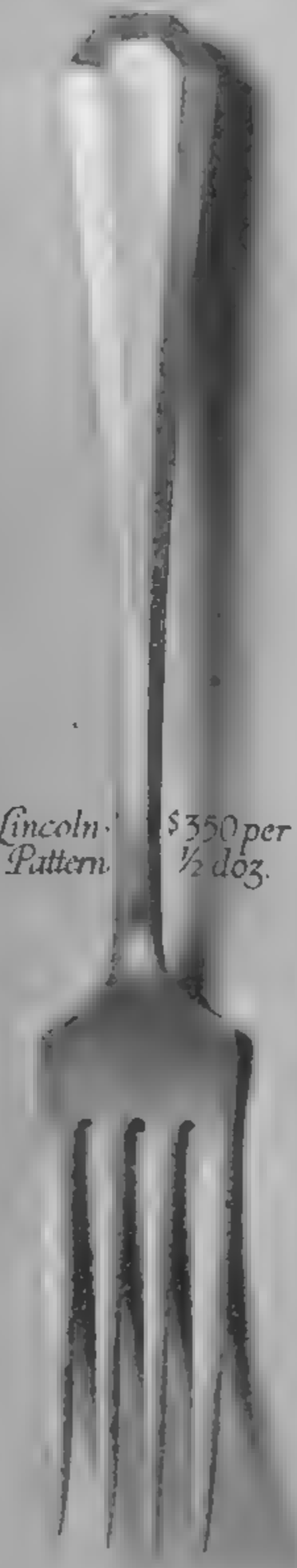

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(Continued from Page 43)

words, the "sufficient number of Filipinos of the 'ruling class' to run a government" so frequently and naïvely referred to by themselves in the early days of *independista* agitation and propaganda have got together under a single standard and are running things to suit themselves.

The work of the government is really done by a number of bureaus, the directors of which in the old days were all Americans and trained specialists. A good many of them were men who were withdrawn from the army of occupation by Mr. Taft in 1901 and set to organizing the bureaus assigned to them in connection with his processes of establishing a civil government. Others were drawn from some of the highest institutions of learning in the world, and a number of them had world-wide reputations.

World-Famed Directors

The Director of the Bureau of Health was Dr. Victor G. Heiser, now in the Rockefeller Foundation specializing in the eradication of the hookworm disease and well known in medical circles in every civilized country on earth. The Director of the Bureau of Science, and the man who established it, was Dr. Paul C. Freer, a world-famous chemist, some of whose textbooks on chemistry are still standard. He edited the Philippine Journal of Science, which was quoted in scientific publications everywhere and in all the languages. His assistant and acting successor—Doctor Freer died in the service and is counted among America's sacrifices to the Philippines—was Dr. Richard P. Strong, who has been for many years and is now professor of tropical medicine at Harvard University, having recently resigned against a unanimous protest his position as medical director of the International Red Cross.

The former Director of the Bureau of Posts, Mr. William T. Nolting, is now back in the Islands with the Wood-Forbes Commission investigating the mess the Philippine government has made of its finances. After he was thrown out of this position he went down and directed the job of straightening out the muddle that Brazil had made of her railway administration. Generals H. H. Bandholtz and James G. Harbord, of World War fame, were Director and Assistant Director of the Bureau of Constabulary. Capt. Charles H. Sleeper organized the Bureau of Lands from the ground up and knew more about the Philippine domain as such than any other man living. The Director of the Bureau of Printing, Mr. John S. Leech, was considered good enough to be recalled at one time to become public printer in Washington. The insular architect, Mr. William Parsons, came to the Islands from the Beaux Arts Institute in Paris, and every fine modern public structure in the country to-day stands as a monument to his ability, since the style he adopted has been generally adhered to. Col. Henry B. McCoy, the insular collector of customs, was the man who carried the first American flag ashore in the Islands when his regiment—the 1st Colorado Volunteers—stormed and captured old Fort San Antonio Abad.

And I could go on through the whole list, naming the ablest body of men that probably ever got together in a single organization, but it would take too long and would do no good anyhow. It is enough to say that the Philippine government at the close of the Forbes administration was something for every American to be proud of.

One of the complaints was that it was too expensive, but once it was Filipinized from top to bottom this complaint was completely forgotten. And it is not to be thought that Americans were monopolizing government employment either; not by any means. The Filipinization of the service was then going on steadily and with considerable rapidity, but always with due regard to the quality of the service and the necessities of the situation. A few figures will serve to prove this.

In 1913 there were twenty-four bureaus and the total number of employes in the government service was 9277, of whom 2674 were Americans and 6603 were Filipinos. In 1921 there are thirty-two bureaus and the total number of employes in the government service is 12,807, of whom 12,047 are Filipinos and 760 are Americans. And this latter figure is not fair, because it includes between 350 and 400 American school-teachers—all that are left in a very badly shot to pieces public-school system. The Filipino teachers, of whom there are more than 17,000, are not, obviously, included in the enumeration of Filipino employes.

In 1913 the public revenues amounted to approximately 30,000,000 pesos a year, of which 18,000,000 pesos only was spent for salaries and wages. To-day the revenues amount to something in excess of 80,000,000 pesos a year, of which about 60,000,000 pesos is being spent for salaries and wages. These figures require no comment on anybody's part. They speak for themselves.

The disorganization and disintegration of the bureau services began as soon as they were turned over to the guidance and direction of inexperienced men whose ideas about public service were naturally grounded in the old Spanish conception that public office exists largely for the benefit of the officeholder.

A young man who talked with me about conditions—himself a government employe—was deeply depressed and criticized the Harrison administration bitterly.

"Oh," I said, "you mustn't be too severe at this late date. I venture to say that within a week of Mr. Harrison's departure you yourself were approving of him very highly and liking the rope he had given you to hang yourselves with."

"No, I was not," he replied. "I was completely disillusioned before he had been in the Islands a month. But I must confess that a great many Filipinos upheld him to the very end."

"That was before anybody knew that an investigating commission would be sent out, was it not?"

"Yes, and also before many people knew that any real harm had been done."

"Yes, of course. And now?"

"Oh, I think nearly everyone begins to believe that the definite aim of the Harrison administration was to show us to ourselves for just what we are and just what we are not."

"If that were true you would have to acknowledge that Mr. Harrison displayed extraordinary courage and self-control in the course he pursued. And in that case I really should regard him myself as being the best friend the Filipinos ever had, because he would have cleared the way for us to get right down to the business of working out our salvation—as we must do whether the way is clear or not—along sensible and conservative lines; of achieving independence for all the people, not for just a dominant few."

The Filipinization Process

"It will take a long time," he said sadly.

"Well, suppose it does. It won't take as long as it would take to undo a lot of mistakes. And you do believe in American sincerity, do you not?"

"Yes."

"You believe that as a people we would a whole heap rather give you independence than to withhold it from you, don't you?"

"Yes, so far as majority sentiment in the United States is concerned I am sure that is quite true."

"Then what's your hurry? Ours is the responsibility not only to the Philippine people but to the whole wide world, and you know we can't shirk that responsibility without running the gravest kind of risks both for you and for ourselves. You ought to sympathize with us and coöperate with us instead of trying to rush us into a fatal error—which is exactly what you are doing with your immediate-independence propaganda. And anyhow, what do you think of the patriotism and morality and intelligence of a generation that would want independence for itself without regard for the demonstrable certainty that its descendants would be deprived of it?"

"The United States would always protect us," he said.

"Don't you be too sure about that. There may be a limit to the altruism even of the United States. American majority opinion demands now that if we quit out here we quit! And if we don't quit it demands that we take hold of the situation firmly and redeem our own reputation as a sovereign power administering the kind of trust that a Philippine protectorate is."

He was being very solemn and very sad. "We'd be a whole lot further along if we had had a different governor-general for the past eight years," he said.

"Oh, I'm not so sure. It was the policy that was wrong. You demanded it and you got it. And if you keep on you are just

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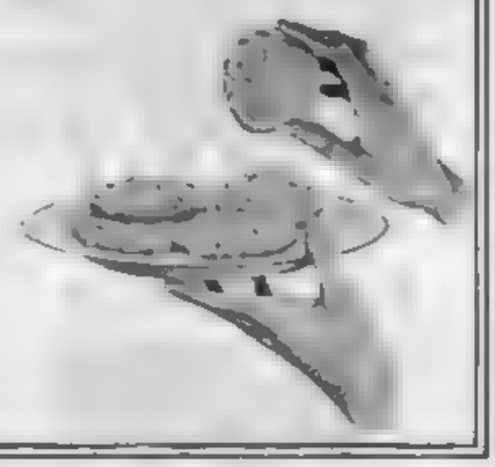
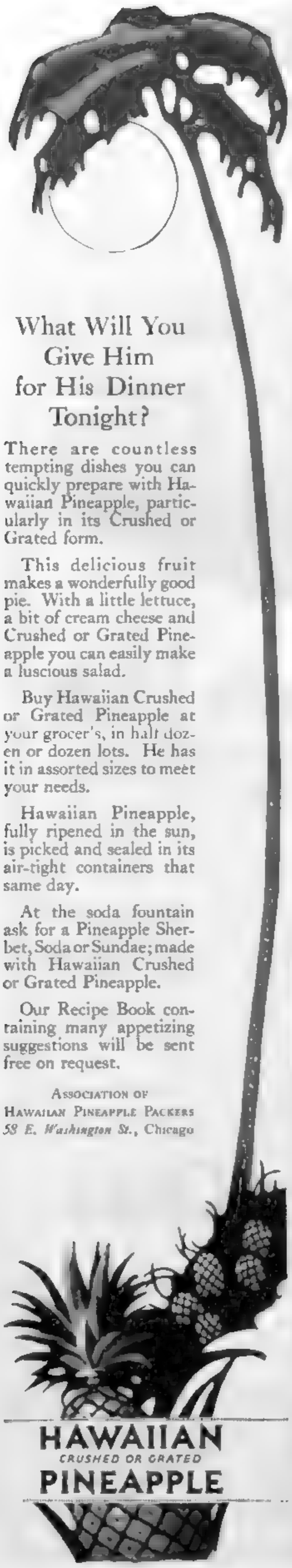
Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.





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as likely as not to get independence, and then Heaven help you! You know you can't depend on the United States Congress all the time to display a hundred per cent intelligence."

"Wouldn't it be awful!" he breathed.

And this is just a sample of the kind of conversation one has with Filipinos of all classes and kinds these days.

As I have said, the slowing down of the administrative services began as soon as the old directors were relieved and the new Filipino chiefs had taken hold, but it was not until the Filipinization process had been carried to its uttermost limit and the senate was in operation that the government began to make the really tremendous mistakes which resulted in the situation that is now being investigated by the Wood-Forbes commission.

In less than five years the patriots and politicos succeeded in bankrupting the treasury; in demoralizing practically every branch of the government; in creating havoc nearly everywhere where order formerly reigned.

To attempt to set forth in detail the processes by which all these things were brought about is like getting caught in a barbed-wire entanglement. One doesn't know how or where to begin to cut a way through it. With the treasury? Very well. The government is bankrupt, but how it got so is really beyond me. That is what Auditor Nolting is now trying to find out.

The insular circulating medium was backed by a sufficient gold reserve when it was last heard from in its original state of health, having been established by United States law on the basis of the American dollar at a fixed exchange ratio of two for one. But now—not to be able to get an American half dollar for a peso is a good deal of a shock to an old-timer. The last pesos I had the misfortune to have to exchange brought me thirty-five cents each. I paid thirty-eight for them a few days before and when I exchanged them for thirty-five the rumor was that they were still going down.

A Bank Without Bankers

But the truth is that such value as the paper peso has is due entirely to the American eagle that is stamped upon it and the American prestige that is behind it. The experts figure that its actual value is between two and three cents and that that is about what its value would be if the American Government should suddenly decide to adopt with respect to the Philippines the get-rid-of-them policy and should with its left hand extend to the Philippine people the priceless gift of political independence while with its right it withdrew from under them its support and protection. A good many Filipinos who know some of the facts realize this and they are a subdued and chastened lot of boys. That I can tell you! If you want to see one of them looking really worried all you have to do is to suggest to him a parallel between the Philippine peso and the Russian ruble. He knows what you mean. Whereupon, as likely as not, he will start in to tell you that that is not what he means by independence at all, and that he is sure the great American people, when it establishes a free and independent Philippine Republic, will have sufficient pride in its glorious achievement to stand behind it or stay under it with protection and support just as long as it may be necessary to do so.

Then you get a vision of a sedate and solemn investigating commission sitting round a council table with its several heads in its several hands trying properly to word a cablegram to the United States Government begging for the immediate extension of the Philippine borrowing privilege to $50,000,000. You would just have heard that such a cablegram had been sent and you would think to yourself, as I did, that a pet Philippine Republic was likely to be a good deal of a beloved little nuisance.

The chief difficulty is that in financial matters the Filipinos are more visionary than clear-sighted. It cannot be said that a great majority of them are not honorable and, according to their lights, honest. But there is no doubt that they imagine there is a difference between government funds and money that is privately owned. In addition to which they are ambitious, love to be conspicuous, and have an exaggerated conception of their own capabilities.

There are a good many citizens who wax indignant in discussing the processes by which they plunged themselves into economic chaos, but I think maybe it is just as well to believe, for purposes of unheated argument, that their intentions were exactly what they say they were. However, it is an exceedingly complicated subject and in thinking into it and groping round in it even I, who wish to be so altogether impersonal and unprejudiced, cannot escape an occasional wave of wrath which threatens to dislodge me from my attitude of reasonableness. I find myself wanting to fix responsibility for what has happened, and I doubt if this will ever be done.

It cannot be doubted that their early moves in financial readjustment were made for the purpose of providing a more elastic system of financial administration. In other words, they wanted the money where they could get at it without having to go through a lot of rigmarole. It was generally believed that the insular gold reserve could not be touched or tampered with in any way except by specific direction on the part of the United States Congress; so none of the innocent bystanders gave that a thought, but everybody was interested in what the new administrators might do with the ordinary funds of the government. They decided to establish a bank.

The Fluctuating Peso

They called it the Philippine National Bank and it was started with a capital stock of 20,000,000 pesos. Except for a few handsome sets of offices and a main-interior effect in white concrete and brass-barred cages I have no idea what else it started with, because I am not a banker. But neither was any of them. They were pioneers of industry and benefactors of agriculture and commerce! Take their word for it! They say now that their idea throughout was to show the world how profitable it might be to invest large sums in the development of Philippine resources.

I believe the first thing the bank did was to establish agencies all over the Islands—excellent jobs!—to take care of the needs of needy farmers and to encourage Filipino industry if any should happen to develop anywhere; and at the same time the government branched out and went into business on a colossal scale.

With preferential charters and special appropriations they started a national coal company, a national petroleum company, a national iron company, a national cement company, a national coconut-products company, and a national development company that was parent, general supervisor and angel to them all.

In these companies private individuals could own stock, but at least 51 per cent had to be held by the government of the Philippine Islands. And of course there was nothing to prevent a private individual from borrowing money from the Philippine National Bank with which to buy stock in a national company, and such a borrower might surely be regarded as a good risk because he could pledge his stock thus acquired as security for the loan. A large part of the assets of the Philippine National Bank to-day consists of this kind of paper. In many instances money was loaned to an individual to launch him in a private enterprise, the enterprise itself being accepted as security for the loan. The enterprise failed. The individual's notes and handsome documents are in the bank. Also money was loaned to both Filipinos and Americans in sums running into millions of pesos without any security of any kind. Some of these loans are good, but in many instances the money seems to have imitated a dandelion puff in a strong June breeze.

And the national companies have not served the purpose they were intended to serve at all. They have not coaxed the octopus. They have given the octopus chills instead of thrills in his feelers. They not only have kept private capital out of the Islands but they have driven out a great deal that was already invested when they came into existence, and they have reduced what is left to a fraction of its original value. Being exempt from taxation and from all the rules and regulations laid down to govern legitimate business they have enjoyed an enormous advantage, and private business has not been able to compete with them. Indeed they should have flourished like so many green bay trees. But, curiously enough, they have not flourished. Most of them are now defunct, or are at best in a state of suspended animation, while buildings and operating equipment representing a vast expenditure stand empty and idle, rusting and rotting away into worthlessness. All this, perhaps, because the majority stockholders are not any better business men than they are bankers.

And at that they did think after a while that they would be bankers. Whereupon, suiting their action to this inspiration, they proceeded to stand the old conservative banking community on its head by beginning to compete with it for ordinary banking business. Operating on a preferential bank charter which relieved them of all necessity for knowing anything about what they were actually doing they plunged along. They refused to lend money to individuals or institutions, commercial or otherwise, unless such individuals or institutions became depositors and made use of the bank for at least a part of their usual business transactions.

And that may have been all right. The other banks, competing among themselves, could weather a little more competition, perhaps, but regular bankers are controlled by certain influences which they themselves are not able to control, whereas a government institution like the Philippine National Bank, if it is so conducted, can be wholly arbitrary. It can take a loss just out of spite if it feels like it, and if it wants to put its competitors out of business there are innumerable ways for it to proceed. And the only thing for a regular banker to do in such a case is to sit and watch the clouds roll by.

When they decided to transfer the gold reserve to the bank it is a wonder that some person or group of persons didn't utter a sufficient protest to bring the responsible authorities to their senses. But nobody did. The really responsible authorities were in Washington, but the men who should have run up the danger signal were business men in the Islands, who surely foresaw the possibility that their invested capital might be reduced to a fraction of its original value. I had talks with a number of such men, and by way of attempting to get from them something in the nature of definite and detailed information I said, "When they began to lay hands on the gold reserve why didn't you get up and yell 'Help! Murder! Fire! Police!'"

Bucking a Crisis

But they were all in a kind of hopeless frame of mind and none of them seemed to know just exactly what had occurred. The manipulations had all taken place behind an impenetrable smoke screen of governmental privilege. They only knew that there was not enough of a gold reserve left to mean anything, that the Philippine National Bank was a deflated balloon, that the government was in the hole—as they expressed it—for the sum at least of a fat year's revenues, and that they themselves, for the most part, were on the verge of financial collapse.

All the American capital in the Philippines was invested at an exchange ratio of one gold dollar for two pesos, and there is a law on the statute books of the United States which was supposed to have placed upon this ratio the seal of permanence and to have made it at least unlikely that the Philippine peso would ever fluctuate in value except as the American dollar might happen to fluctuate. But the American investor in Philippine enterprise who has to liquidate to-day or borrow money in the Islands with which to meet business obligations in the United States is in a most unfortunate position.

A prominent American engaged in the import and export business in Manila owed a bank in San Francisco a large sum of money and the loan was called. He had to pay it, and on paper he took me with him through the transaction in order that I might see just what happens to a man in such a case. Eliminating all the personal details and the human side of it I will tell you: The exchange situation in the Islands was such that no local bank would extend him the necessary credit, so he had to go to a building-and-loan association and mortgage all the fixed assets he had left—some real estate and operating equipment. He had to pay this association a preliminary accommodation fee of 20 per cent of the amount borrowed and submit to an annual interest charge of 12 per cent on the whole. He then took his pesos to a banking institution for telegraphic transfer to the United States in gold. This cost him in loss on exchange and transfer charges an additional 15 per cent, which brought the total

(Continued on Page 49)

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Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 46)

charge for a year's leeway up to 47 per cent. And he wanted to know if I didn't think that was enough to put a crimp into anybody. He assured me also that there was hardly an American firm in the Islands that had not suffered a similar jolt within the past few months, and referred to one man of unimpeachable character and supposedly sound financial standing who was paying an annual interest charge of 20 per cent on a loan that he had to raise in order to stave off a somewhat spectacular failure and enslavement for life to liabilities that such a man would naturally regard as sacred.

"But it isn't legal!" I exclaimed.

"Legal, your cat's foot!" was his inelegant retort. "In a situation like this anything is legal that you can get away with! The most valuable thing that most of us have left is our reputation for business integrity, and if you knew about the sacrifices that some men have made to safeguard and maintain that reputation you would have a pretty good opinion of your fellow countrymen who are bucking this crisis in these Islands!"

Naturally the career of the Philippine National Bank could not go on indefinitely without getting some attention from Washington, and, sure enough, last year the War Department, in which the Bureau of Insular Affairs is included, sent an examiner out to look it over and make a report on its condition. This examiner, Mr. Coates, was in Manila for quite a long time working—with his corps of assistants—silently and mysteriously as bank examiners are wont to do; then suddenly one day he packed up and sailed away for home with his report in his pocket, leaving the community with its eyebrows still raised in the question, "Well, how about it?"

Mr. Recto's Questionnaire

The community thought it was going to be told what condition its bank was in, and when it was not it was bitterly disappointed. I got this by going through the files of the local newspapers covering this period, and I also found the government's brief and supposedly reassuring announcement that for obvious reasons the report could not be made public, but that the bank had been found to be in a perfectly sound condition.

The public had to be satisfied, but shortly afterward a bill was introduced in the house of representatives providing for the increase of the capital stock of the bank from 20,000,000 pesos to 50,000,000 pesos by government appropriation.

I have said that in the house of representatives there are just four men on the minority side, and one of these, Mr. Claro M. Recto, delivered a speech in the debate on this bill that I should like to quote in full. I shall quote from it at some length anyhow, because it is just about what I should like to write. If I had written it I surely would have been accused of prejudice and injustice, if not actually of gross libel. But coming from the lips of a very highly respected and responsible Filipino it means something that I could not possibly make it mean as an expression of my own thoughts.

As a member of the Committee on Banks and Corporations in the house Mr. Recto began by asking the president of the Philippine National Bank for a copy of Mr. Coates' report in order that the committee might study it in connection with the bill under consideration. But the president answered that it was against the law for him to divulge the secrets of the bank to anyone but the governor-general, the secretary of finance and the board of directors. For it to be against the law for him to reveal the bank's condition to the Committee on Banks of the legislative body that made the law, while asking that body to prop up the institution with an additional 30,000,000 pesos, impressed Mr. Recto as being rather peculiar, and it gave him all he needed upon which to hang his minority report. The house was being asked to vote blind on a measure prepared by the *nacionalista* leaders, and his purpose was to make its members realize their docility. He said in part:

"Mister President, we are members of a deliberative body, and our determinations require, as necessary premises, full cognizance of the facts in every given case and an ample discussion of them. Those distant ages in which the mere will of the ruler was enforced as law have fortunately gone by. Laws deserve this name only when they respond to a legitimate need of the nation, and for this reason the knowledge of this need, in the light of the whole facts, is the determining factor as to the wisdom and timeliness of any legislative act.

"The question of the increase of the bank's capital stock at the enormous rate of 250 per cent of necessity implies the determination of other questions preliminary to it. Has the National Bank accomplished the chief object for which it was established, and has it justified the hopes which its founders encouraged the people to entertain when it was created? To what extent has it lent its assistance to honest agriculture, industry and commerce in the country? Has the bank been so managed that it can endure the scrutiny of sound and unbiased critics? Who are those who have obtained the greatest benefits from this institution? Have they been the general public or only certain classes, privileged by the conspicuous positions held by them in politics and commerce? These are matters which should be carefully considered and determined by the house before adopting any measure affecting the National Bank, either to maintain it in its present state or finally to decree its discontinuance. Because if the purpose for which it exists is only to serve as a powerful agency of the government in campaigns having for their object not the development of the economic forces of the country but only the continued predominance of one political party over the other; if those benefited by the operations of the bank have been preferentially influential politicians and merchants who have entered into a compact creating a solidarity of interests and ambitions and a reciprocity of services; if the immediate result of the operations of the bank has been the sudden appearance of these fabulous and rapidly made fortunes which find no explanation either in the regular course of business or in the most unexpected rewards of the financial world; if that bank has not been able to relieve the economic ills with which we are beset, then that bank is a baneful institution, and, far from deserving the support of the people and their lawful representatives, should be doomed to death!

"To those really desiring to know the condition of the bank the report of Mr. Coates affords the most solid guaranty of discretion, exactness and impartiality. When this gentleman left the Islands upon finishing his work, without disclosing his conclusions, a storm of conjecture was aroused not at all favorable to the already broken prestige of the institution. Mr. Coates' findings must be stupendous! Today his report is a mystery to all but two or three men of unique position. We, the members of this house, have been denied the privilege of seeing it. This bank ought not hereafter to be called the National Bank, as this name implies an offense to popular feelings; it should be called the Bank of Privileges!"

A Field for Disarmament

"In the report of Mr. Coates there must appear the names of those persons and entities who have found in the nation's bank that for which the alchemists of old sought in vain in their retorts—that philosopher's stone with which to cure their economic ills. We are told that they are either politicians or else persons and entities bound to them by the double tie of common interest and reciprocal service.

"It is said that the credit of the bank would be impaired were that document divulged. It is a secret of state! Such, Mister President, is the last recourse of this government in critical moments when it does not believe it to be consistent with its interest to speak to the people with sincerity. And I tell you the day is not distant when all democratic doctrines will be repudiated in this land and you will dare to assert ownership over those rights of the people which you hold in trust. This is the goal to which your present conduct points!

"The National Bank was established to give an efficient aid to our commerce and industry. If it develops that it has not helped agriculture but some farmers only who have the control of the machine vote of their districts; if it has not coöperated with commerce and industry but only with a few manufacturers and business men who enjoy the favor of the political leaders upon the basis of community of interests and reciprocity of services, then that bank must disappear as a national institution. If this bill is passed by this house we shall witness and endure the pitiful spectacle of a house of representatives transformed, of its own will, into a mere servant and agent of the executive and the new dominating caste of prosperous politicians!"

I assure you that a great many Filipinos know exactly what has happened to them, and I am told that that speech got very much on the nerves of a lot of men who voted for the bill nevertheless.

If a measure that was passed by the Philippine legislature not long since had been in operation when Mr. Recto made this speech one can smilingly imagine that he might not have been quite so fearless in his utterances. Get a picture, if you can, of a legislative body, each member of which displays a hip pocket bulging with the outlines of a deadly automatic. This measure provided that all members of the senate and the house of representatives, together with provincial governors, municipal presidents and treasurers, should have the right to carry firearms, and in the case of the legislators this right was to continue to be theirs even after they had ceased to sit in the legislative halls.

Both houses passed this bill and the governor-general doubtless would have signed it—did, for all I know—but it raised such a storm of ridicule that one might say it was laughed to death. At any rate it was allowed to lapse.

One wonders why the brave boys should have thought it necessary to pass such a piece of legislation anyhow, unless it was to save themselves the small fee that is charged for a license to carry arms. It has not been at all difficult during the past few years to secure such a license.

An Alibi That Won't Work

It was quite a while ago that the Philippine government bought the only railroad on Luzón. It runs up the west side of the island from Manila to Dagupan and beyond and was built and operated for many years by a British company. It was doing business when Admiral Dewey covered the city of Manila with his American guns. I can testify that it was not much of a railroad when the government bought it, but now nobody ever mentions its name without groaning. What I have seen of it recently has reminded me of what a little boy's Christmas railroad and train of cars usually look like by the Fourth of July.

The most interesting thing about it, perhaps, is that though it does more business, considerably more, than it ever did when it was a going concern under private ownership, it loses money the way a sieve loses water when you hold it under a pump. Auditor Nolting has asked for a temporary organization which will provide a special auditor for each separate department of government, and he has defined the railway administration as a department of government. The new auditor will plumb the depths of the mystery, no doubt. But in the meantime the rickety and dirty little choo-choo cars will be going their reckless ways.

Mr. Higgins, the British manager of the road in the old days, used to say that his chief concern was to make his system of operation foolproof.

He had to operate with Filipino labor of course, and if anyone complained that it took twice as long to get from Manila to Dagupan as it ought to take he would say, "You are lucky to be able to get from Manila to Dagupan alive!"

Mr. Quezon is president of the railroad, at the same salary he gets for being president of the senate. But it has an American manager. And by the same token the Philippine National Bank had an American manager for a long time. Also the treasurer who handed over the gold reserve was an American; the insular auditor has always been an American, and there was an American governor-general!

The Filipinos are disposed now to hold these men responsible for everything that has happened. They deny that control was surrendered into their hands. But that will hardly do by way of an argument in their favor. Control was surrendered into their hands; there can be no question about that. The American flag drooped over them under a weight of responsibility, but it represented nothing in the way of authority.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

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CASSIDY'S JOB

(Continued from Page 13)

runner brought up next day. Clear across the back page of the last paper which he opened ran the head: Young Ladies' Sodality Gives Bazaar and Vaudeville. Beneath that was a row of blurred half-tone pictures; among them, Miss Mary Halloran, Corresponding Secretary. From the operations of country printing this picture had emerged luckily; it was comparatively clear.

He even fancied he could make out the long lashes of her eyes. His dull masculine perception of such things sharpened by his state of being, Cassidy saw that she wore the same best blue dress that she had put on for their visits to the movies.

That night he cut out the picture, pasted it to the lid of a cigar box; next day he trimmed some fir branches and fashioned for it a rustic frame. This he set up on his table by the window of the shaft house, and when he had cleared away his supper dishes he called Mary Halloran from her own dish-washing twenty miles away.

"I saw your pitcher in the Chronicle," said Cassidy.

"'Twas a poor likeness," said Mary Halloran.

"An' how could a photograph do you justice?" said Cassidy. "'Tis an angel with a paintbrush they'd nade."

"The bazaar was a great success," said Mary Halloran, demurely changing the subject, as though it was growing too intimate for a public telephone.

"Tell me about it; 'twill seem like bein' there," said Cassidy.

And Mary chattered and twittered for ten minutes, until something seemed to interrupt from the rear, and with a quick "Here I'm talkin' with the dishes waitin'!" she bade him good night.

For very decency Cassidy restrained himself during two days. But that second night he experienced one of his waves of loneliness. And when the tinkling little voice with the soft lilt answered his call he plunged Celtically toward the heart of his emotions.

"'Tis lonely I've been this day," he said.

"Then I'm sorry for you," said Mary. "I'm lonely sometimes meself, even here in Cresta."

"An' how could you be lonely wid the likes of your pretty self for association?" asked Cassidy.

"That's no talk for a party line," said Mary Halloran. "Tell me what you do all day long."

So, during the ten minutes which Mary and Central granted him, Cassidy spoke of winter out there under the peak, and his job, and Brian Boru his pet bighorn.

Then the world completed its miracle, made fulfillment of promise. In a bare patch between rotting snowdrifts Cassidy found the first anemone, opening a white-and-mauve cup toward the new wine of the heavens. Cassidy picked it, carried it upright in his stubby fingers to the shaft house, took out a one-pound shell from among his war relics, set the flower in this vase before Mary Halloran's picture on his table. Next day the anemones were springing fast; and now the shell bore always a posy as fresh and pure as this new exhalation of Cassidy's soul. Every other night he was calling up Mary Halloran for ten minutes of talk. Always Cassidy slipped in some meaning reference to his state of mind.

"I can see you, though it's dim," he said once. "Haven't I got your pitcher right here on me table?"

"An' what pitcher?" asked Mary.

"The wan from the Chronicle that's such a poor likeness," said Cassidy.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't ask permission," said Mary.

"I'll be askin' permission when I come to Cresta," said Cassidy—"for the original," he added cryptically.

"How's the weather been up there?" said Mary Halloran.

"You'll not turn the subject on me," said Cassidy. "Will you hear me whin I ask you?"

"Me ears are good," said Mary Halloran, "an' I can't help hearin', can I, unless I stop them? Did you get any rain to-day?"

The next time Mary answered she protested that she could not talk long. She had to hurry through the dishes, because she must help fix up Kitty McNee for her wedding in the morning.

"Who's she marryin'?" asked Cassidy.

"Who but Tom Slade," said Mary. "He that was minin' in the General Jackson when you ate here last fall. He made some money in an oil stock, an' you should see the house he's fitted!"

Mary plainly was in a state of pleasant feminine excitement, and though she had said that she was in a hurry she stopped to describe with much detail the beauties and comforts of the Slade house—five rooms and a bathtub, and a piano. Suddenly remembering the flight of time Mary closed the conversation abruptly, bade Martin Cassidy good night.

Cassidy let no night intervene before he called her up again. It was the end of a brilliant spring day. Swallows had been migrating overhead; camp birds, most friendly of wild beings, had peeped in at his window with the straws and twigs of their growing nests sticking from their beaks; everywhere the coursing of chipmunks seemed to lace the rocks. All the world was going somewhere, preparing for some new course of life, except Cassidy. The loneliness, which had spelled peace in the white dignity of January, was now again only restlessness. And restlessness made Cassidy bold. But until Mary Halloran had finished her scattering and enthusiastic description of the wedding and the party afterward Cassidy did not know how very bold he was. It all came out of him with a rush.

"Listen, Mary Halloran," said Cassidy, "listen, mavournin. There ought to be another wedding in camp!" Then, abashed and choked by his own boldness, Cassidy stopped. In the pause Mary did not speak, but the singing of the wire was broken by the delicious rhythm of her breathing. And Cassidy, talking though he was on a party line, took heart of grace. "Yours and mine, Mary," he said.

"Ought it, indade!" said Mary Halloran.

But she did not hang up the telephone; neither did she protest at the publicity of the proceeding.

"I was comin' up to Cresta to ast you," said Cassidy, "but I can't wait, darlint. I'm askin' you now."

But Mary had recovered her poise and her sense of what a good girl owes to herself. Coyly, artfully, she shifted the whole transaction to the future tense.

"Maybe I'll say yes an' maybe I'll say no," lilted her soft tones; the coyness of her could not control her voice.

"It's a-all right about your sayin' yes——" began Cassidy.

Then the telephone gave the ominous metallic pop which means that someone else has got on the party line. With a quick "We'll talk no more of that!" Mary resumed chattering of the Slade wedding.

Now Cassidy called up every night. And somehow—so miraculous are the ways of women—Mary though refusing to commit herself on the very heart of the matter seemed to regard it all as an accomplished fact and consented to speak of practical details—such as the napkins she had been hemming, and her new clothes, and the price of furniture.

So it came that the sordid world of practical reality began to flow into the pure vessel of Cassidy's dreams, as the world will. He had never, before the past few weeks, contemplated marriage; and he exaggerated to himself the splendor of the undertaking. How was he going to get himself clothes that would apparel him worthily for the courting of Mary Halloran, and buy her the presents she deserved, and furnish a house like Slade's—nothing else would do—on the mere accumulation of his winter's pay? He needed a stake—and where, Cassidy asked himself as he sat contemplating her picture of evenings, was the stake coming from?

"If I'd only been a savin' man!" sighed Cassidy really to himself, but apparently to the sympathetic though unresponsive Tim.

That was what he meant when, as he slipped back into the envelope the dodger proclaiming the reward for the dangerous Mr. Blackwell, he sighed and remarked to Tim, "What could I do with a thousand dollars?" And as he slopped up the trail, picking here and there an especially fine anemone for his offering before Mary Halloran's newspaper photograph, he dreamed—boyishly, Celtically, melodramatically. He saw himself encountering the bandit on the road, picking off the front tires with two perfect snap shots of his .30-30 muley rifle; saw himself covering the dangerous Mr. Blackwell; marching him up to the shaft house; forcing him—with the muzzle of a .45-caliber revolver in his ribs—to telephone news of his own apprehension to the Cresta police. He saw the name of Martin Cassidy flashed across the front page of the Cresta Chronicle—the hero of the camp. He saw himself called to the offices of the Zinc Mining and Reduction Company, where, in the presence of Mr. Means, the boss, and his admiring fellow employes, the chief of police himself—no, the mayor—would hand him the thousand dollars in gold in a buckskin bag. Cassidy could see the bag, bulging with richness. Mary Halloran would be present; therefore the ceremony, on second thought, must occur not in the office but in the Casino Moving Picture Theater. When it was all over he would find Mary Halloran making an excuse to wait by the door. He would slip away from the adulation of the multitude. He would walk home with her.

And when they were alone, "Mary," he would say, "Father O'Mally won't be abed yet. We'll be seein' him about publication of the bans."

And then suddenly the thought of Cresta, stage setting for this drama, brought into his mind a practical consideration. He straightened up and addressed Tim.

"Me moon gazin'," said Cassidy, "forgettin' entirely to telephone the boss."

For this was his regular day to report. He hurried into the shaft house. A glance at the clock showed that Mr. Means had probably not yet left the office. He rang, and put the receiver to his ear. There was no vibration; the wire seemed dead. He gave the crank a turn and listened for ten minutes; without doubt the line was down again.

"Might 'a' known it with all this meltin'," said Cassidy to Tim. For the higher deposits of snow on the lacy crags above had been teetering for several days, and all that afternoon Cassidy had heard at intervals their booming, reverberating fall. "We're cut off for two days agin," said Cassidy to Tim, and thought with regret of Mary Halloran. However, his conscience was clear as regarded Mr. Means; and so Cassidy set himself to his day's domestic cleaning. He had established his own winter quarters in the shaft house itself, where the heat of the engine, when he got up steam, would help keep him warm. On one side rose the engine, but the other side was entirely domestic. The Army had added order to Cassidy's native neatness. The cookstove, which was also his heating stove, shone with blacking; his pots, pans and skillets hung in rows graded according to size on one wall; his clothes were equally ordered on another. Place of honor, just over his table, was held by a double-page half-tone of the village church at Ballyscrabben, town of his birth, in County Mayo; this he had cut out from the Irish Sphere. Rather, place of honor had been held by this reviver of old memories; but now it was Mary Halloran's picture, on the table below, which had the tribute of fresh flowers.

Cassidy finished cleaning up, put bacon to frying and coffee to boiling, lit his kerosene lamp, ate supper with his eyes on the peak above. It was veiled in shadow now; the pink glow on the hood had changed to a dull violet. The glory had risen to the skies. Even they dulled while Cassidy cleaned up the table, washed the dishes, put everything to rights. It was a black, moonless mountain night, splashed with stars which seemed to start out at you from the skies, when he settled down in his padded rocking-chair to read with great interest a long article in the Irish Sphere on the life and deeds of Red O'Neill.

Tim sprang from his nap under the table, barking a furious alarm, the curly orange-colored hair over his shoulders stiff with rage and terror. Cassidy dropped the Irish Sphere, silenced him with a threatening hand, and listened. Someone was slopping up the trail beside the dump; now feet were scraping on the hard mudless ore; feet that seemed to approach stealthily, hesitantly. Cassidy tiptoed to the wall, reached for his revolver, gently tested the hammer, slipped it into his right-hand coat pocket, took up his station beside the door. The footsteps were now just outside. Cassidy drew his gun; holding it unobtrusively by his side he fixed his eyes on the window, ready to cover any peering face.

But so suddenly that it gave him a slight nervous jump, there came a triple knock by the panel of the door opposite to his left ear; and a low firm voice, startlingly near, said, "Hello! Anybody in?"

With a cuff Cassidy stilled the spasmodic barks of Tim. He hesitated a moment; then reflecting that hesitation was perhaps his worst policy in the circumstances he replied, "Yes. Come in yourself; the dure's not locked"; and immediately sidestepped and crouched, lest the mysterious visitor shoot at the sound of his voice.

Promptly the latch clicked, and the door opened so suddenly that Cassidy had to sidestep again to prevent it from swinging in his face. A man came into the full light of the reflector lamp, turned, faced the engineer of the Wild Rose. What had been hopeful conjecture in Cassidy's mind became instantly almost certainty. Cassidy was acting on instinct now; and instinct bade him draw the velvet glove over the iron hand. Before the stranger turned and faced him he had slipped the hand which grasped the pistol back into the big pocket of his slicker, where he held it, muzzle presented, his thumb on the hammer.

This man looked a shade shorter than Cassidy, who measured an even six feet of good Irish brawn; he was light of complexion; from under his black slouch hat stuck a wisp of brown hair; beneath his heavy gray ulster, thrown open at the collar, Cassidy could see the lapel of a brown coat. And the first words of the stranger——

"I turned my ankle a bit climbing your dump, but I guess"—here he made a hesitating step—"it won't amount to anything. I'm looking for a timer for a flivver car."

"Yes?" said Cassidy, and remembered that in future he must keep the sarcasm out of his voice. But he chuckled inwardly to think that he did have a flivver—the plant car, which would take him to Cresta for that month off, and which now stood blocked up, its tires off, awaiting good roads and spring.

"This is the Wild Rose Mine, isn't it?" asked the stranger.

"It is," said Cassidy, "and I'm the engineer in charge. Who might you be?" Cassidy thought to himself, "That'll be confusin' to'm."

The stranger laughed lightly. It was a laugh which began and ended suddenly, and which had in it no special mirth. He had a grave, hard face with a firm mouth which Cassidy classified as tough. And when he spoke Cassidy was moved to admire his inventiveness.

"I'm the managing director of the Zinc Mining and Reduction Company," said the stranger. "Name's Burton G. Sanford. The timer on my flivver has broken down and I must have a new one. There's usually a flivver around our plants. I've got to make Willows to-night."

"Dear, dear," said Cassidy, temporizing in his softest Celtic purr, "it must be somethin' important to take a big man like you across a road like this by night. Somethin' important, Mr. Sanford."

"It is, in case you want to know," said the stranger. But he turned his back on Cassidy as he said it, threw open his ulster, and began to warm his hands at the stove. "There's—there's something new up here, and I've got to telegraph to New York before the stock market opens; and keep on telegraphing or telephoning back and forth all day. And this is the night these superaccursed telephone and telegraph wires choose to go down. So I'm making it across alone." He turned on Cassidy now, eagerness if not impatience in his crisp tone: "Have you a flivver here?"

"Maybe I have an' maybe I have not," said Cassidy. He had not shifted his position nor his pose. The hand so carelessly thrust into his pocket still clutched the butt of his .45. "Dear, dear, it must be you've been cold and hungry comin' all this way," he purred. "What would ye say to a bite of supper, now, and some hot coffee?"

Cassidy had reasoned out his instincts. That breakdown of the wires might be a very little thing, what with the lesser volume of the late snowslides. Possibly the repair gang might fix it very quickly. After the previous breaks Central had always

(Continued on Page 54)

100,000 Owners' Records *of* 100,000

THE following is a list of owners and the number of their White Trucks which have gone 100,000 miles and more *each*. There are probably many others which have not come to our attention.

The size of the list is remarkable—composed, as it is, of trucks that were built years ago when output was relatively small.

One hundred thousand miles has become ordinary performance for a White Truck. Many have gone 200,000 and 300,000 miles, still doing a full day's work.

Such mileages have always made a small item of the purchase price—now even smaller with White prices reduced to the 1914 basis.

300,000 MILES AND MORE

Alexander & Walling	1	The Columbus Transfer Co.	1	Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles)	8	Tacoma Transit Co..	4
Artesian Well & Supply Co.	1	The Fuller Cleaning Company	2	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1	Thompson & Thompson..	1
Frank Bird Transfer Co.	7	Hancock Bros. Fruit Co	2	H. O. Seiffert Co.	1	Western Auto Stage Co., Inc.	4
Bower Transportation Co.	1	Humptulips Logging Co.	1	Chas. Seip Baking Co.	1	White Transit Co., Inc.	2
Clover Leaf Dairy....	1	N. S. Koos & Son Company	1	T. Shanahan, Jr.	1	Wouters Laundry..	1
The Columbus Bread Co.	2	Madera-Fresno Stage Co.	3	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co.	1		

200,000 TO 300,000 MILES

Abraham and Straus	1	Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co	1	The Hudson's Bay Company	1	E. C. Petrie...	1
Armour and Company	2	Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co	6	M. L. Hullett...	1	Phelps Dodge Corp.	1
Atlantic Refining Company	1	Fleming Brothers....	1	Kirchner's	2	T. S. Reed Grocery Co.	1
Austin Motor Transportation Co	1	Florida Motor Transportation Co..	2	Long's Baggage & Transfer Co.	1	G. F. Reed & Son ..	1
Baum's Home of Flowers, Inc.	1	Fowler, Dick & Walker.....	1	McLaughlin Transfer Co..	2	Mark Regan & Son	1
A. E. Berry	1	The Fuller Cleaning Company...	2	McMahon Transportation Co.	2	William S. Roe... ..	1
Bonwit Teller & Co.....	3	Fullington Auto Bus Co.....	1	Madera-Fresno Stage Co.....	2	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
Boulder Bottling Works	1	Hansen Motor Trucking Co.	1	Malandre Bros.....	1	Arlington Setzer...	1
Bower Transportation Co.	1	H. H. Harbaugh	1	Maryland Transportation Co.	4	Shepherd & Story	1
Broadway Taxi Operating Co.	8	Harper Garage Co.	1	Mendham Garage Co.	2	The W. P. Southworth Co.	1
Burns & Campbell Co.	1	W. J. Hay Co..	1	Mesaba Transportation Co.....	3	Tri-State Telephone & Telegraph Co.	1
California Ink Co.	2	The Higbee Company	2	Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles)	5	Tuscola Produce Co..	1
The Coca Cola Bottling Works Co.	1	Highway Transit Co.	2	Ocean County Coal Co.	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	3
George M. Cooley Co.,	1	Holt Stage Line Co.	2	Pacific Brewing & Malting Co.	1	Warner & Company .	1
Crystal Spring Water Co	1	Hoquiam Ice & Cold Storage	1	Frank M. Pauli Co.	1	Westfield Laundry Co., Inc.	1
Dumani, Ltd.	1	Huddleston Park	1	Peninsula Rapid Transit Corp.	15	White Transit Co., Inc..	9

150,000 TO 200,000 MILES

Acme Furniture Co	1	Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co.	1	The Humphrey Company	1	Rocky Mountain Parks Transportation Co.	1
Addison Auto Bus Co.	1	Eberhardt-Hays Music Co...	1	The Hunt Mercantile Co.	1	The Rosenbaum Company.....	6
The Akron Storage & Contracting Co.	1	Chas. F. Eggers Co.....	1	Independent School District No. 51.	1	Roshek Bros. Co.....	1
Atherton-Fowler Furniture Co.	1	Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	3	Indianapolis Abattoir Co.	1	Frank Salmon Furniture Co.	1
Christian Atz	1	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	3	R. E. Keister..... .	1	San Francisco Municipal Railway	4
C. W. Baker	1	Hugo H. Foerster..	1	S. Laskau	2	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	1	Foley Auto Delivery	1	Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corp.	1	Henry Schofer's Sons	1
The Berz Company	1	Foster & Kleiser Company...	1	Lyons Express Co.....	2	Schulze Baking Co.	7
The Bledsoe Company	1	William L. Freeman	1	M. J. Malloy	2	Shepherd & Story..	1
Bonwit Teller & Co.	2	Friends Hospital	1	Massachusetts Baking Co..	1	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co..	3
The Botzum Bros. Co...	1	The Fries & Schuele Co.	1	C. C. Mellor Company .	1	The Star Baking Co.	1
Boulder Bottling Works	1	The Fuller Cleaning Company	1	The Memphis News-Scimitar	1	Charles M. Stieff, Inc.....	1
Boulevard Transportation Co.	7	Gatti-McQuade Co. ...	2	Mesaba Transportation Co.	5	Tacoma Taxicab & Baggage Transfer Co.	1
Bradford Baking Company	9	Georgia Railway & Power Co.	1	Michigan Seating Co. .	1	James A. C. Tait & Co.	1
Bullock's	3	Gifford and Cullum .	1	C. J. Milligan Co., Inc.	1	The Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	1
Chambersburg Auto Co.	1	Gifford's Express Co..... .. .	1	J. E. Monahan	1	Thompson & Thompson	1
Chicago Cooperage Company	1	Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Milwaukee)	1	Moran Trucking Co.	1	Tooke Bros., Ltd.	1
Frank A. Cholewinski	1	A. Graham & Son.....	1	J. Mullany & Co.....	1	Tuolumne Lumber Co., Inc.	1
The Columbus Transfer Co.	4	Fred Gunther Co..	1	Muscatine, Burlington & Southern R. R.	1	20th Century Heating & Ventilating Co	1
The Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co.	1	Hale Auto Corp..	1	The M. O'Neil Co. .	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.....	3
The Constance Lumber Co.	1	Hardy Furniture Co.	1	Orchard & Wilhelm Co	1	United Home Dressed Meat Co.	1
Cowlitz & Chehalis Railway Co.	1	Charles E. Harris	1	Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.	1	United States Trucking Corp.	1
The Denecke Company.....	1	Herrmann & Grace Co	1	J. A. Poole	1	United Transportation Co....	2
Denholm & McKay Co.	1	Highway Transit Co.	2	The Portland Hotel	2	Western Auto Stage Co., Inc.	1
Dixon Transfer & Storage Co.	3	Holt Stage Line Co...	1	Public Service & Auto Co.	1	Western Undertaking Co	1
The East Ohio Gas Company	1	The Hudson's Bay Company	1	G. F. Reed & Son	1	White Rapid Transit Corp.	1
The T. Eaton Co., Ltd....	3	M. L. Hullett . . .	1	The Reemanyder Company	1	White Transit Co., Inc.	2
						Woodlawn Imp. Assn. Transp. Corp.	2

100,000 TO 150,000 MILES

Abraham and Straus	7	S. M. Anderton	1	Bauer & Black	1	J. B. Blood Co.....	1
Acme Cash Stores	1	Andre & Andre	1	F. X. Baumert & Co.	1	The Louis H. Boice Co	2
Adams & Pigott Co	2	Andrews & Horigan Co.	1	Chas. F. Becker Moving & Teaming Co.	1	Boonville Bottling Works	1
Addison Auto Bus Co	2	Anthony Brothers, Inc.	3	Henry S. Beidler	2	Henry Bosch Company	4
The Akers & Harpham Co.	3	John Arata & Son	1	Bekins Van & Storage Co.	1	Boston Fresh Tripe Co	1
The Akron Grocery Co.	1	Joseph R. Arbiter Co...	1	Bellevue & Allied Hospitals	1	Boston Furniture Co., Inc.	1
Alaska Transfer Co	1	Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp. ... .15		Belmar Moving & Storage Co.	1	Bradford Baking Company	17
R. T. Allen & Bros. Inc.	1	Atlantic Refining Company.....	5	Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line..	2	The Brager Store,.....	2
American Railway Express Co...	13	Bakersfield Brewing Co.	1	Bergner Plumbing, Heating & Supply Co.	2	The Brandt Company	6
American Stores Co.	1	Bakersfield Truck Co...	1	The Billow Undertaking Co.....	3	Brn-Nolu Co	1
K. A. Anderson ..	1	The H. S. Barney Co.	1	Block and Kuhl Company.. .	1	Brennan Packing Co	1
		A. L. Bartlett Co	1			George M. Brice	1

WHITE

MILES *and more*

200,000 · 300,000 *miles*

Bridgeman-Russell Co.	1	Grady Hospital	2	Charles W. Mann	1	San Joaquin Baking Co..	1
Eugene W. Bronecki	1	A. Graham & Son..	2	Marathon Auto Draying Co.	1	Santiago Orange Grove Association	1
W. O. Broyles Furniture Co.	1	Grand Rapids Lumber Co., Inc.	1	Marshall-Wells Hardware Co.	2	Savage-Schofield Company	2
Buffalo Plumbing Supply Co.	1	Graton & Knight Manufacturing Co	1	The Marsh-Murdoch Co.	1	C. Schmidt & Sons Brewing Co....	1
Bullock's	4	Greenfield Electric Light & Power Co.	1	C. W. Marwedel .	1	Schulze Baking Co.....	15
Burns & Campbell Co.	1	Greenfield Transfer Co.	1	The May Company	1	Schuneman & Evans, Inc.	1
City of Butte, Police Dept.	1	B. E. Grover.....	1	Henry P. Mayer Music House	1	Schuster-Gormly Co., Inc	1
W. L. Byrnes, Inc.	1	Gulf Refining Company	1	May, Stern & Co.	1	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Co	4
Caine-Grimshaw Co.	1	James A. Hamilton	4	May & Company	1	Shaw Transfer Co.....	1
City of Calgary, Police Dept.	1	Hansen Motor Trucking Co.	1	The John Meckes Sons Co.	2	Shelley Hygiene Ice Co.	1
California Ice & Coal Co.	1	Hardy Furniture Co.	2	The Merchants Biscuit Co.	1	Shenberg & Rubinoff	1
The Canton Provision Co.	1	F. W. Harrison & Son	1	Mesaba Transportation Co	5	The Shepard Company	1
H. C. Capwell Co.	2	The Harris & Mowry Co.	1	Michaud Brothers, Inc.	3	Frank Silvera..	1
Carbon Coal Co.	1	E. W. Harrold.....	1	Michigan Seating Co.	1	Franklin Simon & Co..	3
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co..	1	Louis Hartman & Sons	1	Miller & Rhoads, Inc.	1	L. R. Slater..	1
Carter-Mullaly Transfer Co.	1	Jesse B. Hart & Bro.	1	P. Milliron...	1	Smith Bros. & Burdick Co.	1
M. Catalano & Sons	1	The Haverty Furniture Co.	3	Julius Miske	1	The Smith-Green Co.	1
J. E. Cavanagh	1	Hawaiian Pineapple Co.	1	Monarch Laundry Co.	1	Augustus Snyder	1
The Central Paper Co.	1	J. Clark Helms.	1	S. Monday & Sons	1	South Bend Wholesale Grocery Co.	1
The Chandler & Rudd Company	6	Herrmann & Grace Co.	2	Montowese Brick Co.	1	The W. P. Southworth Co...	1
City Coal Co.....	1	Heston, Florist...	1	Moore-Handley Hardware Co.	1	J. W. Spooner	1
City Ice Co..	3	A. H. Hews & Co., Inc.	1	Moore Transfer Co.	1	Springfield Ice Co.	1
City of Cleveland, Police Dept.	3	The Higbee Company.	1	Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.....	1	The St. Paul Daily News	1
The Cleveland Burial Case Co.	2	Highland Motor Transfer Co.	2	Morrison-Skinner Co....	1	Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky	1
The Cleveland Cut Flower Co.	1	Highway Transit Co..	1	Motor Transit Co. (Billings, Mont.)	1	Standard Oil Co. of Ohio..	1
The Cleveland Provision Company	7	R. A. Hilborn....	1	Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles)	4	Star Auto Stage Co.	2
The Cleveland Tool & Supply Co.	1	Hitchings & Co.	1	Motor Transportation Co., Inc.	1	The Star Store.....	1
Clover Leaf Dairy.....	2	Hochheimer & Co.	3	Timothy Murphy	1	Sterling Products Co.	3
R. E. Cobb Co.....	1	Holder Coal & Lumber Co.	1	Murta, Appleton & Co..	1	The Sterling & Welch Co.	7
Cody Transportation Co.	1	Holm & Olson...	1	National Plumbing & Heating Supply Co.	2	Stern Brothers.....	2
Coes Wrench Company	1	Horstmeyer's Grocery	1	The National Shawmut Bank of Boston	1	The Steubenville Coal & Mining Co.	2
Cohen Brothers	3	M. L. Hullett	1	Nelson Farm	1	Stevens Hardware Co., Inc.	1
John Collins...	1	The Humphrey Company	1	New Bedford Dry Goods Co.	1	Stewart Taxi-Service Co.....	18
John L. Coneau	1	Albert Hupper.	1	A. J. Norris	1	The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.	1
The Conrad-Balsch-Kroehle Co.	2	Hurson, Inc.....	1	North St. Paul Casket Co.	1	Sturgis-Jones Last Co.	1
W. D. Corliss & Co..	1	Independent School District No. 51	1	Norwich Motor & Machine Co.	1	Suburban Ice Co.	1
Criss Brothers..	1	Interstate Auto & Supply Co.	1	Town of Norwood.....	1	Supan Auto Livery	1
Crouch Bros. Co.....	1	Interurban Autocar Co.....	1	V. G. Nottoli...	1	The Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	2
Culmerville Auto Transit Co.	1	I. M. Iralson & Son	1	Oak Ridge Lumber Co.	3	A. C. Titus & Co., Inc.	1
John A. Cunningham	1	Jackson's Express & Van Co.	1	Omaha Taxicab & Transfer Co.	8	J. M. Traxler.....	3
John T. Cunningham	1	Jarnagin Grocery Co..,	1	O'Neill & Co...	2	Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend R. R.	1
W. J. Daly Co.....	2	W. K. Jeffries.....	1	Orchard & Wilhelm Co	1	Turner & Stevens Co	1
Darling & Company....	2	George Jindra.	1	Ort Hardware Co.	1	Turner & Wescott, Inc.	1
Davis Furniture Company	1	Johnson Educator Food Co.	1	Oxford Dye Works	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	4
Denver & Pueblo Construction Co.	1	Johnson's Express Co.....	1	Pacific Baking Co.....	1	Twin City Rapid Transit Co	1
Frank J. Derry...	1	The Jones Store Co.	1	Pacific Fruit & Produce Co.	2	Union Lumber Co.	1
Diamond Spring Brewery.	1	The J. G. Justis Co. ...	1	Page & Shaw, Inc.	3	United Cape Cod Cranberry Co.	3
The Doc & Bill Furniture Co.	1	Kee & Chapell Dairy Co....	2	E. F. Pahl & Co.	1	United States Army, Q. M. C.	2
Aug. Doemling...	1	Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	1	Paige Bros.	2	United States Bakery	4
Dorchester & Rose	1	J. Kennard & Sons Carpet Co.	1	The Palais Royal	1	United States Laundry	2
Downes Lumber Co.	1	Kimberly-Clark Company	1	Panama Lubricants Co...	1	United States Music Co.	1
Duncan & Goodall Co	1	George C. Kirkhope.....	1	The Parmelee Company	5	United States Trucking Corp.	2
F. B. DuPree.....	1	The W. H. Kistler Stationery Co.	1	G. E. Patteson & Co.....	1	United Transportation Co.	1
Duquesne Transfer Co.	2	C. W. Klemm, Inc.	1	Pearson Paper Box Co.	1	F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	1
The Eagle Poultry Co.	1	Knickerbocker Storage Co..	1	The Pelletier Company..	1	Waltham Laundry Co..	2
The Eastern Torpedo Co.....	1	The Knight-Campbell Music Co.	1	The Peoples Store Co.	2	Warden & Leese	1
The East Ohio Gas Company	1	Knoble Brothers.....	1	Perfection Bread Co	1	Watkins Brothers, Inc.	1
The T. Eaton Co., Ltd...	3	P. C. Knowlton Co., Inc..	1	Perkinswood Transportation Co.	1	Watson Paint & Glass Co.	1
Chas. F. Eggers Co.	3	G. W. Koehler...	1	Perrett & Glenny...	2	Webb & Hendricks.....	1
C. R. Elder...	1	Kohlberg Bros..	1	F. Phillips.....	1	Webster Transportation Company	1
L. E. Elliott...	1	The S. Kohn & Sons Co.	1	Pierce Bros. & Co.	1	M. Welland	1
Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	6	The Kraus Plumbing & Heating Co...	1	Pierson Engineering & Construction Co.	1	Weinacker Ice & Fuel Co.	1
Emerson Piano House	1	J. A. Kroschewsky	1	Pioneer Sand & Gravel Co.	1	William Weller...	1
E. H. Emery & Co...	1	Theodor Kundtz Co.	4	Portland-Damascus Milk Co.	1	M. F. Westergren, Inc..	1
The Factory Oil Co.	2	Kusumaul's Express ..	1	Postum Cereal Company	1	Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd.	1
Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co.	1	F. Landon Cartage Co.	1	W. E. Prouty.....	1	Western Grocers, Ltd.	1
Marshall Field & Co.	7	S. Laskau.....	1	Pullman Taxi Service Co...	1	Western Motor Transfer	1
Field & Poorman	2	The Lee Bros. Furniture Co.	1	Puro Ice Cream Co.	1	D. J. Whelan Estate	1
Fleischman Floral Co.	1	E. Lehnhardt Estate	2	Ramos Brothers	1	White Hardware Company	1
Fleming Brothers...	1	Leitch Drayage & Warehouse Co.	1	The Red Rock Co..	2	White Rapid Transit Corp.	1
Florida Motor Transportation Co	18	Lexington Dry Goods Co.....	3	Caradoc Rees	1	White Transit Co., Inc..	5
The Flynn-Froelk Co.	1	City of Lincoln, Police Dept.	1	A. W. Reiser & Co...	1	W. M. Whitney & Co....	3
W. U. Fogwill	1	City of Los Angeles, Police Dept	1	Reliable Furniture Co.	1	The Willard Storage Battery Co.	1
Ford Transfer Co.	1	The Walter M. Lowney Co.....	1	Rhodes Brothers	1	Wilshire Oil Co..	1
Fort Valley Coca Cola Bottling Co.	1	J. B. Lukens	1	The Riechman-Crosby Co..	2	The Charles P. Wing Co., Inc.	3
Alexander Fowler	1	E. B. McAlister & Co.	1	The Riggs Company..	1	Winzeler Undertaking Co..	1
The Francis Cartage Co.	2	Peter McCabe	2	Rocky Mountain Parks Transportation Co.	2	Woodward & Lothrop	1
Frank Franklin	1	A. J. McCarty.	1	William S. Roe	2	Worcester Baking Co....	1
W. F. Frederick Piano Co..	2	McCreery and Company	1	The Rosenbaum Company	3	Yerks & Co.	1
The Fries & Schuele Co..	1	Dorman McFaddin.	1	Ryan Fruit Company	1	City of Yonkers, Police Bureau	1
Pullington Auto Bus Co	1	McMahon Bros.	1	Arthur H. Sagendorph	1	The Zanesville Fruit Co.	1
Chas. Gaffney....	4	McMahon Transportation Co.	6	Saks & Company....	7	The Zettelmeyer Coal Co.	1
The Gazette Printing Co., Ltd	1	The McNally-Doyle Co..	1	Salt Lake Transportation Co.	3	Zimmerman Brothers	1
General Baking Company	1	R. A. McWhirr Company	1	Samuelson, Florist	1	Peter H. Zink	1
Gimbel Brothers	35	Madary's Planing Mill, Inc.	6	County of San Bernardino	3	John Zitterbart..	1
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company	2	Mandel Brothers.....	14	Sandusky Furniture Store.	1		

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

TRUCKS

Weather "bitey" enough to be invigorating Leaves turning to yellows, reds and browns. Bass a-jumpin' and a-splashin'. Bacon sizzlin' in the pan. Golden Autumn days!

Nothing compares with life in the open at this season. Yet, half the joy and comfort would be missing if it were not for—your sweater.

The First Thing to Look For In Sweaters

It isn't style—it isn't fit—it isn't color.

It isn't even the quality of the yarn.

It is a little green and black label, and it reads: "Genuine and Original Patrick-Duluth Guaranteed All Wool."

Find this label first and you will be assured of good style, perfect fit, rich, fast colors and, above all, highest quality of Virgin Wool.

You want a sweater that will not "break out" at the elbows, unravel, shrink or fade after a few months' wear. Then, by all means, choose your sweater by the green and black label.

Patrick-Duluth sweaters are sold through the best dealers only.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

Duluth *Sole manufacturers of both cloth and garments* Minnesota

Pure Northern Wool from sheep that thrive in the snow

(Continued from Page 51)

called up such outlying connections as his to announce that traffic was restored. His policy was to hold his man as long as possible with soft and gentle words, and then with force. But William Blackwell did not fall into that trap; he seemed a cagy bird.

"No, thank you," he said pleasantly; "I'll do my eating and drinking when I get to Willows." He fixed his blue eye coldly on Cassidy and clipped his syllables as he added: "Show me the car. I want that timer." That same blue eye stabbed suddenly at Cassidy's right-hand pocket. A slight motion which was less a start than a stiffening seemed to jerk the stranger's frame. "I don't want any more delay," he went on. "Get me the timer off your car."

"Mebbe you can get it off better than what I can," said Cassidy. "'Tis out there in the shed beyant, jacked up. I'll get my electric torch." As Cassidy approached the table, which lay beyond Blackwell, he circled, eyes on his man. The stranger's eyes, also, were fixed on Cassidy; every turn of his glance showed suspicion, distrust. Cassidy without looking round reached with his left hand for the torch.

"You'd best go ahead; I'll light you," he said. "The dure's just past the engine. 'Tis not locked."

On the way up the short trail to the garage Cassidy kept the broad band of light from his torch equally on the path and the back of his man; Tim pranced just at the stranger's heels, from time to time sniffing suspiciously. Cassidy was temporizing from moment to moment; it occurred to him now that he dare not himself unscrew that timer; for to do so he must loosen his grip on his pistol and put his head down. They stood beside the car; the stranger eagerly opened the hood, inspected the timer in the light of Cassidy's torch.

"Looks all right. Just get it off, quick!" said he.

"You'd best be doin' that yourself," said Cassidy.

The stranger straightened up, threw on Cassidy one of his hard direct glances.

"What's the big idea, may I ask?"

"You know a flivver better than what I do, I'm thinking," said Cassidy. "I wouldn't be breakin' it on you, and it the only timer this side of Cresta. There's the tool box on the running board."

The stranger nodded, but said nothing. Cassidy stood flashing his torch on the process, his right hand still buried in his pocket, while Blackwell pawed over the tools, found pincers and wrenches, expertly detached the timer, inspected it by the light of the torch.

"Seems as good as new," he remarked. "Better come along and help me get it on. You must have a road from this garage to the main road."

"'Tis blocked," said Cassidy. "The best way's back through the shaft house."

Now as they threaded the trail Cassidy wondered if his strategy had been so very acute after all. He should have possessed himself of the timer. Without it Blackwell was stalled for the night; with it, if Cassidy himself made any mistake, the bandit had a way of escape. Blackwell was walking hurriedly now, as a man who had escape in sight. He strode past the engine, laid his hand on the front door.

"Wait a minute!" said Cassidy, so suddenly and sharply that Blackwell turned with a jerk.

"What is it now?" he asked. There was a sharp note, as of anxiety, in his voice.

"I want to see the timer, sir," said Cassidy, putting on the title as a deceitful afterthought. "Maybe we'll find when we git down to the road that it's not workin' at all, at all."

"No, never mind," said the stranger; "I know the anatomy of a flivver."

He turned full on his captor, however; and for all his nonchalant speech his eye met Cassidy's suspicious eye with equal suspicion. He had been standing against the door, his left hand on the knob, his right on the frame. Suddenly he dropped his right hand toward his pocket. And that little motion brought matters to a climax.

"Stop!" said Cassidy, so sharply that the stranger's arm poised, frozen in midcourse. "Hands up! You're covered!"

Up went the stranger's hands. But he spoke coolly, his eyes on Cassidy's.

"That's probably a monkey wrench there in your pocket."

"Did you ever hear a monkey wrench make a noise like that?" asked Cassidy, clicking the hammer.

"Sounds like a gun," said the stranger. "Let's see your pretty toy."

"Ya-ya, it's a smooth ar-ticle ye are," said Cassidy. "I'll draw it all right—when your back's turned. March now—over there by the table and take off your overcoat. If I see you makin' a move for a gun play you git it in the back."

The stranger, moving gingerly, stripped off the gray overcoat, held it by the collar at arm's length.

"What's the next move?" he asked.

"Toss it behind you," said Cassidy.

"Let me slide it along the floor, please," said the stranger. "I might break that timer."

"You'll have little use for the timer this night," said Cassidy. The overcoat swished across the floor. Cassidy stooped, his gun on the ready, took from one pocket the timer, from the other a heavy holster. He transferred these objects to his own pocket.

"Now ye'll kape that inconvaynient position a minute longer," said Cassidy. "And ye won't jump whin I shtick the bar'l of me gat in your ribs"—every moment, what with excitement and suspense, Cassidy's vocabulary was growing more and more Western, his accent more and more Irish—"because I'm nervouslike, an' might pull accidental."

From behind, Cassidy patted all the stranger's pockets, and found in the way of dangerous weapons only a large and worn jackknife, of which he possessed himself.

"Now you can rest your hands and set down, sociablelike," said Cassidy.

The stranger sank into the chair by the table. Cassidy moved to the wall, took down his .30-30 muley and his .22, backed off, set them up against the engine, laid beside them his captive's pistol and the timer, put a chair in front of them, seated himself, crossed his leg.

And all this time the muzzle of his pistol never moved from its direct point at the midriff of the unbidden guest.

"I noticed you had cigarettes in your pocket," said Cassidy. "Just light wan an' chuck it to me. An' have wan on yourself. 'Twill serve to pass the toime."

With a hand which trembled ever so slightly, the stranger obeyed. He settled back with a long puff.

"Whew! That's good," he said. "The doctors wouldn't let me smoke for a long time. Once they had me shut up ——"

"In the clink?" asked Cassidy.

"No, not in the clink. A place for—nervous disorders," said the guest. "After they let me out one of them used to follow me. Sometimes he follows me yet," he added.

He had crossed his legs now, sat looking down at the burning tip of his cigarette. The situation seemed to call for some response from Cassidy.

"I never had much doings with doctors," said Cassidy.

And then the stranger's manner changed. He dropped his foot to the floor, sat with his elbows on his knees regarding the engineer of the Wild Rose.

"You damned fool," said he, "who do you think I am?"

"'Tis all right who you are," said Cassidy. "You know who you are."

"I'm the managing director of this company," said the guest. "You big boob, I can fire you—and will if you don't let me go—instantly!"

"'Tis a fine effect of actin' you're doin'," said Cassidy.

"I can prove it," said the stranger. "I've got the papers in my pocket."

"My interest is only in the hardware in your pockets," said Cassidy. "An' I've got that. Kape your hands away from your pockets; I might have missed somethin'."

"You ineffable ass!" said the guest of Cassidy. "I tell you I've got to make Willows to-night. If I don't get a wire to Wall Street in the morning this whole company's going down round our ears."

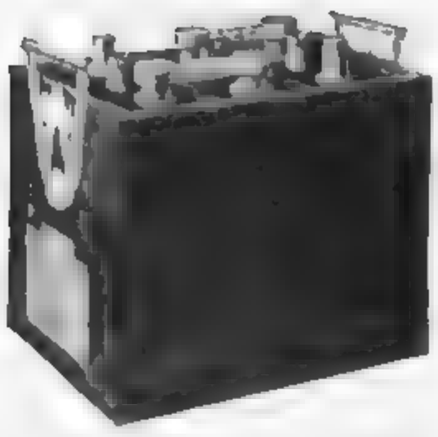
"'Tis little the likes of me knows about stocks and bonds," said Cassidy. "All I know is you're stayin' here to-night."

The captive settled back in his chair. As though he were seeking some new device his eyes ranged the walls—over the pots and pans, Cassidy's store clothes, the cupboard, the pictures sacred and profane, the framed cut of the village church at Ballyscrabben, County Mayo. Last of all they swept the table by his side, lit upon the placard proclaiming the reward for William Blackwell. His eye stabbed at that; his hands gave a little upward jerk, causing Cassidy, who was resting his tired right arm across his knee, slightly to raise the muzzle of his sidearm.

(Continued on Page 56)

Westinghouse – *for active cars*

YOUR lights, the starter, ignition—even the horn will respond with more vigor under the stimulating influence of a Westinghouse Battery. From grids to the shock absorbing U-shaped gasket, the Westinghouse combines features, workmanship and principles to produce a new power in the battery field. A new motoring experience awaits you.



In considering the Westinghouse Battery recall other Westinghouse Achievements. For more than half a century this name has been identified with development of safety in transportation. The first Air Brake was a Westinghouse. Automatic Railway Signals were Westinghouse developments.

And for individual transportation Westinghouse designed and produced the Westinghouse Battery. This battery is built to care for the most active car. It is full of vigor and lasting-power. You will put new life in your car when you install a Westinghouse.

But you don't have to wait until you need a new battery before Westinghouse serves you. Westinghouse Attention was instituted to prolong the lives of all batteries. Westinghouse service stations in all sections of the country are eager to keep your battery fit. Stop in at the nearest Westinghouse service station every couple of weeks and you'll prevent inconvenient and unexpected stops on the road.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., SWISSVALE, PENNA.

WESTINGHOUSE
BATTERIES

Parquet and Hardwood Floors

For cleaning, refinishing and reviving Parquet and Hardwood Floors, AMERICAN Steel Wool is in a class by itself. The thick mass of steel shavings has just the *right* abrasive quality, while its softness provides the requisite polishing efficiency for securing a smooth, beautiful satiny finish. Used extensively by store-keepers for removing surface stains and rubbing down parquet floors in show windows prior to re-varnishing, shellacking or re-waxing.

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Use AMERICAN Steel Wool for smoothing wooden or metal surfaces prior to painting, varnishing, etc. Use it for rubbing down first coat of paint, varnish, enamel or Japan from boats, bowling alleys, furniture, metal ceilings, automobiles, etc., prior to applying a new coat.

In Various Grades—Low in Price

AMERICAN Steel Wool comes in small and large household packages; also in pound cartons for industrial purposes. Sold in Hardware and Paint Stores, Department Stores, Chain Stores, Groceries, etc. Be sure the package you buy bears this label: AMERICAN Steel Wool. If your dealer has not the grade you want, send us his name and 15c and you will be supplied.

Department P

AMERICAN STEEL WOOL MFG. CO., INC.

9-11-13 Desbrosses Street, N. Y. C.

(Continued from Page 54)

"'Tis the start of guilt," said Cassidy. "Yes, Misther William Blackwell, 'tis you."

But the stranger appeared to have regained his grip on himself.

"You great big muttonhead!" said he. "I may look to you like the loose description in that circular, but I'm Burton Sanford, I tell you. I'm your boss. Take a look at these papers."

"Kape that arm rested," said Cassidy. "I'm growing nervous an' jumpy again. Especially in me forefinger. What do I know about your papers, Mr. Blackwell? You cud 'a' forged 'em, couldn't you? Or robbed Mr. Sanford. Be a quiet, good lad. That dodger says 'dead or alive.'"

"Just what do you propose doing with me?" asked the stranger, seeming suddenly to regain his calm.

"I'll not be fool enough to reveal me tactics and sthrategy," said the master of the situation, "except to say you stay here to-night. After a while you're goin' to make us a cup of nice warm coffee—under my directions—by way of kaping us both awake."

"Look here, Cassidy," said the guest—now his tone was pleading—"you think I'm Blackwell the robber, I know I'm Sanford. Now I'll tell you what I'll do: You keep me covered while I put the timer on my car. Then I'll drive over to Willows—you can hold your gun in my ribs all the way—and give myself straight up to the police or the constable or whoever takes care of the criminal classes. And I'll promise you you won't lose your job for this. If I find you're a good engineer I'll give you a better one."

Cassidy fixed his eye on the picture of Ballyscrabben Church and considered for a moment.

"Don't thry any more of your thricks on me," he said finally. "That was a slick wan. The night's black dark. You'll be drivin'. You'll have chances of runnin' us over a bank an' escapin' in the con-fusion."

"There's a thousand dollars reward for the arrest of William Blackwell," said the captive. "If you'll let me drive us to Willows I'll not only keep you on the job but I'll give you my check for two thousand as soon as I prove that I am—who I am. That's a gambling proposition, Cassidy; I'm betting two to one with you."

"I'm not a gamblin' man," said Cassidy truthfully. "Besides, how do I know you haven't got pals and accomplices laying for us?"

"No, I had no accomplices. I ——" began the stranger, then stopped short and cast down his eyes.

"Ya-ho!" said Cassidy. "An admission! Then you're confissin' that you're Blackwell. You almost fooled me up to now, me clever lad!"

The captive looked up. "Just let me walk to the door and back, won't you?" he said, all the authority gone from his voice. "My foot's asleep."

"Go on—but watch yourself," said Cassidy.

His eyes were bright with triumph under their long lashes, and he was smiling faintly. The prisoner rose and limped jerkily three times to the door and back; but he did not limp like a man with his foot asleep. Then he sank down in the chair, buried his face in his hands.

"And it was my first offense," he said after a time. "My first offense," he repeated almost in a whisper.

"What drove you to it?" asked Cassidy. Then pulling himself up he added, "Remimber, now you're confessin'."

"I might as well," said Cassidy's prisoner, still with his face in his hands, "They've got me to rights. My mask slipped just as I was finishing off robbing that messenger; and he knows me. Used to work at the next desk to mine in the Seavy offices. Arrest means conviction in my case. And I got nothing out of it anyway. They'd sent the big consignment by another messenger."

Cassidy, who had unconsciously raised the muzzle of his revolver at the moment of the unexpected confession, had lowered it again, sat with the weapon drooped carelessly across his knee.

"What drove ye to it?" he repeated. His tone, which had been that of a judge pronouncing sentence, had softened. "An' you an employe," he added; and now scorn tinged his voice.

"May I walk?" asked the captive.

"As far as the dure," said Cassidy, and shifted his pistol again to the ready.

The criminal took two or three nervous jerky turns, and sat down again, his face twisted and tortured.

"Injustice!" he burst out finally. "Black injustice! They robbed me of my youth, and then of my money! And I wanted money just now. How I wanted money!"

"Robbers gin-rally do," said Cassidy, "'Tis the root of all evil, I've heard."

"Yes, and so do great corporations," said the prisoner, throwing himself down in the chair. "Kept me working at starvation wages—always promising me a raise that never came. Four years ago I inherited five thousand dollars from my old aunt in Ireland ——"

"Your ould aunt where?" asked Cassidy sharply.

"My old aunt in Ireland," said the prisoner, "and I put it into the company's common stock. They watered that stock. I woke up one day to find it wasn't worth the paper it was written on. They'd cheated me out of my inheritance—me, who'd worked for them thirteen years. And I wanted that money just then"—here the prisoner struck a nervous fist into a trembling palm—"I wanted it worse than a man ever wanted money before."

He stopped, again buried his face in his hands.

"Sickness in the family, maybe?" asked Cassidy.

"No; I'm not married; that's the hell of it." There followed a pause, in which the sleeping Tim gave three faint wuffs at some nightmare enemy. "I'd wanted to marry the girl for years, but I never felt I had money enough to ask her. She went back to Ireland. Then I got the news that she'd been operated on—that she was a wreck—that somebody had to take care of her or she would be a public charge. The devil got into me, I guess. I quit my job, went over to Willows and waited two weeks. I knew the ways of the company—the day they'd be bringing in cash for the pay roll. And—I did it. Well, I got my deserts. They'd changed the day for the shipment. There were only papers and five dollars in cash in his sack. I threw that down in the mud. If you'd let me put my hand to my pocket I could prove that I've only thirty-seven dollars—all that's left to show for thirteen years of work for the Seavy Company."

"I'd tell all that to the judge," said Cassidy. "He might be aisier on you."

"With the Seavy Company owning half the politics of the state?" said the captive. "It would go easier if I'd been caught robbing the United States mails. No, it's ten years at least—maybe fifteen. She'll be dead by that time," he added in a flat, moving tone. Then his voice shook a little. "Dead, alone in Ireland. 'Twill be lonely in my cell, but being lonely with remorse like that ——"

He stopped on a dry sob which seemed an expression of grief too deep and desperate for the customary moisture of tears.

"Where in Ireland?" asked Cassidy.

"The County Mayo." This came out softly.

"Aw, you saw me pitcher," said Cassidy.

The captive turned on him so suddenly that Cassidy—tired though his right arm was—made an alert movement with the muzzle of his gun.

"What picture do you mean?" asked the captive.

"That one up there on the wall."

The captive rose, his hands supported on the table.

"Yes, 'tis Ballyscrabben," he said, a hint of soft Irish accent tinging his crisp American tones. "I thought it was familiar. I was twenty times in Ballyscrabben when I was a lad. Me mother took me to Ireland once. Eileen is sick over at Curramore—beyant the mountain."

Then as though that name brought back the whole situation he sank down again into his chair, buried his face in his hands.

"Luk at that pitcher again," commanded Cassidy. "Do you see that peak of a buildin' risin' beyant the church? What wud that be?"

The captive studied the half-tone for a minute

"That would be Jawn Haley's livery stable," he said; "him that was the great hurler when he was a lad."

"Where does that road go—the wan off there round the tree?" asked Cassidy.

"That's the road up to Glenlaury," said the prisoner, "the prettiest valley in Ireland, and the worst road. 'The Lord made it an' the divvle paved it,' they say in Curramore. After it crosses ——"

But here Cassidy's feet, coming down in a resounding thump on the floor, stopped the captive with a start. Tim, perceiving even in his dreams the joyful fact that human beings were about to go somewhere, sprang into wriggling wakefulness.

"Git on that coat!" commanded Cassidy.

He had lowered his arm, the revolver hung by his side, and a light seemed to break across the face of the captive.

"Oh, Mr. Cassidy," he faltered, "you ain't goin' to—to ——"

"This is the program," said Cassidy sternly. "You're goin' to lave your gun here; I'll be takin' no chances that you'll get desperate an' go shooting at somebody. We'll just luk over the car for explosive weapons; I'll not have blood on my hands for this. An' we'll put in the timer—an' you'll take your chances. I'm laying down wan condition. When you're through with that car you'll not be sellin' it. You'll be lavin' it where the owner can get it. Though I misdoubt," added Cassidy, "if you'll make it. But 'tis a sportin' chance."

Cassidy watched the dimmed lights of the flivver sketch ghostly landscapes out of the hills, until it disappeared over the ridge. Then he slopped back through the darkness to his own shaft house. He found himself, now that the act was done, in a curious state of emotional emptiness. He locked the doors and started to go to bed. His eye, wandering a little uneasily, lit on the stranger's captured pistol, still lying in the corner. He picked it up, stared at it vacantly; then suddenly crossed to the shaft, lifted the hatchway to let in a blast from the cold primeval depths, and dropped the pistol into the bowels of the earth. He was halfway back to his bed when he stopped short and addressed Tim.

"Desthroyin' the evidence," said Cassidy—"wudn't that be a sign of guilt now?" As he took off his slicker he addressed again the unresponsive Tim, scratching imaginary dead leaves on his blanket in the corner of the engine room. "Helpin' criminals to escape is a penitentiary offense." And finally, as he rolled in, he enunciated softly, "The poor felly!"

Half that night Cassidy lay awake, struggling with a moral problem too great and complex for his understanding.

In a state of perplexity which sank in the end to depression, Cassidy poked through an appropriately cloudy day, about his accustomed business. At intervals he tried the telephone; it was still dead. At three o'clock, however, the bell rang sharply; it was Central, announcing that traffic was restored. And at about half past four Mr. Means called up from Cresta.

"Cassidy?" asked Mr. Means. "Well, Cassidy, I'll be sending out your relief this afternoon by car. Can you pack in the meantime?"

"I can pack in an hour, sor!" said Cassidy.

"Very well," said Mr. Means, speaking with unaccustomed gentleness. "And when you arrive, come to see me at once; I'll be waiting in the office for you."

"All right," said Cassidy. And then the chief perplexity of his soul came out of him in a question.

"Mr. Means, can you tell me somethin'? Has anythin' been seen of Blackwell—that bandit that's loose?"

"He was caught early this morning, up by Rocking Pass," said Mr. Means, "and ——" Apparently he was going to say something more, but checked himself. "Be ready when the machine arrives," he concluded. "It will bring you straight to my office."

Cassidy, as he packed his belongings and put all to rights, found his complex state of mind further complicated. His first emotion was a spurt of joy. He was going to fulfillment—going to see Mary Halloran! But Blackwell was captured—and Blackwell knew the sin of his accomplice. However, Blackwell had made to him a full confession.

"I'll never peach unless he does," said Cassidy to Tim. "He'll know that."

But suddenly another thought struck him, stopped him dead in the midst of his packing. Blackwell might confess to the police. In that case he might tell everything.

"But the poor felly seemed decint," said Cassidy. "He won't tell on me."

He hugged that thought, while riding to Cresta.

The car dropped him, his bags and his dog at the door of that two-story brick

(Continued on Page 59)

Ideal-
ARCOLA
Heating Outfits

Surely these five reasons are worth five minutes

1—Its hot water heat is more healthful for your youngsters than hot air—fewer coughs and colds.

2—One ARCOLA heats all rooms—no more carrying coal to several fires.

3—Plenty of hot water for bathroom, kitchen and laundry.

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5—A price within the reach of the most modest home—30% lower than a year ago.

In five minutes your heating contractor can prove these five good reasons for installing ARCOLA.

Showing how one ARCOLA can heat four rooms and the hot water tank in the kitchen besides.

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FOR years this has been our hope—to develop a small hot water heat machine that would warm a modest home as perfectly as our big heat-machines have warmed mansions and cathedrals and even the White House itself.

ARCOLA is the practical fulfillment of that hope. ARCOLA is the baby of the AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY.

It is unlike any heating plant you have ever seen. It is boiler, radiator and water-heater combined.

The ARCOLA creates and radiates warmth in the room where it is placed, and at the same time heats the radiators in other rooms. Connected with American Radiators it will heat every part of a small home, or store or garage—and will also provide hot water for bathing and washing.

Comfort and health are ARCOLA's gift; and it pays for itself in an amazingly short time. For the sake of the whole family—your babies especially—step into the store of your heating contractor and be introduced to our baby today.

You will be surprised when your heating contractor tells you how little ARCOLA costs to install. Call on him this week. Meanwhile send for the free book of pictures and text showing Arcola installations in 4, 5, 6, or 7 room homes, as well as stores, shops, garages, and schools. Winter is coming—send for this interesting free book *now*.

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6 Decided Betterments–

real improvements to make O-Cedar Mops

Bigger–Better–Stronger

THE new O-Cedar Mop is your old time favorite enlarged, strengthened and refined. It contains much more cotton yarn—this cotton is now riveted to the steel center. The improved handle socket of white metal now gives more play.

All in all O-Cedar Mops are far better in every way than ever before. More value for less money.

Remember this:—O-Cedar Mops can be cleaned, washed and renewed without being taken apart—a big advantage.

And do not forget this: only O-Cedar Polish Mops are treated with O-Cedar Polish.

Now at Pre-War Prices

Even with the improvements (due to increased output and lowered cost) the O-Cedar Mops are lowered in price. Back to pre-war levels. More value at less money than ever before. New prices $1 and $1.50.

Sold On Trial

O-Cedar Mops are sold with the distinct understanding—if you are not perfectly satisfied with the time and work they save you and if you are not delighted with the results, your dealer will return your money without a question.

Large Size **$1.50**

(Prices in Canada $1.25 and $2.00)

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Saves Time, Work and Money

To have and use an O-Cedar Polish Mop in your home means cleaner, brighter and prettier floors and woodwork without hard work. Do away with getting down on your hands and knees to dust and polish. Conserve your strength and save your time. Banish the dust evil. Save your back.

Do what was formerly half a day's work in a few minutes and have floors to be proud of. Use an O-Cedar Polish Mop.

O-Cedar Polish Mop

Channell Chemical Company, Chicago - Toronto - London - Paris

(Continued from Page 56)

building which housed the local offices of the Zinc Mining and Reduction Company. Cassidy experienced a slight beating of the heart and a catch of the breath as he mounted the dark stairway and knocked at the door to the office of Mr. Means, local superintendent and dreaded boss.

Mr. Means sat alone at his desk; a person all jowl and cold piercing eye and hard angles of feature without, all severity and efficiency within. He looked up, and his icy glance took in Cassidy. But when he spoke the softness of his voice was somewhat reassuring.

"Close the door, Cassidy," he said, "and sit down."

Cassidy did as he was bid. Tim receiving from the stranger no response to the wagged greetings of his cordial tail settled beside his master's chair, his alert ears expressive that he was ready for fight or flight.

"Cassidy," said Mr. Means, still in that soft voice, "while it really doesn't make any difference, I owe something to my private curiosity. Who the blazes did you think you had in the shaft house last night?"

Cassidy opened his mouth to say "Blackwell, the bandit," and remembered just in time that this would be an admission, and closed it. But two waves of sickness seemed to start in his head and his toes and to meet in the pit of his stomach. And then Mr. Means' honey-sweet accents became rough. He had been controlling his temper; it burst all the more violently when he let it go.

"You damn big muttonhead, you!" he roared, dropping on his desk a thump that brought Tim to his feet. "You had the boss of the whole show, that's who you had! You stuck up the biggest man in the mining business; and you near ruined this company. You ——" Mr. Means' rage choked his voice to an inarticulate gurgle.

"Was that Mr. Sanford?" murmured the crushed Cassidy.

"Was it Mr. Sanford? It was—just as he told you. He telephoned to me from Willows when the wire opened. You big boob, he made a monkey out of you, anyway—with that movie story about being Blackwell!"

"I'll not let it happen again," said Cassidy weakly.

And at that, Mr. Means resumed control of his voice; it sank to its former deadly sweetness.

"No, Mr. Cassidy, you'll not let it happen again," said Mr. Means; "not with this company, Mr. Cassidy. Not with any other company if I can help it. You've got three weeks off coming to you. Your check is waiting downstairs. You'll take those three weeks on pay, after which you'll take all eternity—without pay. You great big mutt"—here Mr. Means seemed to be losing his self-control again—"I didn't fire you over the telephone because I was afraid you'd bang up the plant. Now take your check—and get out! A man with your lack of judgment ——" Here Mr. Means gurgled again.

But Cassidy, now that he no longer owed Mr. Means the respect due a boss, felt his Irish rising.

"That's no way to talk to any man ——" he began; but Mr. Means cut in.

"Cassidy," he said, "you don't yet seem to realize your position. You were idiot enough to hold up your big boss when he told you his business was vital, and to refuse to let him identify himself. Then when he fooled you by pretending that he was your bandit and spinning some sort of a sentimental yarn, you let him go. I don't know all the circumstances—shan't know until Mr. Sanford gets here to-night. But I'm not sure you haven't compounded a felony—assisting a dangerous criminal to escape; anyway, that's what you thought you were doing. If I were you I'd take my medicine and get out. Get out!" repeated Mr. Means, exploding again.

He had touched the moral weakness of Cassidy's position; and Cassidy knew it. Without further attempt to save his face he gathered up his hat, and left. Tim, having no consciousness of moral guilt, showed better spirit. At the threshold he turned and barked at Mr. Means.

"I'd marry you if you were a convict in a jail," said Mary Halloran fondly.

And, "I'll not let you marry a pauper," said Martin Cassidy nobly.

Whereupon Mary sank her eyes into an already saturated napkin and resumed a crying which lilted with soft keening. The Hotel Cadillac, on Main Street, was not serving meals in those days, when zinc was down to cellar prices and the camp languished; it sent its lodgers to Mrs. O'Brien's for their meals. Mary had been left alone on the late watch to serve a guest whom the Cadillac expected sometime along in the evening. To her had entered Cassidy, "lukin' wild as a banshee," she said afterward. For all that, the Cassidy whom she had built up in her imagination from her memories of last autumn and her talks by telephone seemed to Mary Halloran no whit more worthy and wonderful than the Cassidy who towered above her now; she knew that he was her man forever and a day.

Then Cassidy had burst out with it all—a disorganized account of the night's transaction, which she did not wholly understand except for the one vital fact—that Cassidy was fired for no good and just cause whatever, and that the brutal Mr. Means intended to hound him out of Cresta. Mary, when she realized it all, had sunk her face into the new linen napkin which she was embroidering with a "C," and melted into tears. Cassidy's own eyes were moist as, full of the morbid pleasure of renunciation, he rejected her final offer of love.

Things might have rested just so but for Tim. Having taken in the situation with the accurate emotional perception of a dog, having found all his offers of consolation ignored, he had given it up as a hopeless job and settled down for a nap under Cassidy's chair. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, barking aggressively, and thereby prevented the late guest from making an unobtrusive exit.

For Mr. Sanford, having got his open wires to New York in the morning, having transacted to his entire satisfaction the piece of business which sent the Zinc Mining and Reduction Company over the peak of success, had refreshed himself with an afternoon nap at Willows and motored over to Cresta in order that he might begin bright and early the day's work of inspection in that district.

As he entered Mrs. O'Brien's his eye encountered that which stopped him dead. In his range of vision through the open door sat his host of last night, that same Cassidy. Beside him, her face buried, sat a woman in trim white. She dropped her hands, started to wipe her eyes, and Sanford recognized her—the girl whose picture had served his purpose last night. Now, as the day wore on, bringing its triumph, the episode at the Wild Rose had passed in the mind of Mr. Sanford from an irritation to an adventure. He had even chuckled over it as he drove across the dimming ranges. And he, too, was not free of his ethical perplexities. How was he to look upon Cassidy? The big, stubborn dunderhead had pretty nearly wrecked the company. On the other hand ——

"Morals are not all written in the book of the law," laughed Sanford to himself.

There sat Cassidy now; and Sanford, master of men though he was, felt a curious embarrassment at the prospect of facing him. The situation was—well, awkward, unprecedented. He had an impulse quietly to withdraw and find supper elsewhere. But Tim, first giving the alarm and then wriggling a welcome to this new-made acquaintance, prevented that. Sanford, thus announced, entered. Mary Halloran, crying into the napkin, heard Cassidy suddenly rising beside her and looked up with alarm to behold her man facing a stranger.

"Oh, 'tis you!" said Cassidy, his voice quivering with fine scorn.

"Yes, it's I," said Sanford, rather weakly for one who was big boss over thirty thousand men. He found himself trying to smile ingratiatingly.

"That's the spalpeen, Mary Halloran!" said Cassidy. "That's the liar that he is wid his foine tale about his girl in Ireland!"

Here Mr. Sanford felt himself obliged to assume a pose of indignation which he did not quite feel.

"Don't call me a liar!" he said.

"Ain't you?" inquired Cassidy. "I ast you, Mary Halloran, ain't he? Comin' play-actin' to me shaft house. 'The Seavy Company done me!' says he. 'An' me Eileen in Ireland will die,' says he." Cassidy was himself play-acting as he imitated with cutting sarcasm the tones which the big boss had employed last night. "An' me givin' up a thousand dollars reward ——"

Here Mary, crooning in the corner, broke in with a wail: "An' me already embroiderin' the napkins—all linen they was." Mary melted into inarticulate sobs.

"I know the kind of Irishman you are," said Cassidy. "You're the informin' kind. You an Irishman! You come over wid Cromwell."

"I'm not an Irishman," said the big boss.

And surprise seemed to check the just rage of Martin Cassidy as he inquired: "Not an Irishman? Listen to him, Mary Halloran. He's lyin' again. How did you know about Ballyscrabben? Denyin' Ireland, that's what you are!"

"As a young engineer—just out of college," explained Mr. Sanford meekly, "I was broken into my business in the County Mayo—electric-power proposition. I know every contour in your County Mayo. When you were muttonheaded enough to refuse to let me identify myself I had to do something quick. My eye lit on your picture of Ballyscrabben and on the portrait of this young lady here—and I spun my yarn. Seeing that picture of Ballyscrabben was a piece of luck. But doubtless if that hadn't occurred I'd have thought of something else—you great big stiff!"

"Callin' me a stiff!" said Cassidy to Mary Halloran. "Darin' to call me out of me name, and him widout a word of trut' in him!"

"An' I'd borryed the promise of Ellen Keen's white lace scarf for a weddin' veil!" wailed Mary from the corner.

"Breakin' a girl's heart wid your smooth lies!" said Cassidy.

The situation was growing ridiculous, Sanford said to himself. He pulled himself together and managed to imitate an air of authority.

"That will do, Cassidy," said he. "This is not the way an employe should talk to his boss."

"I'm me own man now," said Cassidy, "the Lord be praised! An' I'm talkin' to you, man to man."

"You don't tell me," said Mr. Sanford, "that you're fool enough to be quitting a good job in these hard times, just because I played a little with your emotions!"

"Quittin'!" exploded Cassidy. "Me emotions!" sneered Cassidy. "Didn't Misther Means talk to me like the dirt under his feet? 'You're fired!' says he. 'You can take all eternity off,' says he just like that. 'I'll hound youse out of camp!' says he."

"What kind of man do you think I am?" inquired Mr. Sanford inconsequently—considering that Martin Cassidy had just spent some time and energy making quite clear what kind of man he was. "I do the hiring and firing for the Zinc Mining and Reduction Company. Little Mr. Means"—here the great man of the zinc world checked himself—"Mr. Means was doubtless irritated, and exceeded his authority. I told you last night that if you let me go you'd not lose your job. That stands!"

Cassidy, though he maintained his erect attitude, seemed to wilt.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Sanford," he stammered. "I spoke too plain."

"You certainly spoke plainly," said Sanford. "Let's see, there was something else. Oh, yes, I said I'd give you a better job. It appears to me"—here Mr. Sanford's grave smile took in Mary, wiping the last of her tears—"that you two young people are contemplating matrimony. The Wild Rose is no place for a bride. Suppose I do some shifting in the morning to give you a job on one of the Cresta claims?"

"Glory be!" said Mary Halloran. "I told himself nobody'd have the heart ——"

"I did offer to pay the reward too," broke in Mr. Sanford, "but that's off, because somebody else has captured Blackwell, the bandit. But if this young woman will name what she wants I'll send her a wedding present from the East."

"Thank you, sir. I'd like, I'd like—glory be, I can't think this quick!—oh, I know—I'd like wan of those lemonade sets if it ain't askin' too much," said Mary Halloran, falteringly but promptly.

The big boss settled down in a chair.

"Well, that's settled. Now I wish to goodness you'd bring me some supper."

Martin and Mary flew to the kitchen, followed by Tim.

A minute later Mr. Sanford heard a succession of quick barks from behind the swinging door. Tim had all the conservatism of dogs; he resented and suspected every new phenomenon in human conduct. Along with this sound there were others—the clatter of a tray on the floor, a quick shuffle of feet, a feminine exclamation of protest, cut off sharp and short.

Martin Cassidy was taking from Mary Halloran a first kiss.

A mother's advice to her daughters

"My dears, I want to talk to you about something that has a great deal to do with your happiness.

"You know how important it is for a girl to be always at her best. It means a great deal to her happiness and success in her social life, her home life—yes, and afterwards in her married life.

"You may be very pretty and charming; you may be well gowned. But that isn't enough if you fall short in the perfection of sweet daintiness which is the greatest charm of every woman.

"In spite of the pains you may have taken with your toilette in preparing for the dance or theatre, you will find as the evening wears on that the inevitable odor of perspiration and other body odors will steal upon you, embarrass you and, to say the least, greatly diminish your natural attractiveness.

"When I was young we had to endure this misfortune; but now this trouble is entirely done away with by the use of 'Mum,' the wonderful discovery of an eminent physician, which takes all the odor out of perspiration and other body excretions."

"Mum" is the word

"Every morning I apply a little 'Mum' and I can rest assured for the whole day and evening that I shall be entirely free from all embarrassing body odors.

"No, 'Mum' does not check perspiration or other body functions—it is entirely safe. There is nothing in it that can irritate the skin or harm the most delicate gown or waist. 'Mum' is just a nice soft white cream that is quickly absorbed by the skin.

"So 'Mum' is the word for you and other girls who want to enjoy the full effectiveness of their natural daintiness and charm."

This wise mother might have gone further and told her daughters about another thing that has a great deal to do with a woman's daintiness and charm. There is a lovely talcum powder which has the great advantage that its rich exotic perfume lasts all day and evening. It is being used a great deal in place of perfume—it is so dainty and refined besides being cool and comfortable. "Amoray" is its name.

Get these splendid toilette helps at your drug- or department-store.

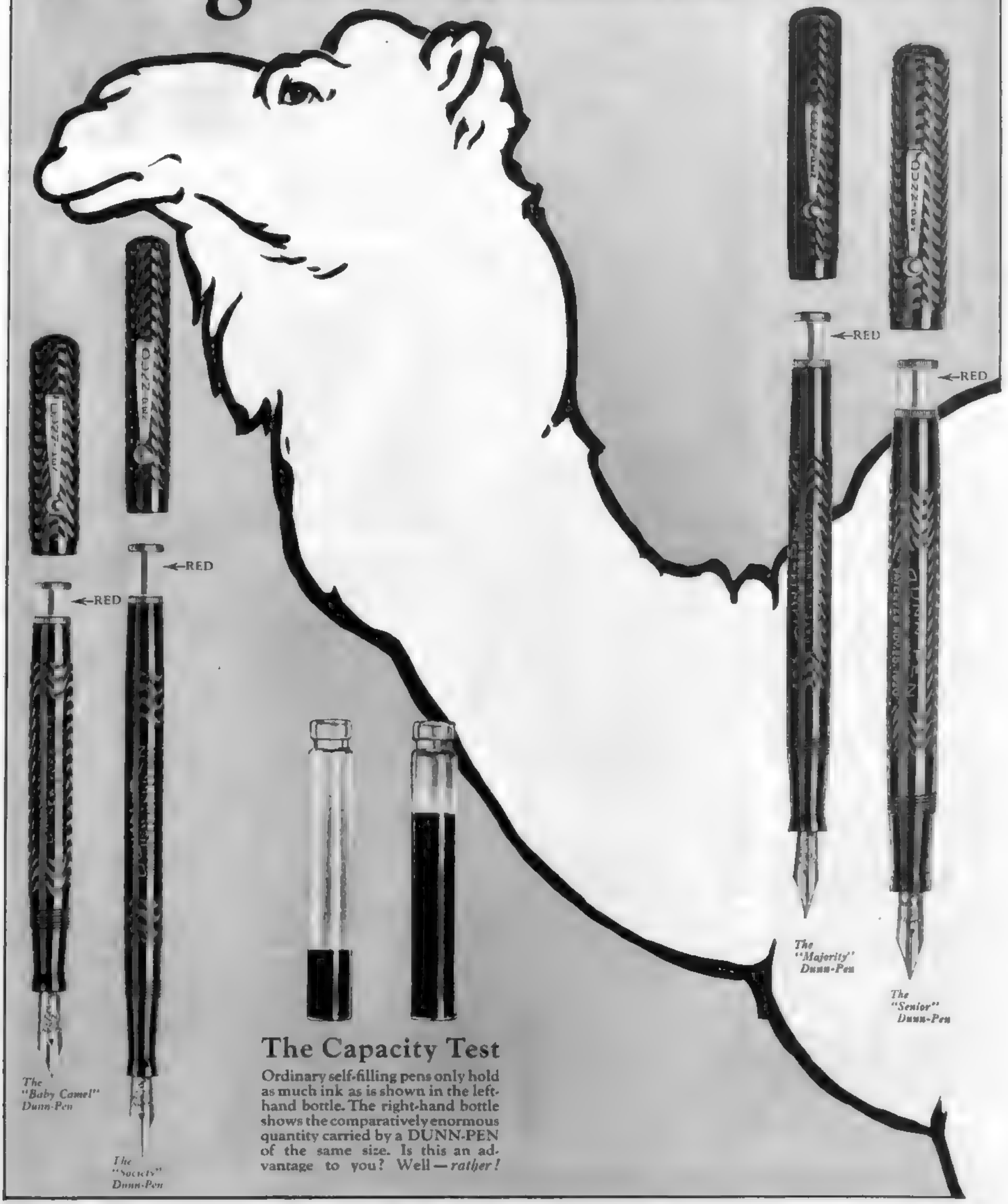
"Mum"—for all body odors—25c.

Amoray—the talc with the fragrance that lasts all day—35c—"Powder Perfume."

Or we will send them by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

George B. Evans
1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

A Regular Camel for Ink-



The "Baby Camel" Dunn-Pen

The "Society" Dunn-Pen

The "Majority" Dunn-Pen

The "Senior" Dunn-Pen

The Capacity Test

Ordinary self-filling pens only hold as much ink as is shown in the left-hand bottle. The right-hand bottle shows the comparatively enormous quantity carried by a DUNN-PEN of the same size. Is this an advantage to you? Well—*rather!*

Goes a Month without a Drink

The New Self-Filling Fountain Pen with No Rubber Sac in it

MARCH 21st, 1921, was a great day for everybody who has any writing to do. The *New York Times* of that date carried, in full-page space, the first public announcement of the invention and sale of the marvelous DUNN-PEN. It was a ringing advertisement. It wakened the people of the metropolis to new and startling fountain pen achievement, and echoed throughout 67 foreign countries where the DUNN-PEN is already hailed as a revolutionary product of the utmost importance to industry, commerce, statecraft and society generally.

It set Charles Dunn—a skilled pen-maker who had labored ten years to perfect his idea—in the very forefront of American inventors whose genius has served mankind. It won the hearty coöperation of dealers who sell fountain pens, and captured the eager patronage of men and women who buy them—men and women who are just a little bit tired of pens that clog, pens that leak, and pens that hold such a tiny squirt of ink that you have to keep filling them every day or so.

Since then the DUNN-PEN has swept the country and solved the pen difficulties of thousands of people who realize what a happy thing it is to have a cleanly and dependable fountain pen that will work when they want it to—*every time and all the time*, with no silly bother or expensive repairs. In every city of size, and in hundreds of towns, villages and hamlets, the DUNN-PEN has proved an instantaneous and overwhelming success, breaking sales records right and left, and winning public confidence by the sheer merit of perfect performance.

The secret of what you might call the *camel capacity* of the DUNN-PEN lies in the very important fact that it has *no rubber sac in it*. Therefore, it has room for a full "barrel" of ink. The barrel of the DUNN-PEN is *full* of ink, from the solid gold nib which glides smoothly across the paper to the Little Red Pump-Handle with which you pump it full in a jiffy without muss or fuss. And when once filled you can write "till the cows come home" without fearing that you're going to run short of ink just when you need it most.

The DUNN-PEN has four major parts, accurately machined, precisely fitted, and superbly finished. It carries its own power plant for clean filling and even feeding. In order to fill your DUNN-PEN, you just pump slowly a few times with the Little Red Pump-Handle; this simple and durable pump action is the *natural* and *right* way to get the ink into the barrel of a fountain pen.

Study carefully the four models and names on the left-hand page of this advertisement, and the demonstration of correct filling on the right-hand page. Then tackle your nearest dealer for a DUNN-PEN. Tell him you want the *Fountain Pen with the Little Red Pump-Handle*. If he says he hasn't it in stock yet, then the best thing for you to do is to order from us direct by mail, sending the purchase price as here given, stating style of pen desired *(Baby Camel, Society, Majority, Senior, or Tattler)*, and whether you prefer a fine, medium or heavy writing point. But *be sure* to give the name and address of *your dealer* so we can write him, and credit the sale properly to his territory.

Now then, *readers of The Saturday Evening Post*, don't all speak at once—you'd swamp us!

The "Tattler" Dunn-Pen

This is a special and extra model of the Dunn-Pen with a transparent barrel made of sturdy Bakelite. You can see the filling process and always tell how much ink it contains. Made in two lengths, 4½ and 5 ins.

$5.00

The Dunn-Pen Guarantee

Your money back without question or quibble if you do not agree that the Dunn-Pen is the most wonderful fountain pen in the world.

4 Standard Styles 4 Major Parts 4 Popular Pen-Points 4 Dollars Everywhere (in the U.S.)

(See left-hand page)

DUNN-PEN COMPANY, 300 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

The marvelous

DUNN-PEN

The Fountain Pen with the Little Red Pump-Handle

This shows the simple pumping operation of *all* models of the Dunn-Pen.

Pump the Dunn-Pen full with a few strokes of the Little Red Pump-Handle. It cleans itself automatically as you fill it.

Relax in a Royal

Just fifteen minutes of complete *relaxation* will often repair the damage of a whole day of high pressure work.

No. 0360

Just Push the Button

Royal Relaxation is complete This celebrated "Push-the Button" chair supports every point of the body Pull out patented DISAPPEARING LEG REST Then "PUSH THE BUTTON" and lean back until you are at perfect ease Release button and back remains in that position Absolutely automatic Locks in any position. Read, sew, or just recuperate completely relaxed.

The Royal is "The World's Easiest Easy Chair" Made in many modern and period designs oak or mahogany. Upholstered in tapestries, velours, fine leathers and fabricated leathers. Absolutely guaranteed. Moderately priced See your local furniture dealer for demonstration Attractive Booklet sent free on request.

Royal Easy Chair Company
Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.

Royal

EASY CHAIRS

"Push the Button—Back Reclines"

Special No. 31

Mahogany or walnut finish Rich tapestry with blue background. Fitted with loose spring seat cushion and Disappearing Leg Rest.

No. 881-0

Mahogany or walnut finish Tapestry, Velour or "Buckskin" Imitation Spanish Leather in Blue, Black or Brown Deluxe Spring Edge Seat Disappearing Leg Rest

Special No. 6

Oak, mahogany or walnut finish Red or "Buckskin" imitation leather Tan, Cordovan Black or Deluxe Spring Edge Seat Showing Leg Rest extended.

THE GENERATION THAT'S NEXT

(Continued from Page 7)

defraud. Yet my repute for masterly business acquirements has somehow come to their ears.

With experience I have reached the point where, just from the appearance of the outer casings, I can at a glance recognize one of these letters. As I run the tip of the paper knife under the flap of the envelope I seem to hear the bulbul, which is the national bird of Wall Street, singing his courting song. "Bul-bul," he sings, "bul-bul, bulbul-l-l, BULL!"

It makes no difference that, to date, I have not taken advantage of a single one of the unparalleled speculative opportunities which as a mark of special attention are offered for my favorable consideration. The fact is that daily these busy stockbrokers spend their own money on postage stamps and stenographers and telegraph tolls in order that they may express their unbounded admiration for my superior judgment and my wide and comprehensive grasp upon business matters and my astuteness in the marts of trade. As I was saying, rarely does a day pass without some such heartfelt meed of praise coming to me. And on this day there were three of them. It was a flattering thing.

As again I harked back upon the principal events of the day just finished I was constrained once more to admit that mankind at large did appraise me as being altogether a worthy individual—one whose small likes and dislikes should be reckoned with, whose opinion was deserving of respect, whose feelings should be protected, whose whims should be accorded deference, whose petty faults should be excused. But presently something occurred to put me in my proper and greatly diminished place. Before the evening was over I came in contact with a group of youths newly loosed from one of our larger universities. I spent an hour or two in a place convenient for studying them and for overhearing their conversation, they being unaware that a spy lurked within earshot.

Teaching Father the Game

For the fruitage of my eavesdropping I gathered these concrete impressions of their joint views: That any philosophy not based upon cynicism is a bogus philosophy. That any enthusiasm displayed over the simpler pleasures of life distinctly is bad form. That the chief end of a father is to provide funds for his son to spend. That a fellow should not be in too great a hurry about picking out a career and going to work to earn his own living; he might make a serious error should he choose too hastily the business or profession he intends to follow; the thing to do is to take it easy and look around awhile. That the main faults with parents, considered as a group, are that they are so old-fogyish and out-of-date. That the chief hero among these young people is not the one who has won the highest scholastic honors nor the one who has most conspicuously distinguished himself at athletics; it is the one who has been expelled from every prep school and college in which he has been enrolled. That for the sake of his own standing a fellow cannot afford to be seen in public places with a girl who is not dressed according to the smartest mode. That a fellow makes a mistake if he favors any particular girl with too much of his time and attentions; it is the job really of the girl to show attention to the fellows. That an ability to dance well is worth more than any number of college degrees. That reverence for traditions and precedent, veneration for old ideals and tolerance for the code of organized society where that code comes in conflict with a fellow's own inclinations and desires are all distinctly poor taste. That clothes do make the man. That earnestness exerted in any given direction is a rather stupid form of misapplied energy. That the plodder is an ass, the student a drudge and the ambitious a bounder. That there is no reason why a fellow should try to be interested in current politics or national events. That the wisdom of the ages is as naught when opposed to the native and inherent intelligence of modern youth. And finally that though the members of the preceding generation meant well enough, no doubt, and though allowances must be made for them still, taking them by and large, they were a pretty dull and inconsequential lot.

In the week preceding the week when this article was written I was witness to a small occurrence which I think should here be described for illustration of the type I am trying in my feeble way to sum up on paper. The thing occurred on the golf course of a country club near New York. On the tee of the tenth hole was a man who is distinguished in one of the professions, a man of about fifty-five, I should say offhand, whose name is famous in the lines along which he has specialized. He has been a busy man all his life; only lately did he find the time to take up golf. He was taking a lesson now in driving. His son, a smug, self-sufficient-looking youth of about nineteen or possibly twenty, was acting as instructor.

The father awkwardly teed up the ball while the son stood back to watch him. It was evident that the novice was flustered; also that the teacher was out of patience with the pupil's performances. The situation, physically and otherwise, was one where a green hand and an inexpert might very well be flustered. In front streamed the fairway, a narrow green river of turf flanked by perils and pitfalls. On the right was a deep ravine which we who are inept at the sport have christened Death Valley. On the left was a stretch of rough meadowland which at best abounds in difficult lies and which now was all torn up and harried about and dotted with loose clods. Probably our professional had lost a ball there. Our professional comes from Aberdeen and is not one who would abandon the search for a golf ball valued at one dollar and ten cents without a desperate struggle. I don't think he ever found it either. It has seemed to me that lately our professional has worn a distracted and melancholy aspect. But he certainly had looked for it thoroughly. The condition of the terrain proved that.

The beginner addressed the ball and swung—and missed. He swung again. I would not go so far as to say that this time the ball actually rolled from its place, but it flinched slightly. It flinched forward about three inches. The son stepped forward. Literally he wrested the driver out of his parent's grasp.

"Stand aside," he commanded brusquely, "and watch me!"

"What was wrong with my swing?" faltered the parent humbly.

"Everything was wrong!" snapped the youth. "You didn't keep your head down. You didn't keep your eye on the ball. You dropped your shoulders. You shifted your feet. You didn't go back slowly. You jumped at the ball. You didn't follow through. Everything you did was wrong. Now keep your eyes on me and you'll see how it should be done."

No Work and All Play

One might almost have forgiven the boy for all his self-assurance and his impertinence, for his cocksureness and his arrogance if haply he, too, had made a failure of it. He could have been pardoned his rudeness if only he had not been so infernally competent, so criminally perfect. There was a swishing through the air. There was a sharp, hard, clean click as club head smacked against corrugated rubber, and straight and true and fast the ball sailed down the fairway; then striking, bounced and rolled and finally stopped a good two hundred and ten yards distant.

To my way of thinking, the beauty of the execution of the stroke was the last straw. Had I been that father I know I should have been tempted beyond my strength; I should have turned violent. But not so with this father. He merely stood and stared at the tiny white pellet on its grassy cushion. And now, to top all, the smirking young scoundrel chose to pile insult upon injury.

"There," said this bumptious youngling; "that is the way it should be done." He smiled a smile half of pity, half of contempt. "But I guess you'll never learn it. I've about given up hope of teaching you anything about this game—you're such a frightful dub at it. And you don't seem to be able to remember the things I keep telling you either."

By rights the older man should have plucked a brassy from his bag and sunk it deep in his presumptuous offspring's bean. By rights that boy should have been borne from the spot, dented in like a Parker House roll. That is what would have happened, too, had the father been a Pilgrim Father. He was not a Pilgrim Father, though, but merely the descendant of one; a descendant made flabby and submissive by the spirit of these modern times. Silently he accepted the stinging reproof, and with shoulders bent followed the son down the fairway as a particularly meek-spirited lamb might follow after the butcher.

Next to his lack of a bump of reverence it seems to me that the most predominant characteristic of John Jones III is his everlasting and gnawing restlessness. Devices for amusement and occupation which were ample and more than ample for my generation he rejects as puerile and childish. Not for him the hay ride; for him the joy-ride. Anchored in one spot for an hour he rebels against the inaction, no matter how agreeable the surroundings may be. Into a day he crowds more of entertainment—usually entertainment which is expensive and frequently dangerous and sometimes injurious—than his father knew in a month. He is impatient of restraint; he appears to have within himself no resources upon which he may draw for his own pleasure and his own employment. He must have resort to artificial expedients—to high-powered cars, to an ornate and widely diversified wardrobe, to girl shows, to alcoholic stimulant—when he can get it, and he generally can—to dances which begin at midnight and last until broad day; elsewise he counts his time as so much time practically wasted.

Modern Handicaps

I am not speaking now of professional lounge lizards or of unhealthy-minded wasters, but of the sons of well-to-do and well-bred parents—normal youngsters, or rather youngsters who would be normal if only the times were—as they offer themselves to the observation of an older person in or near a big Eastern city. It isn't altogether their fault, either, that they are as they are. They have been overindulged, overpampered, overpetted. They have taken pattern of their elders, who, for their part, have fallen into false and strained and unnatural modes of living and thinking. They have not been encouraged to develop a sense of responsibility, nor trained to show consideration for older people. Their good manners appear mainly to be on the top like a coat of varnish; the veneer of their courtesy seems to be no more than skin deep. If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, then it must be equally true that all play and no work—or no mental preparation for work thereafter—makes Jack a conceited, intolerant, thoughtless young pest. One is given to wondering what, at thirty or forty or fifty, they may find of agreeable employment for their minds and their hands, when at twenty they already have lived so fast and so furiously. And one finds it difficult to imagine John Jones III in the years to come writing a Gettysburg Address or digging a Panama Canal or inventing an Edison lamp or building a Great Northern Railroad. Probably he'll do it though. He'll do it, not because of his earlier environment and the false standards of values which he began to acquire almost before he put on long trousers, but in spite of the present handicaps. And if he fails when the hour of his test comes, no doubt the job will be competently attended to by another boy who was reared among simpler surroundings and disciplined by a surer parental control and hardened by the experience of doing without expensive and luxurious things until he had earned them for himself. There should be several millions of this other sort of boy coming along.

Judging by the visible signs and available evidences it would appear that John Jones III drinks a good deal of hard liquor and makes no secret of his drinking We may blame this upon national prohibition if we choose. It is rather the custom in these dry times, which are not dry, to ascribe every good thing and every bad thing, depending upon the ascriber's point of view, to prohibition. Of this much, though, I am sure—that the youth of the oncoming generation indulge their appetite for alcoholic stimulation after a fashion which twenty years ago would have

(Continued on Page 65)

BEAUTY · STRENGTH · POWER · COMFORT

Achievements of ELWOOD HAYNES

President of The Haynes Automobile Company since 1893

1872—Invented apparatus for making oxygen. Succeeded in melting brass, cast-iron and high carbon steel, using furnace and blower of his own construction.
1881—Graduated from Worcester; Thesis, "The Effect of Tungsten on Iron and Steel." Discovered tungsten chrome steel
1887—Conceived idea of a "horseless carriage"
1888 Invented small vapor thermostat
1891 Prepared drawings for the construction of a "horseless carriage."
1892—Completed the plans for the actual construction of the machine. Moved to Kokomo, Indiana.
1893-1894—Built the "horseless carriage" and drove it on the first trip July 4, 1894.
1894—Invented successful carburetor and first automobile muffler.
1895—Introduced use of aluminum into automobile engine construction. Won $150 from *Chicago Times-Herald* for best balanced engine in "horseless carriage."
1896—Nickel steel introduced into automobile construction
1897—Alloy of chromium and nickel containing carbon and silicon discovered.
1898—Alloy of pure chromium and pure nickel formed.
1899—Made first 1,000-mile trip in motor car in America, Kokomo to New York City
1903 Rotary valve gas engine invented and built
1906—Basic invention of Stellite for use in table and pocket knives, etc., made of nickel or cobalt with chromium
1907—Obtained basic patent on Stellite.
1912—Improved invention of Stellite to include use in high speed metal cutting tools. Invented Stainless steel, a rustless steel.

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NEVER before in the 28 years of its successful existence has The Haynes Automobile Company been in a position to offer such decidedly extreme values, such supreme excellence, dollar-for-dollar, as you are now offered in the new 1922 Haynes 55 and 75 models. They are the fruition of more than a quarter century, devoted to building toward the present standards. They are the culmination of the research and experience of men who have grown with and contributed to the growth of the automobile industry since its very beginning in America. Only through this practical genius, aided by the facilities of the immense Haynes factories, building over ninety-five per cent. of each Haynes car, could such cars be possible at such a price. That is why the motoring public has been instant in its recognition; it is the reason Haynes dealers urge an early reservation by those who wish to make sure of prompt delivery.

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$1785

Driven by the power of the famed Haynes light-six engine; cord tire equipped; enhanced by genuine leather upholstery, exterior side cowl lights, individual fenders and steps—a semi-sporting, five-passenger touring car at the extremely low price of $1785 f. o. b. factory. The Haynes 55 is also manufactured in the roomy, two-passenger Roadster [$1835] and five-passenger Sedan [$2835] models. The new Haynes 55 is in every sense a Haynes product, typifying the balance of beauty, strength, power and comfort in still higher refinement. The same genius, the same energy, the same ceaseless care that created America's first car, has again brought forth an automobile that is distinctly welcome to the automotive world.

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The new 1922 Haynes 55 and 75 models are the result of more than a quarter of a century of fine automobile manufacturing by the oldest automobile institution in the United States. Consequently, these Haynes models represent the combined skill of a corps of engineers who possess the accumulated experience of such an extensive period.

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Fads in cookery held no interest for the folks of long ago. But they knew a lot about food flavors. In fact they specialized in flavor, and each family had particular culinary triumphs which made it famous. People ate what they *liked* in those days.

Now, men of science are asserting that flavor, after all, is probably the individual's best test in food selection. Indeed, it has been demonstrated that flavor actually aids digestion through a gentle process of stimulation.

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There is no effort here to disguise the inimitable taste of beans cooked with pork. Rather, the Beech-Nut way—as in the case of the famous Beech-Nut Bacon—is always to bring out the fragrant flavors with which nature endows all of our food.

After you have served them your family will say: "Here at last are beans which are flavorful, with a real, old-fashioned goodness." For those who prefer it serve Beech-Nut Chili Sauce or Catsup with them.

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There is real economy in Beech-Nut Pork and Beans. The price—15 cents east of the Mississippi—is so modest that you need not hesitate to serve them as often as the family asks for them—which will be very often indeed when once they know the delightful Beech-Nut flavor.

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Jellied Fruits
Jams, Jellies, Marmalades and Preserves

Confections
Mints
Chewing Gum

Beech-Nut Pork and Beans

(Continued from Page 62)

spelled for them social ostracism; yet generally they go unchecked, and usually are not denied the entrée to dances and college proms and even to private homes where they come with liquor pouched on their hips and the smell of it on their breaths.

I bear testimony that this sort of behavior on the part of grown boys and full-grown men was not tolerated in the community in which I lived until I was nearing my thirtieth birthday. Yet I came from a midsection of the republic where in the olden days bourbon whisky was regarded as a proper staff of life. The town where I was born was one of the last towns below Mason and Dixon's Line to stand out against the local-option wave which had swept the smaller interior communities of America; and my native state of Kentucky was one of the two remaining states of the South—Louisiana being the other—which had not officially gone dry by legislative action up to the time when Br'er Volstead's little act went over nationally.

While I was growing up through boyhood, through my youth and on into manhood, I had the example of whisky drinking all about me. Many of our oldest and most respected families owned and operated distilleries. Some of them had been distillers for generations past; they were proud of the purity of their product. Men of all stations in life drank freely and with no sense of shame in their drinking. Mainly they took theirn straight or in toddies; in those parts twenty years ago the highball was looked upon with suspicion as a foreign error which had been imported by misguided individuals up North who didn't know any better than to drown good liquor in charged water. There were decanters on the sideboard; there were jimmy-johns in the cellar; and down at the place on the corner twenty standard varieties of bottled bourbons and ryes were to be had at an exceedingly moderate price. Bar-rail instep, which is a fallen arch reversed, was a common complaint among us.

Even elderly ladies who looked with abhorrence upon the drinking habit were not denied their wee bit nippie. They got it, never knowing that they got it. Some of them stayed pleasantly corned year in and year out and supposed all the time they merely were enjoying good health. For them, stimulating tonics containing not in excess of 60 per cent of pure grain alcohol were provided by pious patent-medicine manufacturers—earnest-minded, philanthropic patriots, these were, who strongly advocated the closing up of the rum hole, which was their commonest pet name for the corner saloon, but who viewed with a natural repugnance those provisions of the Pure Food Act requiring printed confession as to fluid contents upon the labels of their own goods. Distinctly I recall the occasion when a stalwart lady starting off to attend a wedding and feeling the need of a little special toning up beforehand, took three wineglasses of her favorite nerve balm instead of the customary one which she took before a meal, and, as a consequence, on her arrival at the scene of festivities was with difficulty dissuaded from snatching down the Southern smilax and other decorations that she might twine with them a wreath to crown herself. She somehow had got the idea that she was the Queen Emeritus of the May. It was reported about town afterward that she tried to do the giant swing on the parlor chandelier; but this was a gross exaggeration—she only tried to hang by her legs from it.

Still, constant and unabashed drinkers as many among us were, there was a hard-and-fast rule regarding the use of liquor; a rule which the boys themselves enforced upon boys who might feel inclined to break it. This rule was that no male should go into the company of girls when he had been drinking or should bring liquor along with him. After he had left the girl's home or after he had escorted her back to her home from the dance or what not, then, and not until then, did he feel himself free to indulge in stimulant. These times, from what I can gather and from what I have with my own eyes observed, youths who are presumed to be well-bred carry bottled potations in their pockets to proms and parties, and swig the stuff, openly perhaps, or with some pretense of concealment while imbibing, until they are glassy eyed and thick tongued, and oftentimes incoherent of speech and wabbly of gait. The elders may disapprove, but for the most part, so far as I can learn, they keep silent, making no attempt publicly to discipline the offenders.

As a matter of fact we might as well be frank about it and confess that a vast proportion of the older generation are conniving and colleaguing to break the same law which their sons violate. As I diagnose the situation which has arisen since the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, we nearly all are actuated now by much the same instinct which causes a small boy to loot a jam closet. He doesn't particularly want all that jam but he takes the jam because it is summarily denied him and because he's afraid he may never again get a whack at unlimited jam.

So much for this roughed-in likeness of John Jones III. The conception is general, not specific, and the writer has no particular individual in mind as he signs the rough portrait he has tried to draw. Approaching the task of endeavoring to limn, even after the most sketchy fashion, a suggestion of a hint of a trace of a bare outline of little Miss Florabel Debutante—1921 model—he finds himself daunted by the prospect. For, as has been stated some distance back in these pages, she is infinitely more complex and more elusive than the male youth of the generation that's next.

Assuredly little Miss Florabel is next too. She has a precocious wisdom beyond her years.

Gone from our ken is the sweet girl graduate of twenty or even ten years ago, in white with flowing ribands, coyly demure, sweetly shy, almost a woman in age yet still a child in knowledge of worldly things, a creature secluded, cloistered almost, knowing not cosmetics nor the permanent wave, peering with timorous, curious eyes across the line which separates girlhood from wifehood and motherhood. That is to say, she is gone from our ken in these Eastern parts. Elsewhere in our land she still may exist. But not noticeably hereabouts.

In her stead we have a poised, self-confident, self-possessed, self-willed little person, imperious, worldly-wise and altogether adorable, who knows exactly what she wants and exactly how to go about getting it. She is extravagant; suitably to outfit her requires as much of ready cash as in another day would have wardrobed a score of damsels in a state proper to their station. At twenty, and unwed, her speech on subjects formerly taboo to married women of forty is singularly free and frank, and yet one dares venture the assertion that she is probably as clean-minded and wholesome as her mother was, or her grandmother. She is alive and alert mentally and bodily; she is athletic; she is quick to shift her viewpoint to match the current opinion of her set as it veers with the season. For example, she knows that this year the juvenile vampire is *passé;* the proper pose is to be the natural, unaffected, almost indifferent, almost entirely unromantic, tomboyish type. And she is. She is less of a professing cynic and more of a real skeptic than is the lad who squires her. She is infinitely deeper in her mental processes than he is, but on the surface tremendously more candid and more sincere and more genuine than he. She has all the restlessness, all the constant craving for new forms of diversions and for fresh excitements which mark him, and in addition is more rebellious of discipline and more irked by what she regards as the stupid restraints of convention. Simple things to her are more than simple; they're foolish. She desires the thrill of what is bizarre, unusual, exotic and expensive.

She is startlingly irreverent, and gloriously slangy. To her an uninteresting youth is a flat tire, an attractive girl is a sweet dish, and a bore of either sex is a vacuum sweeper. She has apt pet names for her hats, her rings, her headdresses and her frocks. Indeed, in this last regard I believe she is encouraged by the dressmaker. It would appear that if a Fifth Avenue costumer can conjure up a catchy title for a gown she may with propriety add many dollars to the selling price of it. Only the other day a small maiden trigged out for a party told me that her frock—an abbreviated, filmy thing—was called Mist of the Maytime and cost—well, I forget the figures, but the total was startling. But had I had the naming of it I should have named it Authority. You remember the line—"drest in a little brief authority"?

In short and in fine, she is the feminized spirit of the times, epitomizing all the sense of disquiet, all the craze for new sensation, all the madness for reckless expenditure of energy and money and nerve-force reserve which have marked mankind these last few crowded, tragic years.

One evening not long ago I sat in the company of a very wise and very wonderful old woman, watching a ballroom full of fit representatives of the newer generation dancing one of the dances which they have borrowed from the natives of the Congo.

"Look at them," I said. "In a month they have more pleasure provided for them than their mothers and fathers had in a year or their grandparents had in a decade. And yet what, more than any other qualities, do they seem to radiate—disillusionment and dissatisfaction and discontent. I am sure, too, despite all that is done for them, that they don't have nearly so good a time as boys and girls of their age had in my time. And I wonder what sort of men and women they're going to make—say, ten years from now?"

"You are saying exactly what all men and women say as they approach middle age," she answered. "Young folks to-day have just as much fun as young folks had when you were twenty—but they aren't telling you about it. Why should they? And I shouldn't worry, if I were you, about the future of the race. Have you forgotten what happened only four years ago when this country got into the war? Did the younger generation fail in its duty then? It did not. Isn't it a fact that the seemingly frivolous-minded society girls answered the call for ambulance drivers, for nurses, for welfare service, for Red Cross work, with just as much alacrity as girls who worked for their living showed? Isn't it a fact that there were as few slackers among the sons of rich men—among pampered, indulged, spoiled college boys—as there were among the sons of poorer men? It is a fact, and you know it and the statistics prove it. Don't you be lying awake nights concerning yourself about the future of America. America will be safe so long as the majority of those who live in America are genuine Americans. When the emergency arises real Americans always will arise to meet it. And they'll come from every walk of life too."

I hope she was right—and I rather guess she was.

FACE TO FACE

(Continued from Page 26)

"You can't go like this. I love you and ——"

"You had better love your wife," she said coldly.

"I hate her!" cried Junior, so venomously that Elizabeth gave a little cry.

"If she comes between you and me ——"

"Please—Jimmy," she said softly. "I thought you were the kind of man I—I had always wanted to meet. Let me keep on thinking it. I am going out of your life. You know, I wasn't a part of it anyhow."

"You were! I mean, you are."

"Tell your father I'm much obliged for the chance he gave me. You wanted to help me, didn't you, Jimmy? That's all you thought of—to help me—wasn't it?"

"I didn't know until now how much you meant to me," he told her.

"You mustn't talk that way. You have your—your home, and I—I have mine. Good-by."

"Are you going to Hazleton?"

"You won't follow me, will you, dear—boy? You won't, will you?" She looked at him anxiously.

"No, I won't follow you," he said quietly, having made up his mind that she was not going. "Elizabeth, may I ask you one question?"

"It's no use." She opened the door.

"Tell me, if I were single would you ——"

"Please!" she said hastily, as Miss Tifft appeared. "I am leaving, Miss Tifft," Elizabeth told her pleasantly. "Mr. Jones has just informed me that he does not think I can fill the position."

"I am sorry," murmured Miss Tifft.

(Continued on Page 68)

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In interpreting the mode tailleur we design only for the discriminating type of woman. In developing Printzess coats and suits for the cultured, refined American woman we reject the exaggerations, the extreme effects which repetition so often renders short-lived.

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(Continued from Page 65)

She was a rather plump young woman, brown eyed, who thought well of herself. Junior scowled at her.

"Good-by, Mr. Jones," said Elizabeth sweetly. "I am sorry I wasn't equal to the requirements!"

The dazed Junior saw her walk out of his life.

XXI

JUNIOR went to the club and found his father still at luncheon. He decided that it would be better to confer with Elizabeth before he delivered an ultimatum. He therefore did not accompany his father to the bank but took advantage of the greeting of a man who did not look like a borrower, although he seemed anxious to please Mr. Jones.

He stopped a taxicab and told the driver to take him to 697 East 6— Street.

It was an old-fashioned four-story brick dwelling, surrounded by huge tenements. He rang the bell. A red-headed maid opened the door.

"Does Miss Elizabeth Jones live here?" asked Junior.

"She does!"

"Is she at home?"

"I don't know."

"Will you find out?"

"Who shall I say is calling?"

"Mr. Jones, from the bank."

The red-headed one hesitated, then said grudgingly, "Will you step in?"

"If you think it's safe for the furniture," said Junior.

She did not deign to answer but pointed toward a boarding-house parlor at the right. Presently she returned and announced, without any show of pleasure, "She's not in."

"I have an important message for her. Could I wait here?"

"I suppose so," she said doubtfully, but Junior said "Thank you" with such respectful gratitude that she stopped frowning and went away.

One hour passed very slowly. The cheering thought that her coming was one hour nearer made the second hour pass more quickly. At various times he heard a key at the door, and he turned eagerly, only to see young women walk in with a confident air. Each gazed fearlessly at him, as people do who are accustomed to receiving calls from strangers. Trained nurses, she had told him.

It was past five when Elizabeth came in. He rose and walked toward her.

"Miss Jones," he said solemnly.

"What do you want?" She frowned, but the voice was not so unfriendly as the words or the face.

"Thirty seconds of your time."

She hesitated, then walked into the parlor. He motioned her to a place on the sofa. She sat down. He took a chair.

He had prepared his speech in the three hours of waiting.

"I came to tell you that I am going to end a ridiculous situation—er—in my life. Will you be good enough to let me tell you about my—my unfortunate marriage?" He was very serious.

"Your private affairs ——"

"Allow me!" He spoke almost with the majestic courtesy of a floorwalker. "I wish to tell you that I—ah—do not opine I should go on with this tragic farce—a marriage that never was and never could be a marriage!"

He paused, because he sincerely admired the turn of that phrase. It had said itself without any conscious effort on his part.

He went on, "My father wished me to marry this—er—person. I have never seen her face. And I do not wish to see it!"

"You have never seen her face?"

"I made it a condition that I should not see it, thinking that no woman lived who would be such a—who would marry sight unseen. But she did."

"Why did she?"

"Search me! I mean I do not know. Perhaps it was out of spite. My eyes were bandaged at the wedding. She always wears a thick veil. She'd stop a—er—her face is impossible."

"If you never saw her how can you tell?" asked Elizabeth suspiciously.

"I could tell," Junior assured her with a sort of melancholy triumph, "with both eyes closed and my hands tied behind my back! And then, I can hear her!" He shook his head; he knew Elizabeth would not believe him. "It didn't matter much to me until I met—as long as I didn't care for anybody else. But now it's—it's different. I am going to end it. Of course I shall have to leave home and earn my own living. My father thinks a lot of her ability; but I can't love a factory, can I?"

"How do you mean?"

"That's all she's interested in. She owns it. It's got to end. It's a tragedy, I tell you."

"But you went away on your honeymoon."

"I spent it on the third floor of my father's house, and she on the second floor."

"What's her name?" asked Elizabeth curiously.

"Sarah," he said bitterly. "You see?"

"My aunt's name," she reminded him severely, "is Sarah."

"And I hate her too," he informed the niece savagely.

"She was very good to me—for a time," said Elizabeth.

"Well, there was also a time when I did not wish my Sarah any harm," he retorted. "Anyhow, I'm calling for a show-down to-night, and then when I am free I want to see you and ——"

"Oh, no!" she said, and shook her head violently.

"Let me finish, will you, please?" he said peremptorily. "I want to talk to you and—er—listen to you. You will be looking for a job. So will I. In common justice to me you will allow me to—er—compare notes with you about landing one. It isn't going to be any joke for me, I can tell you."

"And for me?" she said bitterly.

"Oh, you've got ideas and ——"

"And not a friend in New York."

"What do you call me?" He looked at her so reproachfully that she had the grace to blush. "The best in the world, right here. After I find something to do and am free, I'll tell you—er—something I think you ought to know."

She shook her head. He did not know what she meant to convey by that movement. It was unutterably graceful. To play safe, he told her, "You're right. I suppose you think I'm an ass."

He paused without meaning to stop at that particular point, but before he could go on she said, "No, I don't." As a denial, it was more polite than convincing.

"That's all right. You can't hurt my feelings," he told her reassuringly. "I admit it was a perfectly asinine thing to do, but now I've got to undo it. And the sooner the better."

He frowned so murderously that she shook her head dissuadingly.

"Have you tried—er—liking her?" she asked; anxiously, he thought.

"I couldn't!"

"But have you tried trying to like her?" she persisted.

"She is the kind that even discourages trying to try. A woman who's got a face that would paralyze a ——"

"But you never saw it."

"But others have. Of course," he went on hastily, to prove how logically he formed his judgments, "the chief trouble is not that she has not a pretty face—beauty is only skin deep, here to-day and gone to-morrow! But her inner er-self is most disagreeable. Being polite and considerate only infuriates her. I'm going to tell her right out ——"

"Wait a moment, Jimmy," interrupted Elizabeth, her eyes bright with the excitement of a wonderful notion. "Listen! Why not try being really nice? I want you to promise me something."

He shook his head. He knew!

"You must promise," insisted Elizabeth, and looked at him.

"Anything!" he swore fervently, and took her hand in both of his. "What is it," he asked grimly, "that you wish me to do?"

"Before you go home to-night I want you to go to the park and sit down at our bench."

"You darling!" he cried, and moved closer.

"No, wait!" she bade him.

"I'll wait."

"You must sit there at least half an hour and think of how you are going to talk to her in a nice friendly way, so that she will release you."

"Do you wish her to release me, Elizabeth?" His voice trembled.

"Don't you wish to be released?" she parried.

"And when she does, do you know the first thing I'll do?"

He looked at her, hoping that she might admit her ignorance. She returned the look, and her eyes again acted as suction pumps. They drew from him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"I—I think I know," she murmured, and kept on looking and learning.

"I'll tell you, Elizabeth," he volunteered, as though she had asked him to put it in words. She turned away her head.

"Elizabeth, in order to be—er—strictly accurate, I must see your face while I talk."

But she walked toward the hall and went up the stairs. On the sixth step she halted and turned toward him.

"Jimmy, remember that you have to be very careful. And please don't make your father angry."

"I won't."

"I wish ——" She stopped abruptly.

"What do you wish?" he asked eagerly.

"The same thing that you do!" she answered.

He started up the stairs, but she cried "Go back! Go back!" so panic-strickenly that he stopped. She moved upward four steps and said, "Will you telephone to-morrow morning?"

"No," said Junior, "I'll come and tell you to-night."

"Oh, there's no need of that. And, besides, you couldn't tell me very much in a parlor full of people."

"Is there no other place in this house where I could see you?"

"No. Telephone to-morrow."

"No. I'll telephone to-night," he said with a grim look that puzzled her.

She could not guess that he had decided that after his interview with his veiled wife he would return in order to do his telephoning from the corner drug store, half a block away from Elizabeth's boarding house. The object of telephoning from there was to make certain that she did not leave her house before he could reach it—as might well happen if he telephoned from his own house.

XXII

JUNIOR walked briskly toward the hallowed spot where the lilac bush bloomed for Elizabeth's benefit. The blessed bench was there and he would keep his sacred promise.

He sat down. It was six, but the sun, believing in the open shop, was still on the job. It was too nice a world at that time of year to leave without a pang. Toward the east the sky was cloudless. Toward the west it was gold and turquoise, with hollow rolls of frosted silver. The young foliage had taken on the transient bronzing that comes from such sunsets. The world was on its way to rest. The night surely would bring coolness and repose, stars and dreams. But it was still hours away. In the meantime what would he say and do at home; and why?

He would see his father and Sarah together, and simply tell them he was not going to be a fool any longer. That was a fool decision. Well, then, he would admit frankly that he had been thoughtless and silly and everything they had ever said he was; and then that he was no longer the same. That was no better.

And yet the world certainly had changed for him, and life had taken on a new meaning. It now meant a whole lot. It was difficult to go into details as to all it meant; but at any rate, he no longer could think of a world without Elizabeth. He liked to be near her. When she was within touching distance he seemed to fill himself with a sense of exquisite completeness. He wished to be with her, not merely moments but by the year. No matter what she did or what she said or what she didn't say, she would never bore him. What did it all mean?

That he must accomplish the impossible—that is, convince Sarah and Mr. Jones, and also earn his living in order to earn his freedom in order to earn Elizabeth. He would sell aëroplanes as well as demonstrate them. He knew he could make his real friends buy them.

That was as far as Junior got. The young man on the bench across the path, at a command from his companion, reluctantly pulled his watch out of his pocket, frowned at it and said something. The girl pulled away her hand and rose hastily. He impolitely kept on sitting and talking. She shook her head, whereupon he rose discontentedly.

Junior looked at his own watch, as everybody does when somebody else does, and saw that he would be able to reach home in time if he hurried. She probably had not returned from her visit to the factory. He would speak to his father.

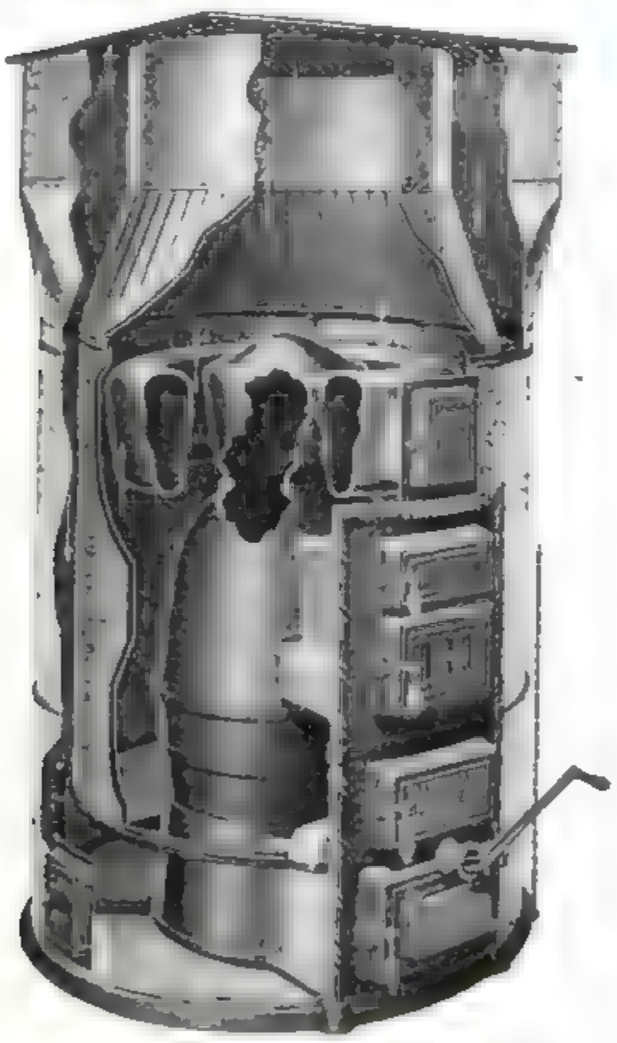
Bob the butler opened the door, and seeing Junior, also opened his mouth, but instantly changed his mind and shut it.

(Continued on Page 71)

Quick Heat in Chill October with Lower Fuel Bills

MUELLER "BIG 3" CONVECTOR

(The Heating System Without Pipes)



The Mueller Book which you will receive FREE when you send in the coupon will give you many good, sound reasons for insisting on the Convector for your home. It gives you a clear explanation of how the Convector gives you every heating comfort, and describes its three big exclusive features—Large Register Face, Wide Straight Air Passages and Big Heating Surface—that insure better heating and greater fuel economy.

AN easily started fire—a shovel of fuel or two and the damp and chill are gone from a raw October day. This is one of the great advantages of the Mueller "Big 3" Convector.

It will quickly and economically heat all your home on chilly days or mild days—when many heating methods give most trouble.

It isn't enough that a heating system should heat all your home comfortably in ***cold*** weather.

Almost any heating system with the possible exception of stoves will do this. The ***true test*** of a heating system is—***will it heat all your home comfortably in any weather—without trouble—without fuel waste?***

The Convector Will Do This

It is more easily and quickly regulated to temperature change than any other type of heating system. And you don't regulate the Convector to mild weather by turning off pipes or valves or fussing with dampers. You simply walk over to the little regulator on the wall, give it a slight turn, and burn less fuel.

Mrs. Lona Smith of Spokane, Wash., says: "The Convector heats my entire home in 10 minutes with two shovelsful of coal."

Think what comfort such quick, economical heat will bring you on damp, chilly days. Wherever you live, the chances are that ***half the days you need heat are mild days.*** Why waste fuel and be uncomfortable with a heating system that is hard to regulate?

Mr. E. S. Wolstad, Rio, Wis., installed the Convector even though he had a hot water plant, because the Convector is so easily regulated. He found that the ***free circulation*** of air caused by the Convector ***actually enabled his other heating system to heat better with less fuel.***

What Greater Comfort and Economy?

From the icy cold of the North to the Southern Frost Line, the Convector can be almost instantly regulated to burn just enough fuel to make your home comfortable—fill every room with cheery, healthful warmth ***without fuel waste.***

Owners in every part of the country tell us that they are saving ⅓ to ½ on their fuel bills—sometimes much more—so much, we hesitate to tell you. Mr. S. A. Bishop of Spokane, Wash., says he heats all his house with less fuel than he used to heat one room with a stove.

And Convector owners enjoy ***every known heating comfort***—clean, moist air, healthful ventilation, all their home ***perfectly free of heating apparatus.*** They have less work, less trouble, practically no upkeep expense.

Free Offer to Home Owners

You will want to know more about this wonderful heating system—how it is GUARANTEED to heat all your home in any weather—its moderate price—how it burns any fuel—why it will last a lifetime—how it can be installed in less than one day's time in any house or building.

We will send you complete information FREE, if you will send us your name and address. You will also learn how you can have the services of Mueller engineers in helping you determine how to heat your home best for the least money. This service places you under no obligation at all. Just send the coupon.

Mueller Pipe Furnaces

Nationally famous for fuel economy, heating efficiency and durability. Catalog free on request.

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Makers of Warm Air—Steam—Vapor and Hot Water Heating Systems

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Please send me free Mueller Book and your FREE information chart so that your engineers may determine the best scientific method of heating my home or building. It is understood that this service is absolutely FREE.

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is *not* Sweetened Milk

PET Milk is "milk at its best"—just pure, wholesome milk—nothing added, nothing removed but a part of the natural water. It is sterilized to preserve its purity.

By adding an equal amount of water, you have natural sweet milk of unusual richness, safety and convenience. For cream uses, Pet, without water added, is delicious and economical.

The secret of how to keep milk fresh without adding sugar was discovered by the Helvetia Company, who for 35 years have successfully maintained the quality and uniformity so noticeable in Pet Milk.

If you are particular about the quality of the milk you use, try Pet. Join the thousands who order Pet Milk by the case, and no longer depend upon the milkman. Your grocer can supply you. Two sizes—tall and small. Write for a Pet Recipe Book.

The Helvetia Company
(Originators of the evaporated milk industry)
General Offices—St. Louis

PET "Milk at its Best"
EVAPORATED MILK

(Continued from Page 68)

"Say it! Say it!" commanded Junior, who knew Bob.

"She is here!" confessed the butler.

"That's good," said Junior.

"And Mr. Jones telephoned he wouldn't be home for dinner."

"That's fine!" said Junior.

Bob looked at him in an amazement that presently turned into uneasiness; but he played safe by saying, "Yes, sir, major."

Junior went up to his room, dressed and went downstairs, punctual to the minute. She had preceded him. She was dressed in brown as usual. He was glad that she was veiled.

"Good evening," he said amicably.

"Good evening," she returned shortly, and walked towards the dining room.

He could see that he had made her wait. It induced a mood of silence during the dinner. He noticed that she seemed to manage her knife and fork more easily than before, as if from practice—training for years of it to come! He noticed also that her list to starboard was quite pronounced and that she was rather more angular than he had thought her.

It was obvious that she was determined not to speak. It was not until after the dessert that he said in a conciliating voice, "I was hoping you would be back."

"Don't lie!" she snapped at him.

He flushed, remembered that he was going to ask his freedom, and said evenly, "I am not in the habit of lying. The reason why I hoped you would be back to-night was that I intended to ask you if you didn't think the farce had gone far enough."

"What farce?"

"This marriage of ours that isn't a marriage."

"No, it isn't."

"And it's never going to be."

"Never is a long time."

"You know very well that we shall never be to each other more than we are now," he said earnestly.

"What of it?"

"It isn't very satisfactory."

"It suits me," she said grimly.

"Well, it doesn't suit me."

"That's too bad." But her voice was utterly devoid of regret.

"And I think we ought to end it."

"End what?"

"Our alleged marriage."

"Why?"

"Why? Why, I just told you."

"No, you didn't," she denied.

"It is absurd to go on this way."

"Not at all. You knew what you were doing, and so did I. Your father was anxious to have me marry you. I owe him a great many favors. I did as he wished, and so did you."

"Yes, but ——"

"Well, then, the situation hasn't changed."

"Oh, but it has!" he assured her with his little smile. "A man doesn't have to be a consistent ass."

"An ass is an ass whether he is consistent or not."

"Well, I have made up my mind that we must ——"

She interrupted him by rising.

"I don't wish to hear any more about it." She spoke determinedly, and more nasally than usual. "I will not consent to a separation. Of course you can act like a cad and break your word and your father's heart. But if you do the blame will be yours entirely. I refuse to consider any suggestion of a separation. If you run away I shall stay here and try to be a daughter to your father, since he was not lucky enough to have a man for a son. There is no need for you to waste any more breath."

She nodded her veiled head with a gesture of determination and started toward the door.

"Let's talk it over quietly," he urged, but all she said was, "I'll fight any divorce action you may bring anywhere."

She walked out of the room before he could say Jack Robinson, or whatever the words were that he felt like saying.

He realized that he had come face to face with what he never before had known from personal suffering—the stubbornness of a woman. There was no way that he could see, of fighting—that is, no way of fighting and winning—that is, no way of winning quickly.

He knew Sarah would not listen to him, but she might listen to Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones must listen to him.

Obviously, there was nothing for Junior to do but to telephone to Elizabeth.

He went out, took a taxi and drove to the drug store at 6— Street and Avenue B. From there he called Blank 8282.

"I'd like to speak to Miss Elizabeth Jones."

"Who is calling?" The voice was so suspicious that he answered "Mr. Jones" in a tone intended to convey an impression of fraternity.

"I'll see if she's in," said the voice pessimistically.

Junior began to doubt the wisdom of telephoning her about his failure. It would be better to ask for a personal interview.

"Yes?" said the sweetest voice in the world.

"I told you I would telephone," he said.

"Oh, it's you?"

"I said it was."

"The maid said it was—ah—one of my cousins."

Junior disliked all the unknown Joneses so intensely that he marveled at himself. He said, "Can I come over and see you?"

"I'm going out in a few minutes."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, and hung up, delighted with the strategy that had made him telephone from the corner. It would take him about forty seconds to get to her boarding house.

The red-headed party in black with the white apron barred rather than opened the door.

"Tell Miss Elizabeth Jones I'm here."

"Is she expecting you?" She doubted it.

"She ought to," he answered briskly. "Just tell her Mr. Jones, will you?"

She allowed him to stay in the hall while she went up the stairs very slowly. Presently she returned.

"Miss Jones is busy just now."

"Very well, I'll wait," he told her pleasantly, and walked into the sitting room.

Five boarders were there—three females with the look of professional wisdom of trained nurses, and two youthful males who looked even wiser and therefore could only be hospital internes.

They looked at him—all five—with the coldly scrutinizing stare of people to whom all other people are merely cases, and went on talking polysyllabic drivel.

What a life for Elizabeth to lead! He must take her away.

But he could not take her away!

"Mr. Jones?" It was Elizabeth's voice, merely asking for information.

He turned quickly. She was dressed for the street. He therefore walked towards the door and opened it.

"Do you wish to see me?" She frowned.

"We can talk as we walk." He stepped aside for her to pass.

His will was stronger than hers. He closed the door and walked down the stoop after her. She went westward to the avenue.

At the corner she stopped and asked him, "Well?"

"I must tell you what happened. Let's go to the park."

"Are you craz—medically insane?" she asked in a trained-nurse voice.

"No. But do you wish me to become so at the top of my voice in the middle of the street?"

"I did not ask ——" she began very frigidly.

But he took her arm in his, started southward and said, "Very well, then, don't ask. Just listen. I now know what I did not know before. After you listen to me I'll listen to you!"

His manner and voice impressed her in spite of herself, but she said, "But it is out of the question to think of going to the park."

"Are you a prude?"

"Are you a pig?"

"Well, we'll walk on until we get to some place where we can sit and talk."

"We can talk as we walk," she said, quoting from him.

"Very well. I went home and my father wasn't there, but she was. I spoke very nicely to her. She said she would not consent to a separation or a divorce."

"Oh, Jimmy!" cried Elizabeth, and clung to him. Perceiving that she was doing so, she promptly released his arm.

"So I came back to you, because what I shall do depends on you."

They had reached Fifty-ninth Street. He turned westward.

"What depends on me?"

"What I shall do."

"What can you do?"

(Continued on Page 73)

Lower Prices for Wallace Silver—

IT IS with great pleasure that we announce very radical reductions in the prices of our high-quality silverplate.

Ever since our business was founded, over 80 years ago, we have consistently kept faith with the buying public. Whenever manufacturing conditions have permitted, we have always been among the first to give the public the benefit of lower production costs. *That is what we are doing now!*

The situation to-day in the silverware industry is such as to fully warrant price revision. And we are happy to again take the lead.

Teaspoons	that were	$ 8.50 a doz.	are now	$ 6.50
Dessert Spoons		15.50	" " "	12.00
Dessert Forks		15.50	" " "	12.00
[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible] Fork		[illegible] each		[illegible]
[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]
Gravy Ladle		3.00	" "	2.25

These substantial reductions cover the new Hostess pattern, shown at the right, as well as the ever-popular Athena and Alamo designs.

The Hostess design is truly the spirit of hospitality translated into silver; and, like all other Wallaceware, it is made so well by Wallace silver craftsmen that it is *guaranteed without time limit.*

The Hostess is matched in dinner and tea sets by the Sheraton pattern shown above. Complete services may also be obtained in the other designs.

"1835 R·WALLACE"
HEAVIEST SILVER PLATE

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
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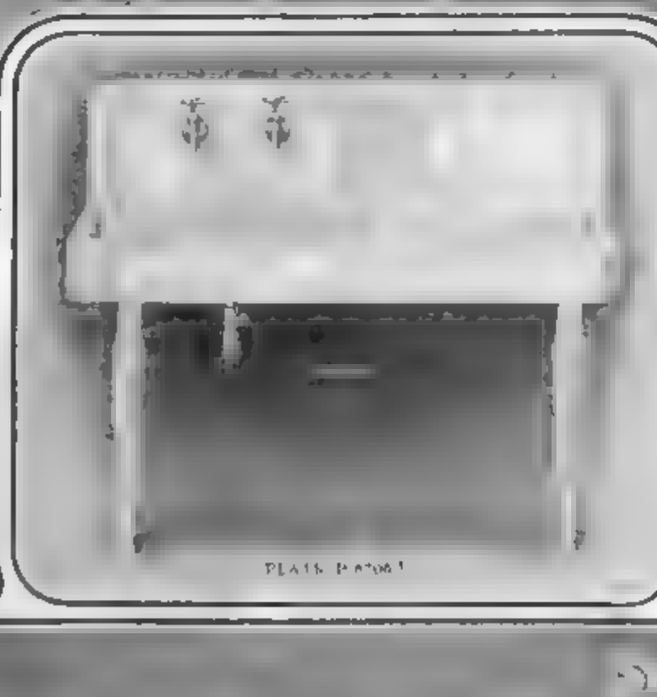
SILVERSMITHS FOUNDED 1835

"Standard" KITCHEN SINKS

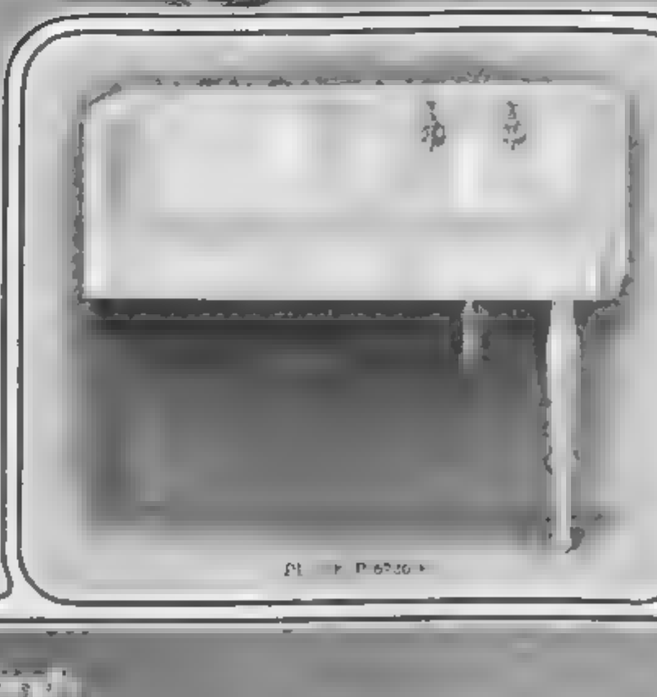
Measure your SINK with a YARD STICK



IS your sink 36 inches high yard stick height? Measure from floor to rim as shown in picture.

Most kitchen sinks are so low that they cause endless discomfort and back strain. "Standard" kitchen sinks have adjustable legs so they can be set 36 inches high, the correct height for women.

Write for copy of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home.



Service at "Standard" Branches

(Continued from Page 71)

"If you mean legally, I don't know. I'll see a lawyer to-morrow. Then I'll see my father. The thing is to get my freedom. When I am free will you marry me?"

"I—I—d-don't know," she stammered.

"Why don't you?" he asked impatiently.

"How can I tell?"

"Do you mean that you don't know your own feelings or that you are bashful?"

"I—I can't tell," she repeated distressedly. "Oh, I wish it wasn't so noisy here!" The red trolley car had clanged by deafeningly.

But Junior persisted, "There's no sense in beating about the bush. A quick death for me every time. Just answer yes or no. Don't you care at all?"

"Do you?" She looked at him.

"Yes," he said loudly. "I love you so much that it's all I can do not to—Elizabeth, I love you so much that I want you all the time. Don't you care—a little, dear?"

"I—I ——"

"Answer yes or no."

"I do care but—but what do you know about me or I about you?"

"I know I love you. And you?"

"I—I am afraid," she murmured.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of—of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes. If I told you I cared ——"

"Don't say it unless you do."

"But I do. I ——"

"Oh, Elizabeth! Why do you tell me this in the street?"

"But you are a married man ——"

"Oh, he-e-eck!"

"Jimmy!"

"That infernal car! Where were we? Oh, yes! Well, I'll see a lawyer to-morrow and then I ——"

She did not wait for him to finish, but, womanlike, fixed her gaze on the past.

"Oh, Jimmy, why did you do such a silly ——"

"Don't rub it in, sweetheart."

She instantly grew serious.

"You mustn't call me that. I am not your sweetheart. I can't be. Don't you see that? I must not even think of you!"

They had reached Madison Avenue. The deserted dining room of a small hotel suggested silence and chairs to Junior.

"Let's go in here and have something."

"I don't want anything"

"I can't talk to you with all this racket." They walked in. A waitress came up grudgingly.

Junior told her, "Iced tea for two. Don't hurry."

They sat down. Junior wasted no time. He asked Elizabeth, "Have you any suggestions?" He looked for them where they ought to be. Her eyes were beautiful and blue and infinitely deep; and, withal, truthful. He could see that she knew him as no one else in the entire world knew him. For the first time in his life he felt himself understood!

"Elizabeth, I don't have to tell you that I love you, do I?"

"No," she said in a low voice.

"I—we—we understand, don't we, dear?"

"Yes." She was looking at him as though she would read his very soul.

"It—it's wonderful! I didn't know it would be like this," he said in an awed voice. "Did you?"

"No!" She drew her breath in sharply.

"Darling, you do care, don't you?"

"Yes," she whispered. Then she nodded as if an invisible hand had grasped her head and compelled it to bow.

"Do you—er—care much?"

She did not answer.

"Do you?"

"Do I?" she repeated hypnotically.

"Do you care—much, darling?"

"Oh, J-Jimmy, don't!" she begged brokenly. "Don't you see? Can't you?"

"Yes. But tell me! Tell me, sweetheart!"

"I -I mustn't!"

"Please, dear. I want to hear it. Tell me! Do you? Do you, dear?"

"What's the use? We can never —— Oh!" She bit her lips and looked away in order to regain her self-control.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," said the waitress.

"What kind of tea?" asked Junior.

"Orange pekoe."

"Nix on the o. p. I should have told you to bring the other kind. Take that away. No hurry."

Elizabeth had picked up the dingy menu and was fanning herself with it. The waitress scowled, took a deep breath, compressed her lips and went away.

Junior, thrilled, happy, wretched, calm and excited, said softly, "Elizabeth!"

"What?" She did not look at him.

"Look over here."

She shook her head.

"Why not?" he asked, quite unnecessarily. He knew and the knowledge was joy.

He reached across the table and put his hand on hers. She drew it away quickly. He stared at her breathlessly, fascinated by the utterly incredible smoothness of her cheeks. He saw her amazingly beautiful profile. He particularly noticed the perfect ear; also the golden-brown hair. He reverted to the smoothness of her cheeks. Wonderful cheeks to rub cheeks with!

"Elizabeth"—he did not know that his voice trembled—"if I told you how much I cared for you you would never believe it! When I look at you I wonder —— Please, dear, look this way, won't you?"

She gave him a fleeting flash of sky and heaven.

"I—I guess you'd better not. Elizabeth, let's go somewhere—out of this—er—atmosphere."

She shook her head. Safety first!

"We can talk here," she said.

"Yes, but when you talk without looking at me it's like a kind of phonograph record. If you only knew —— Oh!"

The waitress brought two tall glasses full of a pale-yellow liquid with an emaciated slice of lemon trembling on the edge of each glass.

"What kind of tea is that?" asked Junior.

"That," answered the waitress complacently, "is China tea."

"I am sorry. I cannot drink anything but English breakfast. Take this away and bring a pot of English breakfast tea made specially."

"You said ——"

"That's all right. I'll pay for this. But get me the other kind. We're in no hurry. Take it easy." He smiled.

The waitress smiled back. He was a good-looking guy.

"Soit'nly," she said pleasantly. "I'm on!" She went away with the glasses and a grin.

"I don't want any tea," said Elizabeth.

"Nor I," said Junior. "All I want is to sit where I can see you and wonder why I did not know that you were going to be everything in the world to me and ——"

Elizabeth sighed deeply.

"What's the matter?" he asked quickly, alarmed by the look that came into her face.

"I was thinking ——" She paused.

"Think only that I love you," he said, convinced that that was the first time anyone had ever made that remark.

"Are you sure that you care as much as you say?"

"Positive!" he answered.

But she shook her head.

"I am absolutely certain of it," he assured her earnestly.

"Jimmy, I—we must face the reality."

"Yes."

"What I liked about you from the first was that you were like a big boy. You are that—that kind of man. I am sure I would always —— Don't, Jimmy. Won't you please let me talk?"

She looked so pleadingly at him that in his most reassuring tone of voice he told her, "Certainly!"

"But I—I have had to work and I—I guess I'm older than you in more ways than one."

"They say those are the happiest marriages."

"Please! I am serious, Jimmy."

"So am I." He frowned to prove it.

She smiled sadly and went on: "You are the only son of a rich man. You've never had to be anything but a big boy. You did a very—er—boyish thing when you married a woman you didn't care for. But that is no reason why you should be a boy twice."

"What do you mean?"

"What would your father say if you told him that you loved me?"

"He'd say I had good taste."

"He more likely would say that you were an idiot. You don't know anything about me. Perhaps you only think you are in love. But if you knew me better you'd know how silly I am about so many things that you'd surely feel you were making a bigger mistake."

"I guess not!"

Lucas

Paints and Varnishes

Buy *Good* Varnish

MANY years ago John Lucas & Company decided that, to maintain the uniform quality of their products, it was necessary for them to make their own varnish. In many of the "Purposely Made for Every Purpose" products, varnish is an important ingredient. Enamels, varnish stains, floor paints, wagon paints, metal coaters, all require it. Obviously, to keep these various paint products of the very finest character, *Lucas Varnish* had to be the best that John Lucas & Company, with many years of paint-making skill, could develop. This same varnish, that has helped to make *Lucas* products lustrous and durable and beautiful, is available for *your* use.

Lucaseal Varnishes are the "Bon Ton" line of all *Lucas Varnishes*—each made for a special purpose, including outside work, floors, woodwork, furniture. Ask your dealer for *Lucaseal Varnish*.

John Lucas & Co., Inc.
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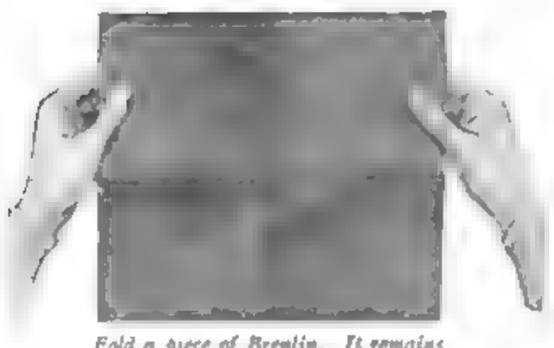
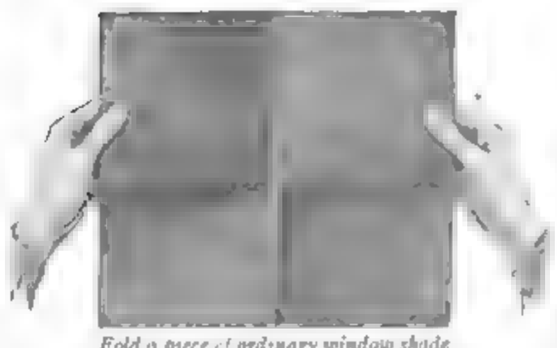
Purposely Made for Every Purpose

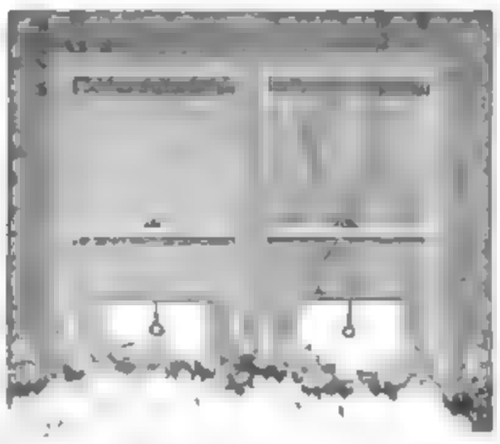


Fold a piece of Brenlin. It remains unbroken; it has no "filling" to crack and fall out.



Fold a piece of ordinary window shade material [illegible]. It cracks and shows pinholes.

Fold them - then compare! watch the "filled" *shade crack*



Brenlin Shade—made without "filling"

Ordinary shade—made with "filling"

Brenlin *has no* "filling"—

The brittle chalk or clay "filling" in an ordinary window shade crumbles like school chalk. It loosens when the wind snaps or sucks the shade, under the little strains of everyday wear, and falls out.

Pinholes and cracks result—the shade sags and wrinkles, is quickly ruined.

This "filling" must be used in an ordinary window shade to give weight and body to flimsy, loosely woven material.

Brenlin has no "filling"—needs none!

Its tight, fine, heavy fabric requires no chalk or clay to give it weight and body. It is flexible, yet always hangs straight and smooth—it is perfectly opaque.

That is why a Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest you can buy.

You'll be surprised to find how much like fine, strong linen Brenlin looks—how beautiful its texture!

See it at the Brenlin dealer's in your town in all its soft, rich colorings. And see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

A valuable booklet on request

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"You don't know anything about me."

"You've said that several times. You're wrong; I know all about you."

"You do?"

"Certainly. Don't you know all about me?"

"That's different."

"No, it isn't. You know me and I know you. My guess is that I've guessed right. Don't let's talk any more about ——"

"Oh, but we must. This is our last talk."

"Not much!"

"Listen to me. Answer this: If you were free would you ask me to marry you?"

"No," he answered, "I wouldn't ask you. I'd marry you."

"And the girl that you would marry, is she the kind that would love a man that was not free?"

"The kind of girl that I would marry is your kind. Nothing else matters."

"Many other things matter, Jimmy dear. I—I may be very unhappy all my life, but I am not going to be ashamed of—of the only man I ever—of you."

"My darling! I tell you I ——"

"You must not make it hard for me, Jimmy," she begged. "My life isn't so full of sunshine that I—I should crave sorrow. We must not see each other again. I have my work to do and you have your life to live."

"With you."

"No, no! You must not see me."

"That's not fair," he protested.

"Fair? Fair?" she repeated, unconsciously raising her voice. "Is it fair for you ——"

"Hush, dear," he said.

"Do you call it fair to make me suffer?"

"No."

"But you want me to love you, so that I will regret ever having met you?"

"Why should you regret that?"

"Do you think I'm the kind of daughter-in-law your father will welcome?"

He looked at her, coldly appraising.

"Yes," he said presently, "you are."

"You know better."

"My dear girl, you are all worked up over nothing. I am not a married man, and I am going to be a free man, and I'm going to marry you if you'll have me."

"But suppose you don't obtain your freedom?"

"Why should I suppose that?"

"Don't make me angry," she said, and frowned.

"I won't," he promised meekly.

"And anyway, how do you know I ought to marry you?"

"You know very well how I know it."

She did not answer. He pursued calmly, "Well, then?"

"How do you even know that we are really suited for each other?"

"I don't. But then, I don't know if I shall be living this day a week. And my ignorance doesn't keep me awake."

"That's different."

"Look here!" He spoke impatiently. "Do you think you've sized me up?"

She nodded and explained, "Women have intuitions."

"Well, then, do your intuitions tell you you could be happy with me? No sidestepping! Yes or no."

"Yes, but ——"

"Well, that is the way I feel about you."

"And there's another thing," she said. "Even if you were free to marry me tomorrow I'd never marry you unless your father was willing."

"I'm sure he'd be delighted," he said.

"You are not sure of anything of the kind. You are his only son, and his happiness as well as yours depends on your marriage. You are all he has in the world, and I wouldn't part you two."

"You never will," said Junior confidently. "That isn't the problem. You meet me to-morrow afternoon, and I'll tell you what the lawyer says."

"Jimmy, I'm not going to see you again while you are ——"

"English breakfast! Special!" announced the waitress triumphantly, and placed the glasses and the tea before Elizabeth.

Junior gave her a five-dollar bill and said, "Keep the change. All of it. But the next time don't be in such a hurry. You'll rush yourself to death if you don't look out."

"Thank you," she gasped. "Thank you! I understand!" She nodded vigorously. "You can stay here as late as you want to! The both of you!"

"I don't want any," Jimmy told Elizabeth. "To-morrow at four meet me ——"

"To-morrow at four I'll be working somewhere, I hope. You must promise me not to try to see me until you—unless you ——"

"But I must talk matters over with you."

"Jimmy," she said, and the light in her eyes was beautiful beyond words, "I always want to think of you as I—as I do now. I must not stop being proud of you, Jimmy."

"I will do as you wish," he promised after a pause.

"Take me home, Jimmy, please."

They walked to the corner in silence and took a taxi. On the way they did not speak. But when he helped her to alight before her house he held her hand tightly.

"Remember your promise, Jimmy."

"I will," he said, and released her hand.

She hesitated, then looked at him and said earnestly: "Jimmy, I love you. I want you to love me as I love you. As long as you live! But, Jimmy, we must wait. Mustn't we, dear? Mustn't we?"

"Yes, Elizabeth," he said quietly.

"Good night."

"Good night," said James J. Jones Junior, and watched her run up the steps.

She went in. He turned to the taxicab driver.

"Home," he said, and got in.

"Where to, boss?"

"Drive around Central Park until I tell you to stop."

One hour and ten minutes later James J. Jones Junior walked into his house.

XXIII

JUNIOR was tranquilly reading the newspaper when Mr. Jones came down to breakfast.

"Good morning, dad." Junior smiled as pleasantly as if he had not made up his mind to do what would severely jolt Mr. Jones' equanimity. He even resorted to diplomacy and sought to propitiate Mr. Jones by asking his opinion as to unnecessary strikes, frozen credits and other subjects on which Mr. Jones had decided views.

By the time he had breakfasted Mr. Jones was in excellent humor. He was about to rise from the table when Junior said suddenly, "Dad, I have something serious to ask you."

Mr. Jones, from force of banking habit, frowned in advance. Junior hastened to reassure him.

"Don't be scared. For once I wish to do the sensible thing. It is a delicate matter and I would appreciate your advice."

"What is it?" Mr. Jones was only half convinced that there was no occasion for anxiety.

"Well, I need your help as well as your advice," pursued Junior solemnly. "Do you think you can let me talk without interruptions?"

James J. Jones Junior looked at James J. Jones Senior as man to man.

Mr. Jones nodded, then said impatiently, "Well, what is it?"

"I want to tell you first of all that I never knew what a good father you were until I realized what a disappointment I must have been to you all these years."

"My, but you're tragical!" said Mr. Jones, with the smile that doting fathers sometimes use to prevent themselves from acting like plain asses.

"That's all right. But I see perfectly clearly now how I have always done everything you dislike. I didn't mean to be selfish, but carelessness is a form of selfishness, isn't it?"

"Well, now, son"—Mr. Jones spoke with a sort of uneasy kindness—"just what are you driving at?"

"I wanted you to know that I realize what I have been. Then I want to tell you that I am different and I'm going to be different."

"If it is anything reasonable ——" began Mr. Jones, trying to look as if he had not surrendered prematurely.

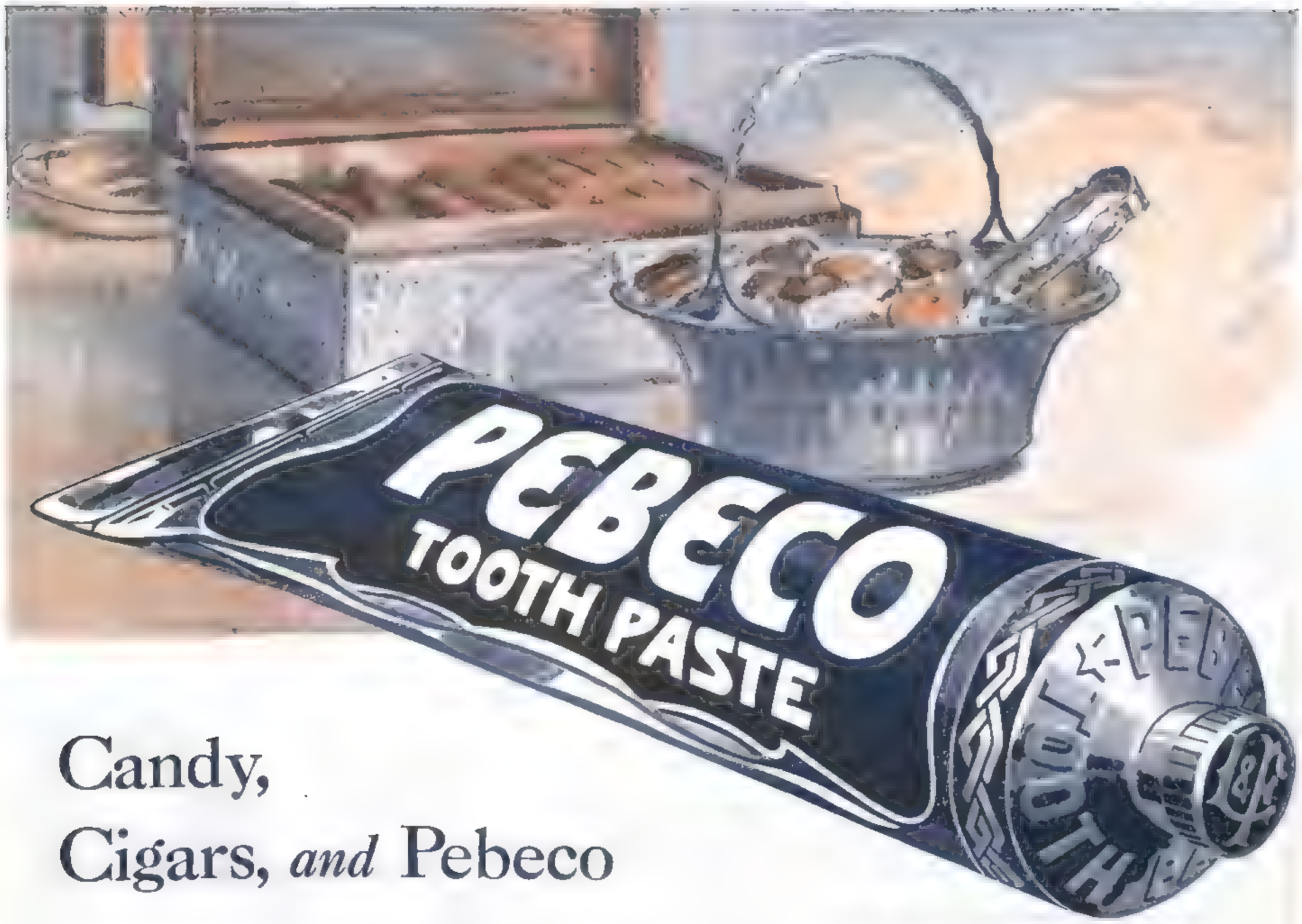
"I don't know how reasonable you think it is for me to expect to find happiness. I propose to work and earn my own living. I don't want to be dependent on you, and I want you to help me."

"But, my dear boy, you're working now. I don't expect you to learn the business in a minute."

"Oh, the job at the bank is a joke. I am in trouble and I want my father to help me."

Mr. Jones, really alarmed now, said earnestly, "My boy, you're all I have in

(Continued on Page 77)



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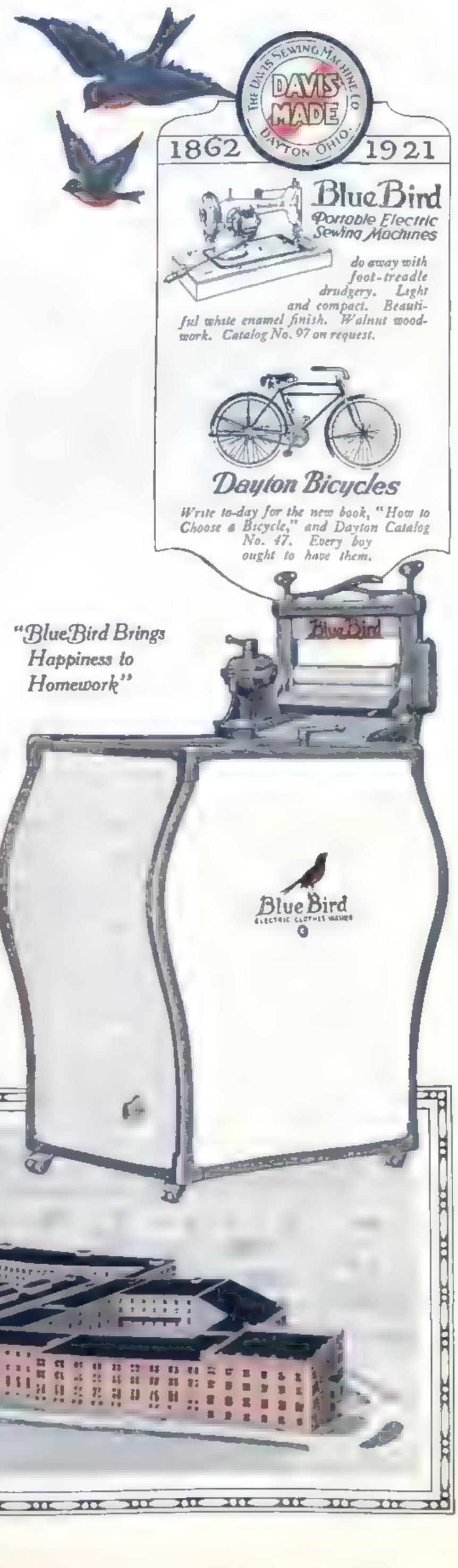
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(Continued from Page 74)

the world. There is nothing I would not do to see you happy."

"Then in heaven's name help me to be free. My marriage to Sarah must be annulled. You were as much to blame as I was, and now you've got to see Sarah."

"See Sarah?" repeated Mr. Jones uncomfortably.

"Yes, you've got to make her consent to undo what was done. The medicine you gave me hasn't helped me. On the contrary."

"Well"—Mr. Jones' voice was feebly apologetic—"marriage often brings a sense of responsibility. I was hoping it would do so in your case."

"Not this kind of a marriage. If you had only waited ten days ——"

"Waited ten days?" Mr. Jones frowned uncomprehendingly.

"Yes. I would have settled down, gone to work and married at one and the same time, and you and I would have been happy. As it is, I begin to understand what they mean by justifiable homicide. You know as well as I that Sarah is——"

"Hold on, Junior! Leave her out. I am willing to take most of the blame, but not all of it. You know as well as I do that I overindulged you all your life. I thought that Sarah, who is a mighty sensible woman, would help you to settle down. Of course I admit I felt angry ——"

"I don't hold it against you, dad," Junior assured him; "but you've got to get me out of it now."

"You know, she is so clever and resourceful and so plucky ——"

"She is," admitted Junior. "But she will never be a wife to me. Not while I live."

"Son, you haven't tried ——"

"I wouldn't mind it so much if she wasn't a crank," lied Junior.

"Well, she has had a lot of trials lately," apologized Mr. Jones.

"So have I, and that's why I am asking you to help now."

"But, son, I—I'll do what I can, but I hope ——"

"Listen, dad," interrupted Junior. "I have met a girl that I really love."

"Oh!" cried Mr. Jones, and frowned.

"Please listen, dad, before you get angry. I tell you that I want to be free to marry this girl, and as far as I can make out it is only that desire that makes me want to get a hustle on. If you don't help I will leave this house and find work somewhere. I'll get my freedom somehow. You mean a lot to me, dad, but if you don't side with me now I'm going to lose a father."

"Is it that—is it Miss Jones?"

"Yes," answered Junior with a quick frown.

"Do you know anything about her? I don't mean," explained Mr. Jones hastily, "that I think she's not the finest girl in the world, but ——"

"She won't listen to me while I am married to a wife that isn't a wife; and she says also that even when I am free she will not marry me unless you are willing. Your consent is the one condition she insists on. My problem is not to marry Miss Jones, but to unmarry Sarah. Are you going to act as my father in this matter or am I alone in the world?"

"I am your father, my son," said Mr. Jones huskily. "I want your happiness above all things. But—don't frown, Junior!—I want to say that at your age one is apt to imagine things, like being in love when it is really only ——"

"Yes, I know. Pardon me for interrupting you. I am willing to assume that I am not in love. I am not asking you to consent to my marriage to anyone; I merely insist that Sarah and I part legally."

"Perhaps if you put it up to her frankly ——" began Mr. Jones, not overoptimistically.

"I have. She says she married me to please you, because she was under obligations to you."

"Nonsense! Well, ask her again. But please remember, my son, that a gentleman always ——" He paused.

"Dad, it's useless. She won't listen to me. You'll have to tell her."

"I have to be at the bank at 9:30. Very important conference! I—I will speak to her to-night. I will! On my word, Junior!" Mr. Jones looked pleadingly at his son, as if begging for permission to be allowed to go to the bank.

"Why don't you do it now?"

"I—I'd rather you spoke to her again—nicely. Don't threaten her. She's a woman. She—er—sometimes ——" Mr. Jones ceased to flounder and stared at Junior a long time. Then he went on with a quiet decision that completely satisfied Junior: "When all is said and done, I am your father. Even if this marriage were not of my doing I'd still feel it my duty to fight for your happiness. I think if you had met Sarah halfway you would not have—er—disliked her so violently. I admit that I'd like to think it over. It is bound to be a mortifying experience for her and—I'm very unhappy about it. But I'll do it, just the same. Only, don't make my task any more difficult than you can help. Women—all women—are -er- rather trying at times. Are you coming to the bank later?"

"Oh, yes," said Junior. "I thought I would see a lawyer ——"

"None of that!" interrupted Mr. Jones, so sternly that Junior explained, "I meant your own lawyer. Nothing underhanded."

Mr. Jones shook his head decisively.

"She is a woman with much to try her, and her father was my dearest friend. I owe too much to his memory to allow you to talk about lawyers. Debts that I can never cancel remain as obligations not only to me but to you as my son and heir. I promise you to do what I can, but never forget that a gentleman is a gentleman all the time, not part of the time."

Mr. Jones was looking at his son with a cold and deliberate firmness, as it were, that impressed Junior.

"You didn't have to tell me that," said Junior.

Mr. Jones nodded his thanks and went out of the dining room with a quick step, obviously relieved at having averted a serious break with his only son.

XXIV

WITH his father pledged to help, Junior did not doubt that Sarah would consent. It made him feel sorry for her. He thought of her as a lonely woman made irritable by the consciousness of her appearance and by her business cares. She did not side-step trouble, and deserved credit for her grit.

At the same time he could not help wishing it was all over. The whole thing had been perfectly silly. Of all the fools in the world, he knew the biggest. If it had not been for Elizabeth he would still be in that class.

He owed it to her that he had made up his mind to leave his old life behind in case his father couldn't effect a separation between him and Sarah. The aëroplane people had more than once hinted that he ought to interest himself financially in their business. They had hoped that Mr. Jones would become one of the influential stockholders. If Junior broke with his father he would have to work not as a partner but as a demonstrator and salesman.

In the meantime he would hear her voice. He went to the telephone and called Blank 8282.

"Is Miss Jones in? . . . Did she say when she would return? . . . Thank you."

Miss Jones had just left—not two minutes before. She did not say when she would be back. That usually meant not until late.

He went upstairs to his room to get his watch, which he had left under his pillow. As he passed Sarah's door he wondered how he would feel when she was no longer there, and then how it would be when someone else occupied those rooms.

The door opened and Sarah, in brown, veiled, disquieting, came out.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, still through the nose. "Aren't you going to the bank? I heard you began yesterday."

"Yes, I am going now," he answered politely.

"You are very anxious to please your father just now, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"There is no business in the bank that could ever be your business. It's the last place for you. But I have the job that was made expressly for you. I have wanted to talk to you about it, but you were not very cordial. Has Uncle James gone?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll have to go back to Timallenville this afternoon. I'll see you next week."

"He wants to see you to-day," Junior told her hastily.

"Oh, he does, does he?" she said slowly, and nodded her brown-veiled head awkwardly.

"That's what he told me," Junior respectfully assured her.

"Yes," she said, "after you told him. Does he know that you spoke to me last night?"

"I told him that you would not listen to me and that he must speak to you and end this absurd situation."

"You went to him like a baby ——"

"There is no need to get angry ——"

"Wait a moment!" she interrupted. "What made you arrive at this decision so suddenly?"

"I didn't arrive at it suddenly. It arrived of its own accord quite logically. It is an intolerable situation, and you have as much to gain as I from putting an end to it as soon as possible."

He looked at her. Behind the impenetrable brown veil was a human face he had never seen. He could not tell what impression his words had made. But presently she bowed her head unaggressively—her first admission that there might be justice in what he said. And then she spoke.

"We have had no new quarrel. Be frank! What's the reason you now find the situation intolerable?"

"I have told you," he answered, keeping his temper.

"You have not told me the one reason that made you think of all the other reasons."

He felt that she was scrutinizing him closely. The veil gave her an unfair advantage. Still there was no wisdom in anger. Perhaps telling the truth might help.

"Sarah, I confess I have been to blame. I bet on your being as clever as dad said you were. When you agreed to marry me, sight unseen, I was foolish enough to think it was my duty to keep my word. I have done a lot of thinking since then, and that is why I think it is intolerable for a man to be married to a woman he does not love and can never learn to love."

"Have you tried?" she challenged.

"One does not have to try. Love comes of its own accord."

"Nonsense!" she said. "You talk like a schoolboy."

"Perhaps I do; but even a schoolboy may be right at times. I beg you to reconsider what you said to me last night. There is no sense in spoiling three lives."

"Three?"

"Yes; yours, mine and my father's. Because I certainly will not live in this house."

"After your promise?"

"I did not know what I was promising. I beg you to release me. It will be a great relief to my father, I assure you. He feels he is partly to blame. He worked himself into a state of unreasoning anger and I agreed to do what he wanted—like an ass that I was. But I did not love anybody at the time."

"At last! So there's a woman in the case, is there?"

"Yes."

"Rather sudden, isn't it?"

"I don't know whether it's sudden or not, but I once more ask you to release me. I'm willing to suffer for my stupidity, but after all you are as much to blame as I am."

"Certainly I'm not."

"I don't see how you can say that. You didn't know anything about me."

"Certainly I did. I knew all about you—from your father. He did not talk of anything else whenever I called on him."

"That may be, but no woman has any business to marry a man she doesn't love, has she?"

"No," answered Sarah slowly. "No woman has any business to marry a man she doesn't love. I—I admit that."

"That makes you as guilty as I am," he said.

"I do not admit that. For that reason I cannot consent to your breaking your promise. It wasn't obtained under duress. I do not care what arguments or means your father used. You are not the kind that can be compelled. In any case, no man who marries a woman and vows what you vowed has any right to ask her to release him just because he is tired of a situation that was not forced upon him by her. I won't release you, because you alone are responsible."

"I don't see how you can say that," he remonstrated, and marveled at his patience.

"I didn't ask you to marry me. You yourself dared me to marry you, sight unseen, and I did. But I did not figure on unmarrying within a month. What will my friends say? What will people think? How am I going to explain? You may not care, but I do. No, I cannot release you; not for

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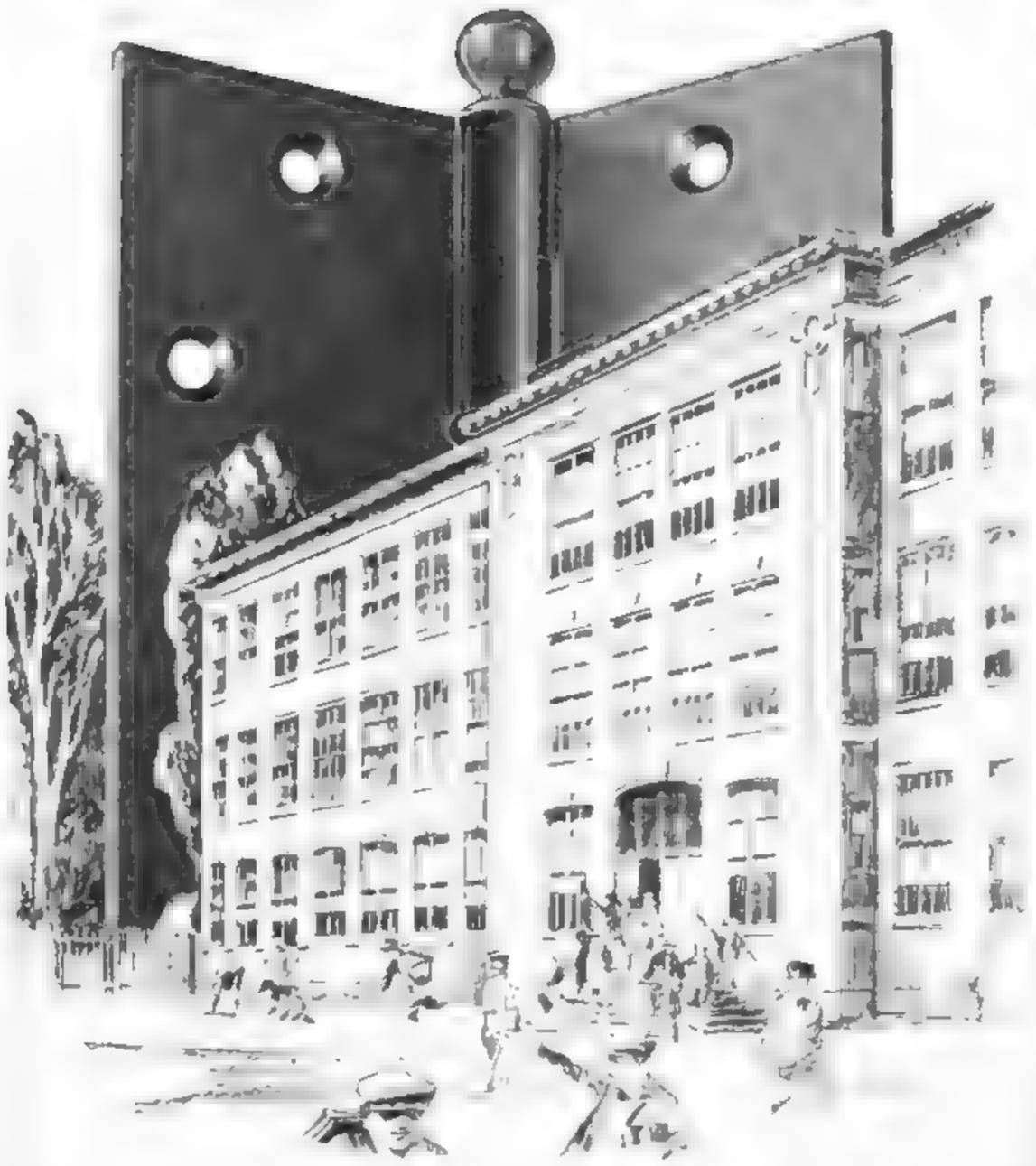

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a long time to come. I don't say never because, you see, I—I am reasonable."

"But we can't go on living like this."

"Why not? Do I interfere with your comings and goings?" she asked angrily.

He felt his own anger rise, and instantly realized that it would not help matters. His father would speak to her in the evening. He said quietly, "I merely asked you to give me my freedom because while it means nothing to you, to me it means everything."

"Yes; it means freedom to marry again. And how do you know you will be happier with Number Two than with Number One? As long as I live I will not give you what you call your freedom."

"But, Sarah ——"

"I have the best of reasons. In black and white!" she asserted.

"In black and white?" he repeated stupidly. He could not imagine what she meant.

"Yes. Come into my office." She walked to the door of the room that should have been her boudoir, opened it and went in. He followed. She pointed to a chair by the table, and then sat down at her desk.

She opened a drawer and was about to take something from it when she suddenly turned to him and said: "When I told you that I did not see how I could give you what you called your freedom, I meant that I did not think you should ask me. I am not to blame for your plight, but you are to blame for mine."

"What is that?"

"I say that you are to blame for my plight. What have I to look forward to in this world? What are my prospects of happiness? How near shall I come to getting what every woman has a right to expect to get out of her life? What? Answer me! Answer me!"

She spoke with an increasing vehemence, as all women do when they dwell upon their wrongs at the hand of a man.

"I don't understand you," compromised Junior.

"You must be an idiot then!" she snapped. "I am a normal woman. I have looked forward to being a wife, a mother, a member of society, doing my full duty by society. It was my misfortune, as it was yours, to be an only child. In my case it was a tragedy to me; in yours the tragedy was your father's. But never mind that. Do you admit that I had a right to expect to marry? Had I?"

"Yes, you should have married a man you loved, who loved you."

"Yes," she interrupted, "yes; and whose fault was it that I didn't? I am older than you. I should have married, years ago, a man maturer than myself, wiser than myself, not a boy hero. And why didn't I? Why? Why?" She was nodding violently in her excitement. "Answer me!" she commanded.

"I can't," answered Junior.

"Then I'll tell you why. I'll do more: I'll show you in black and white!" she said. "Your father and mine were more than friends. Their devotion to each other was beautiful; but it was fatal to me—and to you. My mother died shortly after yours. That was the first act of the tragedy. If they had lived you would not be my husband. My husband!" It was less a sneer than a groan. "And I would not be your pet aversion. But my father loved you because you were a boy. He did not want to leave a fortune. He wished to leave a business to his heir. He trained me, but always his mind dwelt on the man that I should select to be not only my husband but the successor of my father at the factory. I'll show you why you can't have your freedom as long as I live."

She turned brusquely towards the drawer of the desk and began to take out books and papers.

"There! From the day you were born I was fed up on Junior! Every photograph that was ever taken of you is here. Look!"

She opened one of the books. It was an album. She turned over the pages feverishly and showed him photographs of himself; as a baby of three months; of six months; of one year; of two years; three; four; up to his latest in his uniform and his crosses—all manner of photographs and snapshots; at least a hundred of them.

"I see. But ——" began Junior uncomfortably.

"Wait! Here's a scrapbook." She opened it and pushed it toward him. "Everything about you. Your first drawing! School reports! Clippings from newspapers! Your exploits at college! See? Football! See? Your cables—to the very last! See? Your flight from Washington and—and the wedding! Your entire life. See it? See it?"

She pushed the book violently toward him. Then she took up a bundle of papers.

"Letters to your father. Sent to my father at his request! Your childish desires; your college pranks; your army exploits—all here! My father planned it when I was a child. You were going to be my husband. They didn't tell you; but they told me. Your father knew it. Why he did not object I don't know; perhaps from love of my father. Of course you were everything that was wonderful. Your approval or your displeasure was always held up before me. 'Junior wouldn't like that,' they used to tell me; or else 'Junior will be glad to know that.' And now you ask me ——"

She ceased abruptly, and Junior could see her make an effort to compose herself.

Presently she went on: "I never had a beau. I never was allowed to dance. I think they even tried to make me fear your jealousy. And you say I am as much to blame as you! Why, it was all settled, my life and yours, ever since I was five."

Junior's discomfort was intense. What she told him did not lighten the tragedy, but absolved her of the guilty participation in it of which he had accused her.

"I knew that I had to marry you, and that made me wish to think of you as my ideal. I admired your asinine stunts, and thrilled and suffered when you were in France. When you were reported missing I thought I would—it was then that your father realized what two foolish men had done to a helpless girl. It was cruel! Cruel!"

"I didn't know," murmured Junior.

He was uncomfortably conscious of a side to the affair that was going to make his freedom more difficult to gain than he had thought. The worst of it was the inescapable realization that this woman had much to complain of, much to excuse what he had always regarded as inexcusable.

"Of course when my father died the management of the plant took up my time. I worked. But I always looked forward to the time when I and my employes would take our orders from my—from you. I used to have misgivings over your carelessness. You never grew up. But I did." Her voice grew somber. "I grew up! I aged! And then I realized that it was precisely in your not growing up that your strength lay. I comforted your father when he grieved over your reckless stunts. That was one of the reasons why I didn't let him bring you to me. You were much too young for me! I—I would have frightened you! So you did not meet me. But we knew, your father and I, that there was no woman in your heart. I might tremble for your life, but I never was jealous of your racing cars or of your planes."

"Why, Sarah ——"

"Let me finish! You went to France. What I suffered—what your father—never mind all that. You returned with medals, but still a boy, the perennial sophomore. You had what I most needed in my plant. And so when your father spoke of the marriage and when you spoke to him in a deliberately disagreeable voice, so that I could hear, I knew that if I didn't marry you then I would lose you. And I couldn't bear to do that. Your father wanted it. My father had wanted it. I—I had been taught to want it. And you didn't love anyone else. So I married you—not to spite you, not to please your father, but because it was my duty. Do you understand? My duty!"

"No; I don't understand," said Junior, perplexed and uncomfortable.

"I married you for what you had, as penniless girls marry men for their money, as climbers marry men for social position. You had what I lacked, what I needed, and it was my duty to my people and to my country to marry you."

"I still don't understand."

"You don't?" she said.

"No."

"I'll explain later," she said, and a note of weariness came into her lowered voice. "But also I—I loved you. You were all I had in the world, the only chance of fulfilling my dreams. What I hoped to have and to do I could only have and do through you. So I married you. Why shouldn't I? It was the wise thing to do. My heart and my head and my best friend, your father—all told me to do it. Now do you understand why I cannot consent to give you up?"

(Continued on Page 81)

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF NEW YORK U.S.A.

No kitchen too small for the New Sellers *Apartment* Cabinet

15 FAMOUS FEATURES

Have you heard about this newest Sellers Kitchen Cabinet?—complete in the conveniences that have made the larger Sellers Cabinets famous, yet so small and compact.

It is designed for the small kitchen of modern apartments, cottages and bungalows, where space is at a premium; or as a second work-unit in larger kitchens where a full-size Sellers is already in use. It takes no more space than a small kitchen table.

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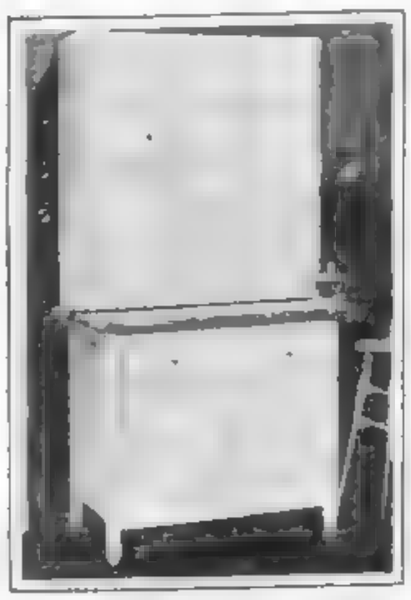
Before we made this cabinet we conducted an investigation in 27 cities and 10 states; measured hundreds of apartments; consulted scores of architects, domestic science experts, etc.; talked to thousands of women. Then we built this cabinet of outstanding features—new improvements, in addition to such famous Sellers features as the Dust-Proof Base Top beneath Porcel-iron Work Table; Ant-Proof Casters and others of the "15 Famous Features" always associated with Sellers.

A Sellers for Every Kitchen —Large or Small

From the wonderfully compact Sellers Apartment Cabinet to the largest, roomiest cabinet made, the Sellers complete line offers a range of sizes, designs and prices to meet the needs of every kitchen. (262)

G. I. SELLERS & SONS COMPANY, ELWOOD, INDIANA



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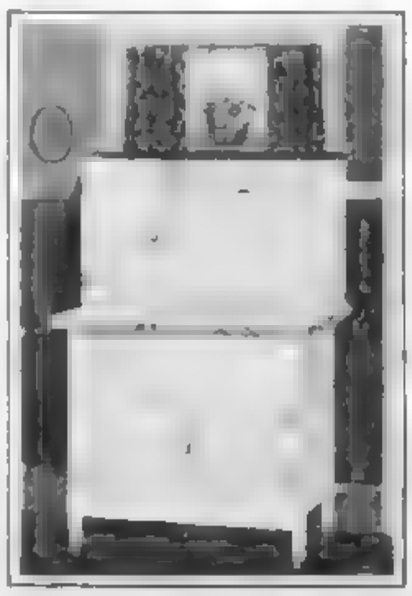

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Surprising capacity—sufficient for any average family. Its 25-pound, easy-filling flour bin is amply large for apartment and small-home dwellers.

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(262)

THE BEST SERVANT IN YOUR HOUSE

SELLERS

Oldsmobile EIGHT

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And that is simply this: In the Oldsmobile Eight, Model 47, we believe more real value is exchanged for the money than the American dollar bought before the war or at any time in the twenty-four years that Oldsmobile has helped make automobile history.

We make this statement thoughtfully, with every confidence that the ultimate public verdict will bear us out.

We make it in the hope that you will challenge and verify it, if you still have any doubt in your mind as to the extraordinary value of the "47". For we can ask no greater favor than that you carefully inspect this car; that you actually experience its ease and comfort and above all the wonderful range and refinement of its driving performance.

So confident are we of your final agreement that we gladly submit this statement to the test of your unbiased judgment.

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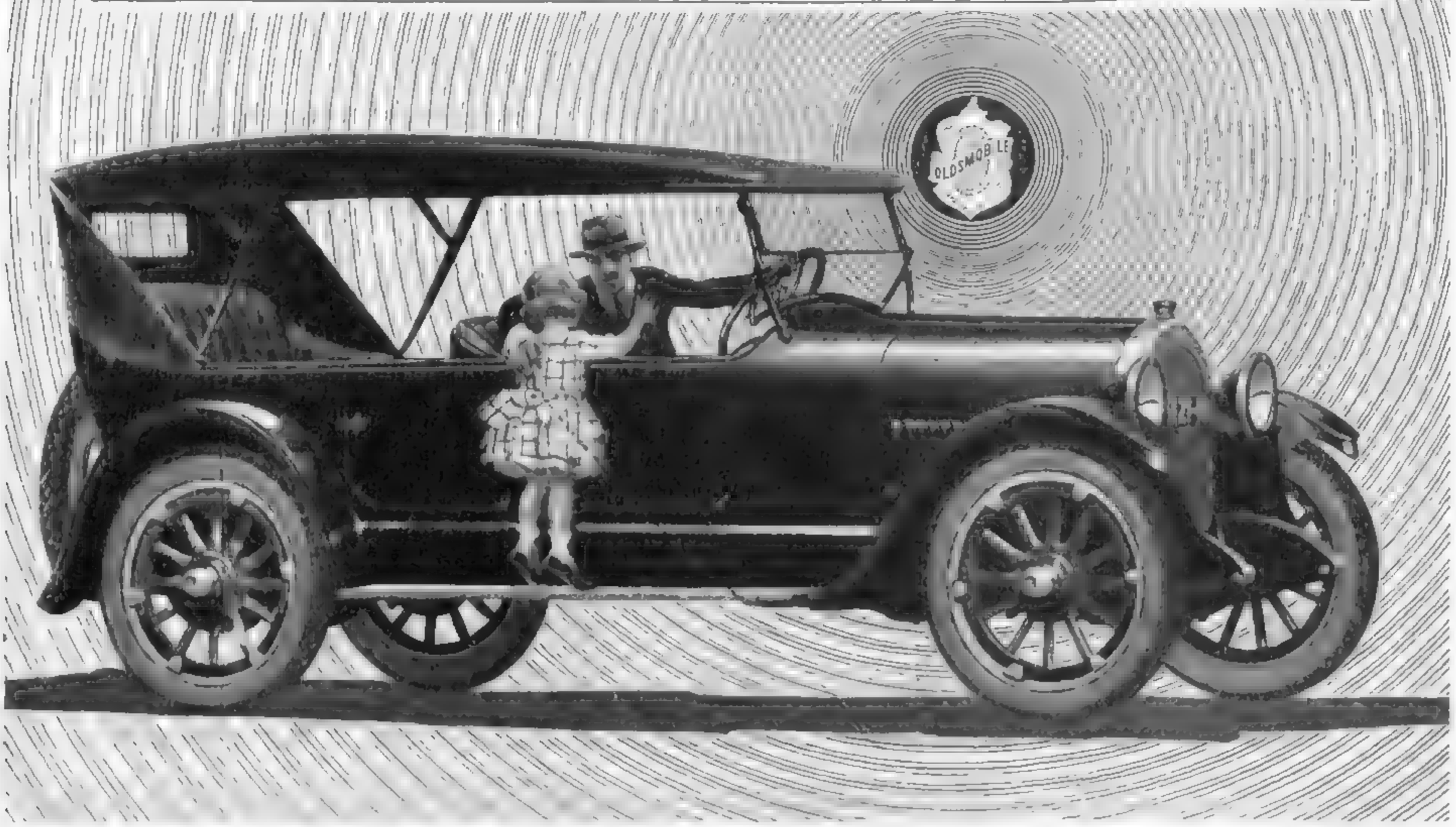

(Continued from Page 78)

Junior had followed her words poignantly with his fears. The touch of farce was utterly eliminated. What remained was unadulterated tragedy.

"I understand," he said gently, "what I did not understand before. I—I am sorry! I was disagreeable."

"Don't!" she said in a whisper. "Don't! I was irritable. I could feel you hated me. And it hurt me! I know I said mean things; but I I was always sorry afterward. And I had such trouble at the works!"

"It's—it's too bad," he said lamely. "I understand. I can't tell you how sorry I am. After all, it is a matter of happiness ——"

"No, Junior," she denied, so gently that he barely heard her. "No. It is not a matter of happiness. If it were a matter of my happiness as against yours, I would give you yours at the cost of mine. I could never be happy knowing you hated me."

"I don't," he assured her hastily.

"But it isn't a matter of my happiness or yours. It's a matter of duty—your duty, not mine. Won't you listen to me without bitterness? Won't you?"

"I shall be glad to listen to you," he assured her earnestly, "as the best friend you have."

"Your father accused you of craving excitement rather than thinking of your duty when you went into the Flying Corps. But I knew better. You were willing to make the great sacrifice. To-day your country needs an even greater sacrifice from you, because the task is more difficult and with fewer thrills. I have a right to ask it."

He had no idea what she had in mind, but he felt that her notion of his duty was probably sound, and disagreeable.

"Ask it!" he said shortly.

"Will you first answer some questions?"

"Yes."

"Is there really someone that you think you love?"

"Not that I think; that I know I love," he answered decisively.

"Have you told her?"

"Yes."

"Does she love you?"

He hesitated; he frowned; he saw Elizabeth. He answered "Yes," defiantly.

"Does she know you're married?"

"Yes."

"Is she married?"

"No."

"Are you sure she's not?"

"I am convinced that she isn't."

"But are you absolutely certain that she is not?"

"No," he answered slowly, and frowned.

But she said pacifyingly, "I merely ask in order to make sure what I suspected."

"What do you suspect?" he asked sternly.

"That you do not know as much about her as you ought to know about the woman you marry. Oh, Junior, don't make another mistake! And don't think of anything just now except of doing your duty. It is to-day that your country needs you, not to-morrow. You are young. You can wait. It is your plain duty."

"If you will only explain to me," he said patiently, because she was so obviously in earnest.

"I am willing to suffer, to see my own life wrecked and all my hopes of happiness killed. To prove that I am unselfish I will agree in writing before your father or before your lawyers to give you your freedom, provided you will do what I ask. Will you be a man, a real hero?"

Her voice, tremulous with anxiety, affected him uncomfortably. He could not help thinking of his own happiness, and that kept him from committing himself. But he also could not help thinking of this woman's suffering. She was entitled to happiness; but not at the price of Elizabeth's unhappiness and his own.

"What would I have to do?" he asked, hoping that it would not be what he feared.

"You would have to promise to make no effort to communicate with—with the person you think you would like to marry. You could write her one letter, saying that you were not going to write or speak to her for one year. At the end of that year I would consent to whatever you wished me to do. If you and she were still of the same mind I—I would not interfere with—with your happiness."

"A year," he remonstrated rather mildly, "is a long time to wait, unless there is a very good reason for waiting."

"It is not a long time when a man is twenty-four, and the reward for the delay is a lifetime of happiness. I don't ask you to do anything for me. It is what I consider your duty."

"And what may that be?" he asked noncommittally.

"Your greatest asset to-day is what you are. You have everything I lack for the work that has been forced upon me. You are a boy—that is, you are honest, enthusiastic, brave, inexperienced and optimistic. You are Jimmy Jones, the American ace—that is, you have a reputation for courage, for being a gentleman, a quick thinker in danger, a thorough sportsman. You are a rich man's only son and you neither need nor desire to make money. If you said you wished to play square everybody would believe you. That is the kind of man that is needed in Timallenville, in the president's office of the Henderson Manufacturing Company."

"Huh?" grunted Junior.

"In most of our industrial plants to-day the trouble is not so much economic as it is emotional," she said, so earnestly that he compared her to himself to his disadvantage. She was dealing in generalities that should mean everything to a man and nothing to a woman.

"What do you think I have to fight the hardest in my plant? Inefficiency? Bolshevism? High cost of living? Cessation of buying? No! Distrust! The distrust of men who don't believe in their employer's good faith. It is not philanthropy I have in mind, but intelligent business methods, the new industrial life. I cannot succeed unless I get rid of distrust. But you can walk right in and do it."

"How can I do it when I don't know anything about business?"

"You know everything about the business of getting on with your fellow men. Oh, I have dreamed of it. I have seen you and I have heard you. I have dramatized it for myself time and again. I call a meeting of all the employes. They come. I get up and say: 'This is my husband. You know who and what he is. He is Jimmy Jones to me and to you and to everybody. He doesn't have to be anything but Jimmy Jones, and he is going to be Jimmy Jones to every man who works for the Henderson Manufacturing Company.' And then you just tell them: 'I don't know anything about your business or any business, excepting the business of being square and fighting fair. And I want to see if a man who is that can get along with Americans. I'll listen to anybody at any time. But I want it understood that I don't have to lie, and when I say something is so I expect to be believed. You need me a damn sight more than I need you. We'll have a square deal all around.'

"Oh, Junior, they'll believe you because it's you! They know your history. I took care that they should read the newspapers when you were in France. Don't you see your chance, Junior? Don't you? All over the country they will hear of you and your methods. Doesn't it appeal to you? To succeed in proving that the square man wins every time? Doesn't it? What are you going to do and to be, five or ten or twenty years from to-day? What are you going to leave to your children, whoever their mother may be?"

In spite of himself Junior felt himself becoming enthusiastic. There was something about the veiled figure's dynamic words that stimulated his thoughts. A life of square dealing, of fighting prejudices, of accomplishing something.

Also he thought of Elizabeth—and a whole year's separation. If he could have both ——

"Do you think that square dealing is all that they need in business?" he asked.

"No. It is all that is needed from you at the beginning. The conviction on the part of the men that the boss is absolutely square and truthful is more important than skill in merchandising at this particular moment. It never will be hard to make money if you use common sense; but it has always been difficult to convince the man who hasn't that the man who has is square and decent and human, no matter how he shares his profits with his workers. You can't eliminate envy and malice and jealousy and greed, but you can deal successfully with men only when they believe in you. And I—I am a woman."

Junior remembered in a flash the handicap that her sex had been to this clear-headed and brave factory owner, but he said, "I think you overestimate my value." At the same time he began to like the thought of tackling a man's job.

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KNIT JACKET

A Good Friend to Have

This perfect-fitting knit jacket is splendid for general utility wear. The fine tailoring makes it a more attractive garment. Ideal for motoring, golfing, traveling, or the office.

All the warmth necessary without uncomfortable weight.

Tom Wye Knit Jackets come in three styles—two-pocket, four-pocket, and sleeveless vest models. Scotch heather mixtures and popular solid colors.

Aside from the comfort they give is the smart appearance—the correct thing to wear from a style standpoint. They are found in the wardrobes of well-dressed men. You can tell the genuine by the Tom Wye hanger in the neck.

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A Snap for a Regular Fellow

THE Kum-a-Part Belt Buckle is a real "find" for the hail fellow who wants always to make sure he's well-groomed and then forget all about his clothes.

The ordinary buckle won't let him forget. Always uneasy about possible consequences, he must constantly hitch and pull to keep his trousers trim and trig.

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Once set, Kum-a-Part is set to stay. Built in two parts, it snaps with a light pressure, holds fast without binding, and opens with a slight pull. *It cannot open without that pull!*

A simple patented adjustment positively prevents slipping, thereby eliminating marring, scuffing or gouging the belt.

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Kum-a-Part Buckles are sturdy and beautiful —every design is the work of an artist in precious metals.

Distinctive in their rugged, masculine appearance, moderate in the range of prices, Kum-a-Part Buckles are sure of a hearty welcome in the fraternity of regular fellows.

At all good jewelers' and haberdashers', $2.50, $5.00, $7.50 and $10.00. In silver plate, gold plate, sterling silver, 10-14K. gold filled and gold inlay on sterling.

Be on the safe side—ask for Kum-a-Part Belt Buckles by name.

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THE BUCKLE THAT SNAPS

"No, I don't," she said positively. "I know you and what you will mean to men to whom I have always been a girl and nothing else. Even when I convinced them I'd shut down for keeps if they struck they only believed it because they thought a hysterical woman was capable of any folly. Some day a woman will be able to do almost anything in this country, but not yet. To-day there is need of men, young men who are neither hogs nor philanthropists, but square and fearless and fifty-fifty splitters. It is all I ask of you. Be yourself one year, and then no more of me! My life will have been lived—and you will do whatever you wish: keep on at Timallenville or go elsewhere. All I tell you is that you will not be a boy then, but a man, a leader of men. That is why I called it your duty. Will you do it?"

She waited for his answer. It did not come.

She went on in a low voice: "I will not interfere with you. I will never see you except in the presence of others. I won't annoy you. Think of your father! Think of yourself! Don't think of me! I know I don't count in your life. But be the kind of man that any woman would be proud to love. What are you giving to—to this woman, if you give her what you are to-day? The makings of a man! No more! I ask only a year, so that you will be much more. One year. Say yes, Junior! Don't think of me! Don't think of your father! Don't think of yourself! Think of her and the man she will get in one year. She'll wait! Think of her, Junior! Of her!"

James J. Jones Junior, compelled by this woman to think of his own life and of his love, thought of the man that should be the man the lilac girl ought to marry, the man who should be financially independent, the man who had earned the right to happiness, the privilege of associating with workers. He measured his poverty only when he thought of what he had to offer to Elizabeth. For the first time he realized that there were victories to be won by the spirit. The woman before him was among the victorious. A woman, with all the disadvantages of a woman, fighting and winning!

And in her victory, forgetful of self and planning a greater victory that would benefit others—and insure her own unhappiness for life!

It was a corking thing to do, and as for himself ——

One year! One day! Nothing!

"I'll do as you say, Sarah," he said—and smiled.

"Will you? Will you?" she said, and jumped to her feet, her gloved hand outstretched. She walked toward him so that he rose in order to shake her hand.

"How you must love her!" she wailed. She grasped his hand, raised it suddenly to her lips and kissed it through her veil. "How you must love her!"

"Sarah, don't do that," he said sharply. "Don't do that, please! Sit down. It's—it's all right—I'll work a year ——"

"Oh, Jimmy boy! I can't sit down!" It was not the voice of Sarah that he heard!

He always said that he could not plan in advance but that he always managed to act when the need arose. He made a lightning snatch at her veil, but she threw her arms about his neck.

"Don't you dare!" she fairly squealed—more nasally than ever. But he held her motionless with his right arm, and with the left tore off the brown veil.

The face that he saw was not the face of Elizabeth! It was the face of a woman with thick eyebrows and a red nose. She wore goggles and her lips were grimacing!

"Let me go!" she cried, so catarrhally that he obeyed before he knew it.

Like a flash she ran into her bedroom.

"Jimmy, telephone to your father to come at once," said Elizabeth. "Hurry up. He will have to chaperon me. Telephone him. I'll have to wash off this." And she slammed the door shut in his face.

He knew it was Elizabeth, and he didn't believe it, and he did. He went to her desk—Elizabeth's desk—took up the telephone and called the bank just as someone knocked at the door.

"Come in!" yelled Junior.

Bob the butler entered.

"Yes, ma'am —— Why, major!"

"Bob, did you see my wife's face?"

"Yes, sir."

"It wasn't hers," said Junior.

"So Katy told me only yesterday morning."

"Don't talk too much, Bob," called a voice from the other room. Whereat Bob's face grew bright.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "Now Katy and I can get spliced. She wouldn't marry me as long as you and the missis didn't ——"

"Hello. . . . Mr. Jones, please. . . . His only son. . . . Dad? . . . Come home right away. . . . You're needed. . . . You're a foxy. . . . She sure is! . . . Hurry up!"

Junior hung up and walked toward the door of his wife's bedroom. He rapped smartly.

"Please wait, Jimmy."

"Bob is here," said Jimmy, who understood. "Come on out."

"No, I'll wait for dad," she answered, so determinedly that Junior turned to Bob.

"Why in hell did you tell me ——"

"Well," interrupted Bob defensively, "how could I tell, when she let me see her face that day, that she done it a-purpose, and that she was made up? She was some freak, I'll tell the world! It made me sick when I seen her."

"Don't talk too much, Bob," warned the voice. "Jimmy, go downstairs and wait for dad. No use staying here. I'm not coming until I hear his voice."

Junior went downstairs and waited—not long, because Father Jones evidently made the chauffeur break the speed laws.

"Well, son," he said, "so it's all over, is it?" His lips were smiling, but in his eyes there was a suspicion of anxiety.

"Yes, but why all the masquerading?"

"Her doings! Smartest girl I ever saw. Efficient? No name for it! Where is she?"

"Washing off her make-up," smiled Junior, but Mr. Jones grew serious.

"No detail," he said admiringly, "was too slight for her to neglect; even the Hazleton check. She was prepared for everything. She couldn't fail. She married you because she knew she could make you love her, and she figured that the surest way was to make you hate her for what she wasn't, so that you couldn't help falling in love with the next pretty girl you saw. And she took good care to be Jenny-on-the-spot. Her voice and her grouch were part of the game. Sometimes I thought that she overdid it; but she already had you hooked and she said the situation did not call for subtlety, but for broad effects. The day she made you wait all day while she was looking for a job finished you, she said. After that ——"

"Father Jones!" said the hated nasal voice.

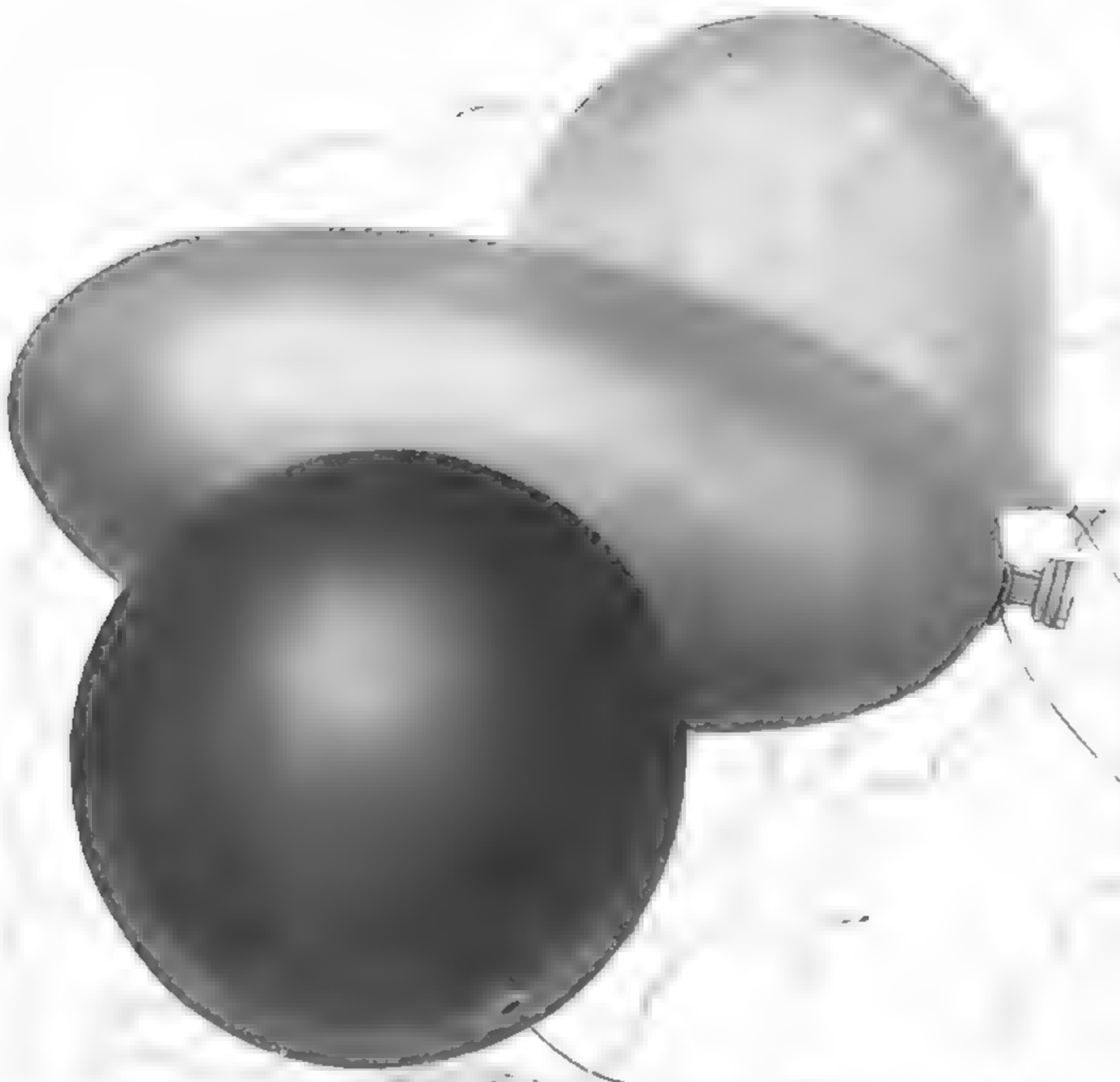
They turned and saw Elizabeth. She was dressed as an aviatrix. It was very becoming. Junior rushed toward her, but she said "No!" and ran up to James J. Jones Senior. She flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

Then she turned to Junior and said in her bossiest manner, "Get ready!"

"For what?"

"We are going to Timallenville in your aëroplane. I've telephoned and the men are getting a holiday with full pay. They'll be waiting. A dramatic introduction helps a lot. We ought to make it in a little over an hour. Bob's got all your things ready." She paused. Then she sighed and said, "They've been ready for three days. But you—you're kind of slow at times. I knew we would go on our honeymoon in your plane. Father Jones, turn your head away!"

THE END



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Faultless Sanitary Balloon Packages and Faultless Sanitary Toy Packages are rapid-turning merchandise. They attract the best class of trade. Write for prices and other details regarding both of these fast-selling lines.

Especially for Holiday Trade, we have made up for wide-awake dealers

A $25 Christmas Toy Chest

of Faultless Sanitary Rubber Toys, Balls, Balloons and Christmas Novelties. This chest costs you $25.00 and contains a specially selected, wonderful-value assortment designed to give you the highest quality Holiday Goods which you can profitably sell at attractive prices that will rapidly move the goods. Take our word for it, this $25.00 Christmas Toy Chest will MAKE your Holiday Business a success.

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We have a limited number of openings for real live salesmen to sell our Sanitary Package Balloon and Toy Lines as well as the above mentioned Christmas Chest.

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Faultless Sanitary Sealed Package Balloons are SAFE for your children to play with. They are made according to the Faultless American Process by small town American operators in an American Sanitary Factory.

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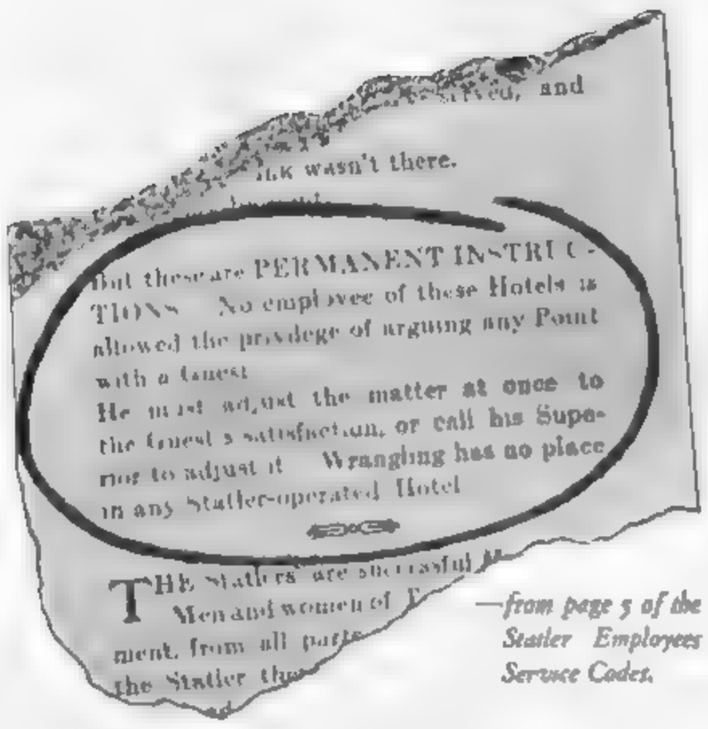
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—from page 5 of the Statler Employees Service Codex.

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

A SPRIG OF LEMON VERBENA

(Continued from Page 9)

December—about the sixth, he thought—a stubborn miserable business that she had been unable to shake off before April.

A beautiful, a heavenly spring had flowered in violets and apple blossoms and rosy peach trees. He had gone into Judge Thompson's office, where at once he had done well, and Caroline had grown increasingly delicate, fine in appearance. They had become very close friends too; for when by accident she discovered the truth about her tenure of life she had told him in a rapid but not unduly disturbed voice. That had been in June, a day or so either way from the present date. It was then he discovered that he wanted to marry her, and he told her at once, in a voice decided but even more quiet than her own. At first she had mistaken his feeling for pity, and there had been some tears; then slowly, slowly, incredulously, she had seen more truly into his feelings.

What a richness, what a reward had been his! The shortness of their period of happiness had not been sad. They never, practically, referred to that. What they had was too overwhelming. Caroline, as well, had come to love lemon verbena. She became identified with its cool aroma in his thoughts. They had gone to Cuba, to Havana, a high-tiled room of the Ynglaterra Hotel; but it hadn't particularly agreed with her, and they were soon back. He took, with Geary Ambler, law offices of their own after a year. Events, success marched—and then the inevitable. Yet he never dwelt on that. The magic of Caroline had survived the disaster to her flesh. She had never died for him, nor grown less in potency. Andrew Rendell was not mystical about his wife. The habit of skepticism prevented that. He had no conscious vision of an objective eternity of possession. No, Caroline simple permeated, now as then, all his being. On that plane she was absolutely, completely in possession of him. There he could never again be reached.

After the timed clamor of the church bells, Methodist and Baptist at one time and Episcopalian later, Sunday settled into a quiet of voluminous foliage and a leaden blue sky. Through the early afternoon the drug store of Albert Genamon was closed to the public. A card in the glass of the door announced that it would be open at five, but Andrew Rendell, after the hour agreed upon, found, as usual, the key unturned and proceeded back to the others. They were all there—Samson and Markley Watts, Genamon and Chester Lukens. The latter had a small sheaf of sticks, some with iron heads and some with heads of bulging wood, fastened in long splices to the shafts, and a dragging pocket indicated the presence of the balls.

"We'll go out the Goshen Road," Albert proposed. "There is plenty of open both for Chester's game and for Dash and Spot."

At a kennel in the back yard of the drug store he unsnapped the chains of two Llewellyn setters, put them on a coupler and, through town, a leash; and the five, headed by Chester Lukens, went out, by a grassy alley shut in by high board fences, into the country.

"You couldn't get me on Darlington Street with Chester and those clubs, and all the folks sitting on the porches," the station agent admitted. "We've got kind of a bad name in Eastlake, as it is, for playing cards and beer drinking."

Andrew Rendell, who maintained a constant raillery of Watts, asked him how the church frivolities were progressing. But Markley, calling him a heathen, forgot his scruples in the serenity of the countryside. They had descended a hill from the town, turned sharply to the right, passed a very old long, gray field-stone house, and were mounting a rocky slope between watered meadows, a pale-green first showing of corn, and noble groves of chestnut trees. There was grazing, with cows and shifting cloudlike flocks of sheep, and against the sky a gilded weather vane flashed motionlessly. Chester was eager to show, beyond further doubt, the seductions of golf, and proposed stopping at every open reach; but the others, indifferent about the game, interested in the casting circles of the setters, strolled on. A covey of quail was flushed, meadow larks winged upward, blue jays flew noisily along the streams.

At last Chester would be delayed no longer. Dash failed to respond from a far cover, and the five leisurely climbed a fence. Chester Lukens, placing a white hard ball advantageously, choosing a club with a wooden head, lectured the others.

"This," he explained, "is the driver. At first the ball is put on a pat of sand and knocked down the course." He took an exaggeratedly bent position and wabbled the club over the ball. "You must look quite a distance," he warned them. "A hundred and fifty yards is nothing."

Chester drew back, a prodigious swing followed, and the ball rolled no more than a foot from where it had been laid. Albert Genamon, with a hand shading his eyes, didn't seem to see it at the place indicated. It must, he concluded, have flown like a bullet. Andrew was frankly impatient.

"If you had hit it," he objected, "an hour would have gone into finding it. The British have been taking advantage of you, exercising their celebrated wit."

"Don't be foolish," Lukens protested hotly. "Why, this is called the royal and ancient game! King James of Scotland played it. There are pictures ever so old; yes, and links—that's what they are called—all over the island." He put the ball up again, again balanced the club head threateningly over it, and a second lunge followed.

"Didn't he get it that time!" Samson exclaimed. The ball rose abruptly in the air and described a long course, curving, at the end, sharply to the right. "That was wonderful, wonderful!" Samson Rendell continued. But Chester was still displeased.

"It wasn't anything at all, a confounded slice, probably into all kinds of trouble."

"What do those balls cost?" Albert inquired.

"About a shilling in England," Chester Lukens told him.

Albert Genamon whistled for his dogs.

"Back so soon?" Andrew asked.

"Starting to make those pills," Genamon replied. "As I see it, if I want to get as rich as I can I'd better begin at once. When do you think the link will be ready, Chester?"

"Links," the latter corrected him shortly.

"This is only one, isn't it? I should have thought, anyhow, that it was all singular."

A careful search failed to locate the ball, and, producing a second, Chester now took a club with an iron head.

"Lofter," he said, "for a fairly long shot to what they call the green. The holes there you have to get the ball into."

He had more success with the lofter, but the ball evaded their diligent quest.

"About five gross a day," Albert calculated.

"Let me hit at it," Samson put in, and Chester agreed reluctantly.

"Don't strike the ground," he warned Samson Rendell. "I picked that baffy out of near a hundred. The man who had them, a professional, said he would have selected it for himself."

Samson, copying Chester Lukens' pose and actions, swept the club through the air, and with an air of intense and gratified surprise watched the ball fly out in a long, graceful and straight arc.

"That's pretty good," Chester admitted with a trace of chagrin. "But beginners always make a good shot or two when they first try. It's when you know more the trouble begins."

"I guess that was good," Samson echoed with a growing pleasure. "Why, Andrew," he turned excitedly, "I believe there is something in this! If you'd take it up you would get some exercise at last."

Andrew didn't want exercise, and he said so crisply. He was not, he added, a race horse. Chester Lukens waited while Samson swung all the clubs in turn; but he would not supply him with another ball. They were too scarce, too expensive to get here.

"We must wait until a course is cleared. I'll see Thomas Entrekin and Harmon Riggs and get some money in this. It will be the hit of our part of the country."

They drifted back to the road and ambled on, now silent and now with trivial comment and with Albert's raised voice, "Hi, Dash! Stand, Spot!" punctuated by shrill blasts from the whistle in his hand. Soon, too soon, it was time to return to Eastlake, to reopen the drug store. They walked boldly up Darlington Street, led by Samson and Chester Lukens, who, impatient of public opinion, were loudly discussing the

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Jenkins Valves

SINCE 1864

probability of golf locally in the near future.

"You can get a set and a bag in New York"—it was Chester who was talking—"perhaps in Philadelphia. We might even arrange for Cattell here to handle them."

Andrew Rendell paid small attention to this. Younger, he had indulged in a casual rubber of whist, but the habit of games had soon left him. His mind was serious, his character solitary, absorbed in the law, except for such informal occasions as today and the hours in Genamon's drug store. He was even a trifle rebellious at being required to walk. A spare, delicately formed man, he was completely happy only when seated with one of the prime Manila cheroots, entering with swift polished thrusts of verbiage what discussion might surround him.

The sun declined and the shadows fell, reached from curb to curb. The light filtered heavy and golden through the canopies of maple trees. From opened windows came the sounds of the five-o'clock cold Sunday supper. Albert disappeared through a back gate with the setters, Markley Watts dropped away, and Andrew left his brother and Chester still revolving the game of golf at a corner of Darlington and Larch Streets. He waved, but without stopping, at Rosalee on Samson Rendell's porch, obviously looking for her father. How dusty the street was! The watering cart would have to begin laying with its thin silver flood the raised clouds. The bells for evening church sounded. They were softer now, more persuasive than in the morning. Caroline had tried vainly to get him to church. After a few services he had relapsed into his set habits—legal problems, the works of Thomas Huxley and cheroots.

Andrew didn't, he told himself, suddenly conscious of the full shrilling of the August locusts, know where the summer had gone. The beginning of the week would be the first of September; and since June, since that Sunday which marked the introduction of golf into Eastlake, he had accomplished nothing. Oh, yes, a term or so of court, and he had drawn the cork of a fresh bottle of bourbon whisky the day before. Life was drained of its hours in exactly the manner a bottle was emptied of its contents. He had been wearing a broad-brimmed Panama, a planter's hat; but he'd soon have to fetch the silk hats from their leather and camphor for an ironing. There was a German on Race Street, in the city, unexcelled in the ironing of high hats. There were light quick footfalls on the porch, the screen door was impetuously opened, and Rosalee, in a pale-blue dress with the absurd leg-of-mutton sleeves then fashionable, entered his study.

"Are you busy?" she asked, poised like a butterfly beyond the table.

"Not now," he assured her, with his irrepressible touch of satire.

She made a charming nose in acknowledgment of this, and then leaned forward, her hands flat on the table, with an eager rush of words.

"It's a lot to ask, and you know I'm afraid of you; but there was no other way, and I so wanted to go. It's late, really, and you can't do much more this evening. You see, father and his golf ——" She made a helpless gesture. "He thinks and speaks and dreams of nothing else. He's playing with Mr. Entrekin and—and —— But Chester went to the Springs. I thought maybe you wouldn't mind ——"

"Dear Rosalee," he interrupted her, "has all that a subject? And if it has, pray expose it. You are comparatively sheltered here. Your father and his game, the Springs and Chester?"

"There is a supper and dance out there. Everybody's gone—that is, but me. I thought Chester would ask me and refused the others, but he wasn't able to at the last minute. Mary Jumel—you know, the girl who dances—came unexpectedly. She's a sort of cousin of Chester's, and he had to drive her."

Andrew Rendell replied, "I haven't been to a dance for thirty years! I'd be a pretty picture at the Springs!"

He stopped at the disappointment sweeping over her face, the sharp drooping of her whole body. Andrew had a vision, swift and appealing, of Caroline. Rising, he put some cheroots in his pocket.

"It will take Atlax a while to hitch up," he warned her.

In a moment she was around the table, radiant, with hands fluttering on his thin shoulders. But in the buggy, driving to Lennis Springs, she fell silent, dejected again. Andrew Rendell studied her with a slight vertical frown between his heavy eyebrows. She loved Chester Lukens, that was evident; and what also was clear was that the course of her love was not happy. Chester's discontent at Eastlake had not subsided since his return. His voice, his habits and his waistcoats had grown steadily louder. However, that probably was only the swing of youth; he would return to sanity and Rosalee. That is, if he were any good.

In the other case she would be well to be rid of him. But would she? He considered this with his gaze bent on his gloved hands engaged with the reins. Wasn't love, at any subsequent price, the only thing that repaid the heavy price of existence? If that were missed, what, after all, remained? A short two years with Caroline. But even Rosalee and Caroline were different. Caroline was not like any other woman alive. He never thought of his wife in the past tense. There was nothing he might do though. He detested interference with other people's affairs, just as he would accept no suggestions about his own. It always ended disastrously. Rosalee would have to meet and conquer her own future. Yet he wondered if some generalities might not be chanced.

"Look here, Rosalee," he began. "In life nothing can be forced—nothing, that is, of real importance. It doesn't do to think too much about what's nearest your heart; and as for talking, for words, they no more than obscure your feelings. You work yourself into states of emotion—you do indeed; and then it is impossible to see things as they actually are."

"If I don't think over what's near my heart, what shall I think of?" she demanded.

The answer, any reply, annoyingly evaded him.

"Don't be committed, in the first place."

He said this shortly, unsatisfied. At moments what intrinsically he was, overcame what Caroline had made him. She sighed, and—well, he silently admitted, she might. They drew into view of the dancing pavilion, the closely sodded bank, the broad placid stream and painted boats of the Springs. Clattering through a tunnel-like wooden bridge, they turned in at a small grove where the horses were hitched. A gay supper party was already in progress around a number of long boards laid on trestles, and this Andrew Rendell and his niece joined. Chester was at the farther end, with Mary Jumel at his side, the girl of whom Rosalee had spoken.

She was small and pale, with flamboyant hair, and hands that she was always turning with a conscious experimental grace on their wrists. Andrew recalled stray phrases locally descriptive of her. She was regarded, he knew, with a veiled curiosity and disapproval because she was preparing for the career of a professional dancer, a dancer on the stage. She must be, the unexpressed opinion ran, gay. That was the masculine term. The ladies employed "fast." She was certainly openly favoring Chester. Actually, then, she had touched his sleeve. The older man soon moved to the bank, where he could with propriety smoke. There was an early moon; and as it rose, brightening, first the western light and then the shadows fled before its neutral radiance.

Boats stole out over the water. There were echoed laughing voices, the creak and drip of oars and the chiming ripple of a mandolin. Other obscured figures sat near Andrew; and from where oil lamps made a smoky illumination in the pavilion came bursts of music, square dances and a rare *valse*. Times were changing in Eastlake, Rendell saw; things were getting more complicated.

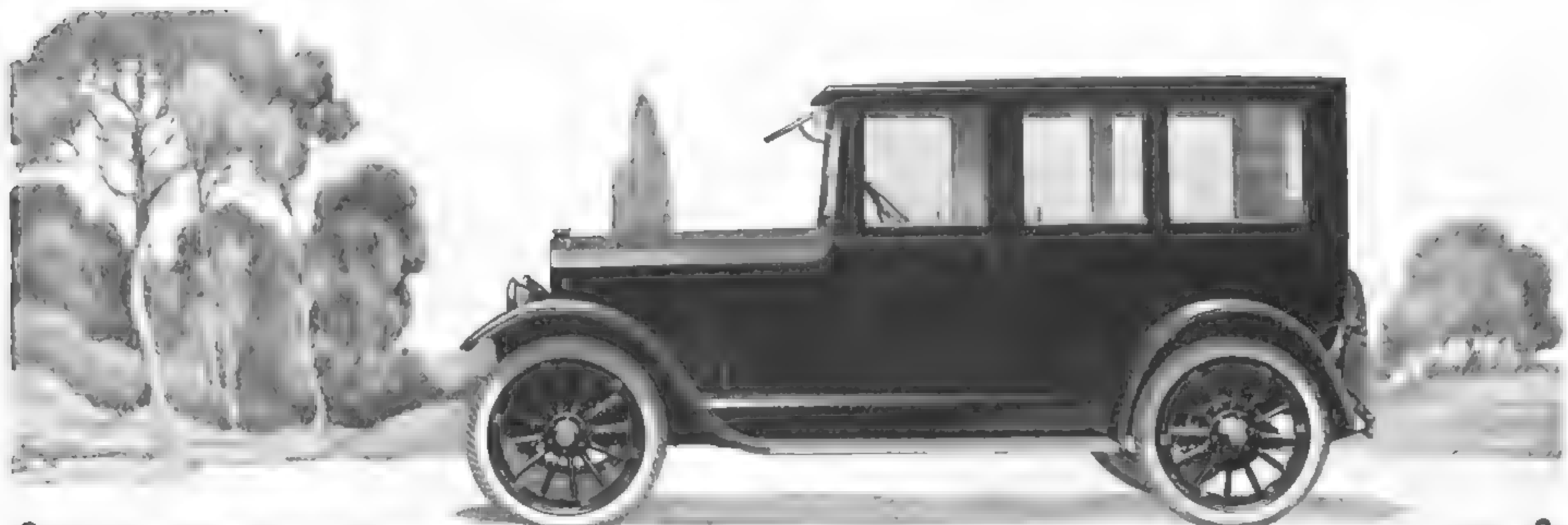
Golf was established, and the town club, the need for which they had ridiculed such a short while before in Albert's drug store, promised soon to become a reality. One of the younger married women had taken a drink of Thomas Entrekin's brandy after dinner. A soft fragrant shape suddenly dropped beside him, and Rosalee was disconcertingly pressing her face against his shoulder to stifle a sharp sobbing. Good heavens, what was it?

After a little she collected herself.

"We will go home now," she said conclusively.

The buggy rocked as they were dragged from the grass to the road. It was pitch black, with a disk of moonlight at the far end, within the bridge. Something had

(Continued on Page 89)



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(Continued from Page 86)

gone wrong between Rosalee and that cursed young Lukens with his fictitious foreign airs.

"Uncle Andrew," she spoke at last, "if you will you can do me a great favor. Please tell father, and insist on his telling mother, never to mention Chester to me again. I can't stand being teased about him. Not now. That would mean possibilities, and they are over."

To his suggestion that they had had but a lovers' quarrel she made no reply, and he had a sense of the finality in what she had said. She would get over this probably now—be married within a year; yet she would miss a great deal. A damned shame!

"It's a beautiful night," she spoke later in an empty voice, a voice like the ring of a leaden coin. He told her tonically, not wholly sincere, that there would, for her, be many more like it.

Samson Rendell was pottering before his house.

"We won," he cried when Andrew's horse had stopped, "but we had to play two extra holes."

Rosalee went directly indoors.

"Don't worry her," Andrew advised his brother. "She has had a break, a bad one, I think, with Chester Lukens. He was at the Springs with that piece of thistledown; but what happened I don't know." Samson whistled softly.

"Children, children!" he went on. "Why, when it is all so brief, will they spoil it?"

Andrew Rendell, in the moonlight, couldn't answer.

Less than a year had gone when Andrew Rendell was standing in the thronged parlor of his brother's house through the ceremony of Rosalee's marriage. The man at her side, in a very flowing frock coat, was Willis Entrekin, the son of Thomas, who was president of the Eastlake National Bank. The service drew rapidly to a close. Willis and his bride knelt, and then from a screened piano rose the strains of Mendelssohn. White ribbons were drawn down the center of the room, holding back the spectators from a lane through which Rosalee had navigated her train of satin and veiling; but it was swept aside now, and there was an eager confusion of voices that ebbed slowly toward the dining room. Andrew was with Samson and Thomas Entrekin, holding a plate that bore a deviled crab, salad, broiled oysters and a brown bun, of which he was indifferently tasting. A glass of champagne stood on a mantelpiece at his elbow, and finishing that and leaving his plate he went out upon the side porch.

It was a little past four o'clock. The July day had been sultry, and already in the northwest a steely colored bank of cloud was forming. A gust, he told himself. There wasn't for the moment a breath of air stirring. How the tongues were swinging inside! Willis was a nice young man; a trifle heavy, Andrew thought, if not actually dull; but dependable, especially with Thomas at his back in the semblance of opportunity. Chester Lukens had left Eastlake for the office of a steamship company at Baltimore. Nothing had come of the attachment between him and Mary Jumel. The piano was played again, not Mendelssohn, however, but the waltz from Erminie, and there was the rhythmic shuffling of dancing.

The champagne had had a wider circulation than Samson intended, and a young man or so was undoubtedly affected. The couples appeared for brief cooling periods on the porch, for whispering and giggling, the mopping of brows and fluttering of fans.

It was all infinitely freer than anything to which Andrew Rendell had been accustomed. He was so absorbed, so isolated in his thoughts and the law, that he only observed this contemporary life at separated times, distinct and illuminating. It had for him an aspect of the theatrical. He preferred the older, tranquil—his own—years; but he warned his judgment against merely growing aged, captious. Yet one thing he was forced to recognize—that manners were deteriorating. Manner might be said to be a thing of the past. The familiarity between girls and men was accountable for that. Everybody now called everybody else by their first names. Where he was concerned he neither attempted nor encouraged that practice. Andrew was rigidly punctilious.

Rosalee, the wedding satin and tulle exchanged for a tightly fitting suit, a pinched waist, found him and kissed him good-by.

"You knew we were going to live in town? And Willis is taking me away in an automobile. Don't you hope it works? I'd simply die if we stayed stock-still in the middle of the street." She hesitated a moment, with her gloved hands caught at the front of his coat. "We thought it was going to be very different, Uncle Andrew, didn't we? But I guess it's better like this. He—he would probably have made me very unhappy, with the drinking and all. Willis will take care of me, Uncle Andrew, and give me everything in the world. Then his father is one of your oldest friends. It's best as it is, and no nonsense ——"

She was gone. Rosalee Rendell had vanished before Andrew could reply. She left him intent not so much upon her words as on her speculative—yes, her regretful tone.

"No nonsense!"

He supposed that under the circumstances his brief marriage was nonsense. His opportunity to give Caroline everything in the world had been so short. But what Caroline had given him! Immeasurable, endless! Rosalee was sensible—safety, as against Chester Lukens' drinking. But what part in life, in young life, did ecstasy play? Was, after all, anything but great love—he meant passion, but avoided that indelicate term—sensible in the end? So much faded, broke. Life became so quickly a thing of memories, and among them only love stayed undiminished, its gold forever bright. It wasn't to be talked about, shown publicly, but held inviolate at the heart. Love, the courts of law and a fragile shape in the doorway—that seemed to him the fullness of living. Yet to-day, he discerned, his vision of happiness was a little—well, old-fashioned. Homes were no longer the abodes of privacy. There was a greater flowing from house to house, more entertaining all the while. When the clubhouse on the golf grounds was finished there were, he had heard, to be dances throughout the summer.

Willis Entrekin and his automobile already there were a number around Eastlake. Andrew saw their owners grinding at them with cranks at the sides, shoving them up hills and having them dragged home by horses. Swift Hambletonians, matched pairs handsomely roading ten miles an hour, the years of his buggy riding were already obscured in the backward rolling dust; and in January, with a frozen snow over the ground, he stopped on Church Street to watch the cutters race to the town limits. The intensely cold air vibrated with the silvery ring of the bells on the shafts and looped on the horses' necks. Ten, fifteen years ago there would have been twenty or thirty drivers competing, the nigger stable boys in a group with gay ragged wool mufflers about their black throats, while their masters, crimson-faced under sealskin caps, held the reins with arms outstretched from swathing buffalo robes. Now scarcely ten cutters were present, with indifferent horses; and among them there was hardly a buffalo robe.

There were amateur theatricals, however, at a paid admission in the hall above the public library. Andrew Rendell didn't go—he had a habit of viewing the better light operas, and deprecated local efforts—but Samson, who had had them from his wife, told Andrew some significant details.

"It was pretty broad," Samson concluded his account. "Ellen Pine took the part of the adventuress, and the paint was thick."

The elder studied him through the mingled smoke of their cigars. It was no longer possible to get prime Manila cheroots.

"An actress is an actress," Andrew declared, "and a lady is a lady. They are different, and they are bound to be. I don't believe in running the two together spoils 'em both. You know that as well as I do, Samson. Put any girl on the stage and you take her out of the house. Even that is all right until you try to get her back again. There is something in a girl's nature, Samson, in most girls'"—the qualification was for Caroline—"they take publicity badly, like they do champagne."

"You'd be relegated out of sight now for an opinion like that," Samson replied.

The other had, Andrew thought, amazingly kept in touch with the changing generation. Golf had done it for him. The conversation shifted to Albert Genamon's drug store and Albert himself. Since Markley Watts' death, they concluded, it was different back of the partition among the bottles and smells. Albert was growing crabbed—there could be no doubt of that.

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His wit was sharpening, becoming almost ill-natured.

"They tell me," Samson went on, "that his stock isn't so wide as that new fellow's; but nobody can say a word about Albert's prescriptions. Honest drugs."

"Prescriptions don't count to-day so much as tarradiddles," Andrew Rendell added.

The subject of the Miramichi, of flies for Northern waters, followed naturally; and between them it was accidentally discovered that no younger man of their acquaintance could tie a fly—could, in fact, tell a silver doctor from a dunghill, or repair a split-and-glue rod. This left them rather breathless with disapproval. Andrew Rendell accused golf of being in part if not wholly responsible for such a lamentable state, and Samson vigorously supported his pleasure.

"If you'd only try it!" he concluded vainly.

Instead of replying Andrew went into the dining room, where from a compartment of the sideboard he produced the bottle of bourbon whisky. He returned with it and a blue-crockery pitcher of water and glasses.

"This doesn't change, anyway."

They drank with a silent deliberate enjoyment. How gray Samson's beard was! The tendons of his thin hands, the hands of the Rendells, were sharp through the skin. He, Andrew, was nine years older than his brother.

"Rosalee's daughter is a month old," Samson proceeded. "I went in to see them to-day. I thought Rosalee was a little down in the mouth; but that's Nature, I expect."

Andrew considered Sara, Rosalee's daughter, through the door opening from his study to the scrap of lawn. He gazed at Sara, a child of eleven, in white skirts standing out like an inverted paper carnation from her bare legs, and then at her mother, seated beyond the table from him. Rosalee Entrekin was extremely handsome in widow's black, with a close-fitting hat and a long swinging crape veil. After a period of silence she asked Andrew, in a high-pitched voice with a note of impatience, what he was thinking about; and he answered dryly, abruptly, that his mind had been filled with the memory of that afternoon when, in blue, she had leaned across his table and begged him to take her to the Springs. She was palpably a shade disconcerted.

"Good heavens, the Springs! Does anyone go there now? I haven't been for years. It was still thought quite bold to waltz in those days of the ark. What put that in your head, Uncle Andrew? If you're not careful you'll make me feel old."

But she said this with the indifference of a woman secure in what she considered the height of her charm. Her bearing, the brightness of a manner a shade too deferential to be flattering, annoyed Andrew Rendell, and he continued, "Well, you were almost where you are now, but you were standing; and it brought Chester Lukens back to my mind."

If he had hoped to reach her there, he had, he saw, totally failed.

She laughed.

"I thought the world had ended because he had had a drink, more or less, and was with that Jumel girl. She has been very successful, you know, and danced at Covent Garden. But who knows where Chester is? I saw him some years ago in Washington. He was rather out at elbows—not literally. You felt his jauntiness was an awful effort and wouldn't bear close examination, and he had the airs of a masher. What I ever saw in him ——"

She finished the sentence with a newly acquired shrug of disdain. Andrew Rendell suggested that what she had discovered there was love.

Rosalee's clothes positively implored the closest inspection possible of their fine texture and draping. He couldn't decide whether her face was painted or not, but either way it was radiantly attractive. Yet—yet very strangely he saw something in her analogous to her description of the present Chester Lukens. There was about her, too, an aspect of loss. Chester apparently had grown soft; but she, Rosalee, who had once reminded him of a hovering butterfly, had hardened.

Sara entered with her hands filled with flowers she had dragged from his carefully tended borders. She wanted to take them home, and her mother was determined that they should be left. An argument, a strife, rose in which the two participants were incongruously equal in sound and anger. Serenely through the shrillness the delicate pungency of lemon verbena stole into Andrew Rendell's senses. The bruised informal bouquet had been cast upon the floor, and he stooped and rescued the odorous green sprig. Rosalee gave him a fleet perfunctory smile.

"I am sorry Sara has behaved so badly." Sara, contemptuous on the black haircloth sofa, said nothing. "Will you see, Uncle Andrew, if Baynton is outside?"

Through a front window he discerned Rosalee's glittering, brass-trimmed, inclosed automobile. Her locomotive, he informed her, was waiting. When, she put in—obviously an afterthought—would he come to dinner? She'd ask some of his friends from the city bench.

"Pretty soon, pretty soon," he replied noncommittally.

The truth was, he didn't much care for Rosalee's town house. During Willis' life that stolid man had complained to him too often of Rosalee's careless habits and inattention, and Rosalee had been too waspish for his, Andrew Rendell's, comfort. And now, with Willis Entrekin dead, she was too complacent; too—too consciously rich, smart socially. He had never found her alone with her daughter at dinner. He hardly ever, even in her mourning, found her home at all. She was constantly engaged in activities which in his mind lay in the sphere of the strictly young. He had accused her of crowding youth from the ballroom floor; and she had replied, with a galling care of explanation, almost in words of one syllable.

What she had informed him was that women were no longer sent to the wall at marriage; that had all been improved upon. Marriage rather began a woman's pleasure now than ended it. The customs of Turkey had been pressed back within the boundaries of that detestable country. He had asked then what she meant by pleasure; and she had answered, enigmatically, life. Willis, at that time alive, had cleared his throat harshly. Life, he had declared, from Rosalee's point of view, meant clothes and admiration, admiration and clothes. A vicious circle. What, Rosalee demanded, incensed, was he accusing her of? And Willis had hastened to add, nothing. That was—he had broken out again, not confining his remarks to Rosalee this time, but to her world. By heaven, he wished he was back again in the old days in Eastlake! He regretted that, listening to her, he had come to the city. What had it all brought them? he cried. They lived in no better than a tavern, and spent—on people worse than nothing for him—every dollar he could get a finger on.

The horn of the limousine brayed loudly, and turning a corner disappeared, leaving Andrew Rendell still standing at the window. Another automobile, and a third passed. They were common in Eastlake now, and mounted the steepest hills with a noisy ease. They seldom had to be towed home. They had come, and the cutters racing in the winter afternoons on Church Street had gone. It wasn't to this Eastlake that Willis had wanted to return, but to the old. He smiled to think of how once he had thought that there were too many strawberry festivals. The dances at the golf club succeeded each other at a giddy rate. The grown children of his friends, his generation, oddly reminiscent of their parents in gait and look, were a new race. The familiarity he had first objected to at Samson's daughter's wedding had grown into a universal disease. He was unable to see how the young men of the present found any mystery or charm or romance in the bare-armed, bold-looking girls with whom they smashed tennis balls across the nets.

Well, this wasn't his problem. He had no inclination to attempt the impossible in the correction of current life and tendencies. He was nothing more than an onlooker drawing near to the end of his service as judge. He had known love in its perfection and found it deathless. No, his interest, his skepticism in the day was only general. He questioned it from certain fundamental convictions drawn from his own life and experience. He had no new salvation to propound, no faith in moral or social nostrums. Andrew was simply established in the belief that it was more difficult and meritorious to land a four-pound trout from a swift Canadian river than to knock a ball around a lot. He had never recovered from his early impression

(Continued on Page 93)

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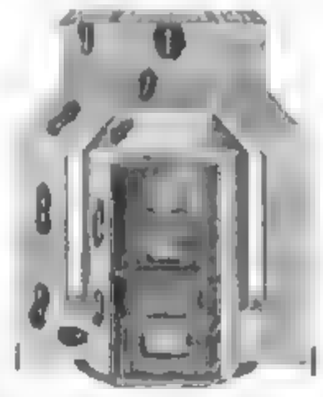

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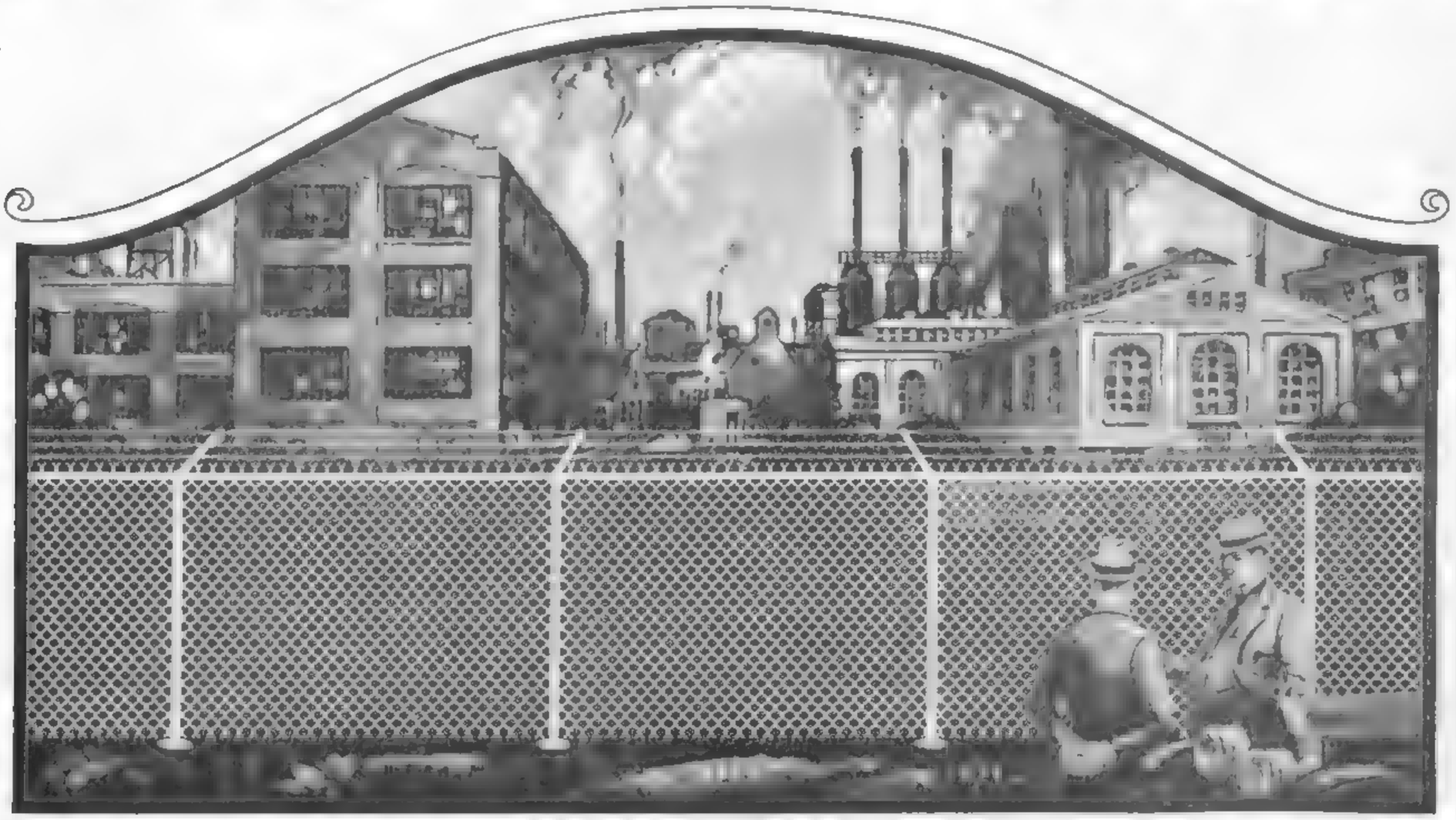

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PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 90)

of golf, and he thought that women not actresses were happier in the long run at home than anywhere else.

As well he was reminded from time to time of his increasing age. This principally irritated him, appeared as a specific assault on his stubborn will, his resolutely upright carriage. His mind, his opinions, legal and general, were as vigorous, as trustworthy as ever; but his legs, unused to exercise, betrayed him occasionally. Andrew began to dread, privately, his retirement from the bench, which must come, he recognized, before the expiration of his long term of reëlection. But when that hour, which should have been dramatic, arrived it was overshadowed by the beginning of the war in Europe. The war, for the five years following, absorbed practically every other issue. At first he predicted that Germany would be crushed in a few months. This opinion silenced by events, he was hotly for the immediate intervention of his country. Then, dismayed by the incompetence and dishonesty his clear vision uncovered, he said little. Weary of controversy, of cheaply partisan and lying newspapers, he returned to the pages of Thomas Huxley and to The Descent of Man, a title which he found peculiarly appropriate to his view of the present. The strains of an impromptu band approaching over the street in the gray morning, salvos of shots and cheers informed him, sitting upright with throbbing pulses in bed, that another war, another epoch, was at an end.

His leisurely speculations became fixed more on the town, on Eastlake, than on individuals. The latter seemed of less and less substance. But that, Andrew Rendell realized, was one of the results of old age. It made the people and things of the present remote. The voices appeared thinned, robbed of warm significance by distance. The hands he grasped, the gazes he met were not more actual to him than the eyes, the hands of long ago. It was long ago since, with Caroline, he had stood outside the low stone face of Emery Carol's farmhouse, outside the rioting of undistinguished life. He carried in his mind, both because of the clarity of his memory and the simplicity of that early Eastlake, a complete colorful image of the place of his birth since he had first known it; and against that, what critically he saw about him now was, to his reserve, appalling.

Perhaps that was too strong a word. It implicated further than the truth warranted. Andrew had always been more of an onlooker than a participant in terrestrial existence. The years of his judgeship had fostered a remoteness, an impersonality, of justice severe rather than not. It was better to say that he had no faith, small liking for the present tendencies, the current town. It had appeared to grow worse, more feverish and disrupted since the war. The younger people, the nice people, whose affairs at times came before him, were specially ill at ease. To Andrew Rendell's mind they were hardly short of desperate. That spirit, at his end of Eastlake, dominated the very air. Everyone was in a hurry. The motor cars rushed screeching by; and though the physical aspect of the street remained unchanged, except for the disappearance of the bedded mignonette, its life was different absolutely. Samson Rendell no more in the June evenings watered and cut the grass by his porch. The mellow tin horn of the shad vender was silent. The church bells had a note of dismayed urgency in their morning clamor.

Sara Entrekin came at intervals to her grandfather's house, usually with a carful of strident friends; and, Andrew told himself, there was little evidence from them that prohibition was in force. He was on Samson's steps when such a small brilliant company arrived, and lingered with a subconscious interest in the mingled voices. In the back of the automobile bags of golf clubs were piled. Almost immediately the alert confident figures were going to the club, but they were delayed by the vein of reminiscence opened for them by Andrew Rendell.

"I remember the first time golf was played in Eastlake. Chester Lukens—he left the town soon after—had been to London and brought back some clubs and balls. He was anxious for us to try it—Chester was a great fellow for new ideas—and we met in Albert Genamon's drug store. We used to sit there a good bit, Markley Watts and Albert and Samson and some others, with myself. But this time we walked out the Goshen Road with Chester. It was Sunday, too, and that upset Markley." He stopped to chuckle at the memory of Markley's timidity of bearing. "Albert had his setters with him, Spot and Dash, and they were making tracks in the wheat when we climbed a fence. Well, Chester put a ball down and prepared to knock it—he said a hundred and fifty yards. A hundred and fifty inches would have been nearer. Then he hit a whaler and lost the ball. I don't recollect exactly what, but there was something the matter with the way he did it. But the first time Samson had a club in his hand he understood the whole thing. Yes, Samson was good from the beginning."

The perfunctory interest, the enforced courtesy shown him took advantage of the pause in his narrative to assure him that what he had said was a perfect scream, and then the automobile filled with its contentious load. The terms of an incidental gambling were hotly argued about the fact that everyone knew Gummery Fox couldn't see the ball.

This Gummery was once more called to Andrew Rendell's attention at Rosalee's house, at a gathering there for the rehearsal of Sara's wedding. The preparatory ceremony had been at the church. Andrew hadn't gone to that, and in Rosalee's stiff city drawing-room he was bewildered by the clamor of the returned wedding party. Sara was marrying a short compact youth, with very bright blue eyes and a permanently browned, vigorously modeled face, who had distinguished himself at the forefront of the war in France. Andrew, in his remote way, approved of Mitchell Baker; and after dinner, when he saw Sara close beside a figure in black and white in a far corner, he went forward to make them his compliments and farewell.

But when, hastily, the man rose Andrew found that it was Gummery Fox, long and thin, with a sharply interrogating, slightly wry expression. Sara was, if anything, too cordially sweet; and, with Samson, shifting in the Entrekin closed car through the dark countryside, he pondered again the course of Rosalee's affections. A touch of sciatica kept him from the wedding. His gift of expensive silver dispatched, he thought little of Sara, now a Baker, until, with Mitchell, early in the fall, she stood before him. Each said the conventional thing; and then, to Andrew Rendell's amazement, Sara produced not the cigarette for which he had been more or less prepared, but a small brierwood pipe and a silk bag of tobacco. Andrew watched her fill the bowl, strike a match—no woman, cigarettes or not, could do that properly, he reflected—and befog her countenance with smoke.

Mitchell Baker, seeing his surprise, laughed.

"She got it in England," he explained. "I think it's as funny as thunder. Even her mother can't quite rise to it."

The humor in that, Sara explained, lay in the fact that her mother regarded herself as quite modern.

"She isn't, of course," Sara commented. "She belongs to the day before yesterday."

If that were true, Andrew thought, where did he come in? Antediluvian! He heard later about a child of the Bakers—a boy to be called Andrew Rendell—who died. Sara was absent from Eastlake for a year or more, and then abruptly she appeared again. She came to see Andrew, without Mitchell, this time; and he found her brilliant with the paint and spirit which he had grown to recognize as contemporary. He asked at once after the pipe, and she admitted that in the interest and care of her teeth she had given it up. Then with a flash of his satirical fun, his idea of a joke, he offered her the hospitality of the current—nearly last—bottle of bourbon. Far from gathering his intent, she accepted at once; and slowly, almost painfully, he went into the dining room for the whisky, the glasses and blue-pottery pitcher of ice water. She drank slowly, with obvious enjoyment; and for the first time he noticed that she had the true Rendell fingers, long, sensitive and thin.

There was a scraping of feet outside and Sara rose.

"I suppose that's the Foxes," she said. "They drove up with me, and I told them they'd find me here."

Andrew hadn't known that Gummery Fox was married, nor should he have guessed it, he added silently, from the bearing of the young woman introduced as Delia Fox. More glasses were necessary; and when, once more, gladly, alone, he

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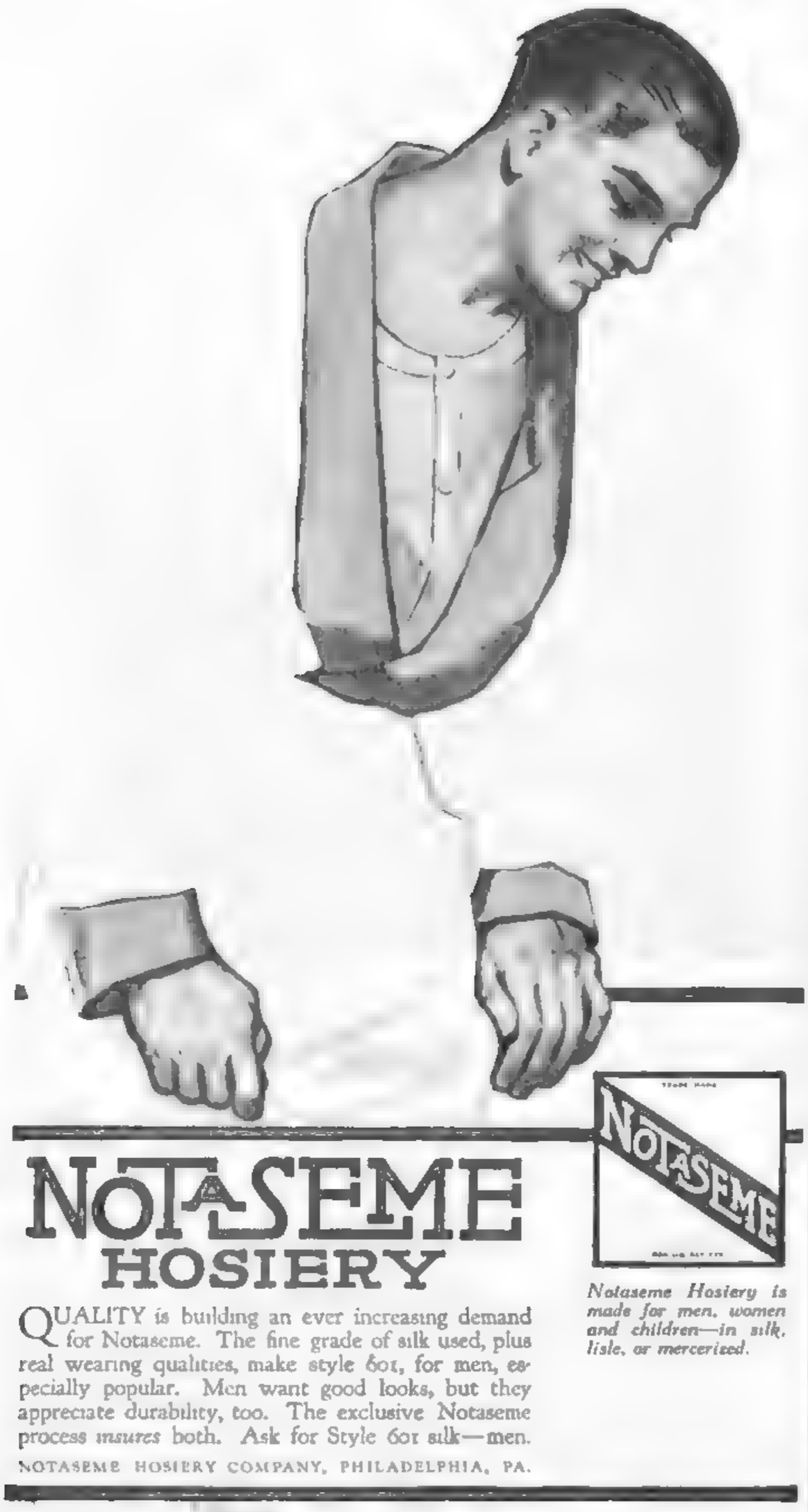

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carried the bottle back to the compartment of the sideboard two-thirds of its contents had vanished. A jangling echo of the conversation remained with him, principally the details of a dance, in costume and masks, the attending dinners, to be given at the Eastlake Golf Club. This should, it had been agreed, from every indication, be a bear.

A bear, in the sense of the hugger-mugging, it would probably prove, he thought. What were the ridiculous names of the confounded ugly dances now? Jazz? That wasn't quite right. He had it—toddling! "Toddling!" he repeated it aloud with stiff lips. The master of ceremonies at Lennis Springs would never have permitted such a parody—he hadn't seen it, but the name was sufficiently descriptive—of grace and youth. Ceremony and its masters had gone. The Fox woman had worn some orchids and maidenhair fern, about which, to Gummery, Sara had made a pointed and challenging comment. Gummery hadn't bought them, that had emerged; and the strange exotic petals flared up in Andrew's vision and sank like a dying flame as he made a gesture toward his coat. The buttonhole was empty, but the tang of lemon verbena refreshed all his age and weariness. When he was young, no other man could have given flowers to Caroline. Caroline would not have taken them!

The night on which—it was forcibly brought to Andrew's attention—the masked ball was to be held, Samson's wife, an invalid for the past five years, was weaker, and the elder sat with his brother in the latter's parlor. Andrew Rendell realized that the party was progressing from the presence on the street of a number of fantastic figures—pierrots in white satin, a pierrette with short draperies of scarlet. They seemed odd to him, to his familiarity with Eastlake, and extraordinarily characteristic of the new feeling abroad. Once the town had been tranquil, pastoral, smooth like the course of the water by the Springs; but now it was broken into countless whirlpools, shot with the bright colors of troubled confusion; and the edge of each whirlpool interrupted the edges of others, so there was a constant turmoil everywhere. Samson appeared low vitally. It was Memorial Day. He had played golf—Samson, who, as well, was no longer exactly young—from morning until evening; and yet he was at a loss to account for his exhaustion.

"Sara and Mitchell and the Foxes dressed here," he told Andrew. "I suppose the girls' costumes are right enough to-day. In the days of our charades, Andrew, they'd have raised Cain."

The other suggested that precisely that might be in process now. "Cain," he repeated.

Other parties were passing. It was not yet dark, and he could see a slim-legged thing with red balloons attached to her shoulder straps. There were shouts, calls, running feet, unrestrained laughter—yes, kisses on the street. Then there was a sharp splintering of glass on the bricks, the smashing of a flung bottle, and a disturbing note of anger.

Samson went upstairs. It was time for Andrew to go, but he delayed, with his hands clasped on the old yellowed ivory knob of his stick. His thoughts were not, as customary, clear, sharply defined. They mingled and ran from one form, one memory into another. His grip on his mind was slipping. For example, Caroline seemed so real that he almost imagined she was before him. The whisper of her skirt sounded at the door. It was a slender figure in white, however, glittering with points of silver, frosted with silver, her hair hidden in bands of metallic brocade and her feet in strapped sandals.

"Sara!" he exclaimed, startled.

She nodded, balanced before him; and then, wavering, recovered herself with difficulty.

"I wanted grandmother to see me, but grandfather said it was better not. She wasn't strong enough, he put it rather humorously. Uncle Andrew," she demanded, "you are very wise. Tell me—what's it all about?" He was blest if he knew!

"I mean," she continued, "there is such a tremendous preparation for everything, as if it were the greatest importance, and when it comes ——"

The remainder she waved airily away. He studied her through a clouded vision; then, "Where's Mitchell?" he demanded.

"Probably somewhere with Delia Fox," she replied.

"That is what it's about," he pronounced, and then kept a stubborn silence against her further questioning. One word, though, escaped him, pronounced more for himself than for her. "Love," he said.

She laughed mockingly. The number of people in the room multiplied—a pierrot in white, with a face of plaster, Mitchell; and a pierrot in black, with a perverse lace mask. This, he slowly gathered, was Gummery Fox. Fox swayed and stumbled, but finally brought up before Sara and the shape in the scarlets of autumn maple leaves—Delia.

"Which," he demanded in a blurred and insistent voice, "is my wife?" Delia giggled. "I choose you," he cried, bowing precariously to Sara Baker.

Mitchell laughed harshly and slipped a hand under Delia Fox's arm.

They left as suddenly and tumultuously as they had come, but paused, evidently, on the porch, for Andrew Rendell heard near intense voices. Sara's urgent tones were clear, Delia's shrill; and then, distinct, sharp, Mitchell Baker cursed. That, Andrew Rendell told himself, before ladies, wouldn't do. He rose, securing his hat. There were some things which demanded correction. When he reached the porch Sara and Delia Fox were standing together, and below them, on the patch of lawn, the black figure and the white were fighting in an abandon of rage. That, he saw at once, could not be now prevented, stopped; and in a grave, even voice he insisted on the others going within. He accompanied them to the parlor, where Gummery Fox's wife collapsed in a storm of thin sobbing; but Sara was erect, hard, dry-eyed. Nothing, Andrew realized, could be done with, for, the men; here was where he belonged; and in an assumed calmness, through which he tried in vain to keep his lips from trembling, he sat on the edge of a chair. A single light in the parlor gave an isolated glimmer, and through a window there was a trace, a promise of moonlight. He wondered how long the strife on the lawn would continue. It ought to be over now! The whirlpools, turning and clashing. A shimmering white figure, portentous in the gloom, entered and walked rigidly up to Sara. It was Mitchell Baker. She half put out a hand.

"Oh, your face! Where—where is Gummery?"

"Gone to the hospital," he replied, and then turning abruptly went to the window, against which he made no more than a sharp, sturdy silhouette.

Samson appeared, with a rattle of questions, and went hastily out. An intolerable silence, suspense, followed. Mitchell, Andrew Rendell reflected, was powerful; and how hardened, in a handsome way, his face had come from the war. How suddenly, with what immeasurable brutality the undying past in men had lunged out from the tinsel of the present.

"Was he bad, Mitchell?" Sara asked finally.

"Go to the hospital and see," he answered briefly.

"I insist on your answering me."

"Why?"

"There's no real need for me to explain."

"—— over the heart. He fell ——"

Delia Fox rose, the scarlet of her dress purple-black in the darkness, and ran out. Mitchell again faced the window. The moonlight was creeping in a beam into the room. It touched the silver of Sara's costume and shone there in minute coruscations of cold brilliancy.

"You had better go see, Mitchell," she told him in a steadied voice; and without a word he, too, left. His footfalls, in satin slippers, made no sound; but not long after the sound of shoes, shoes dragging, mounted the porch steps. Samson came into the parlor, but there stood undecided.

"Yes, Samson?" Andrew asked, going to his brother.

The former made a short, violent gesture toward Sara.

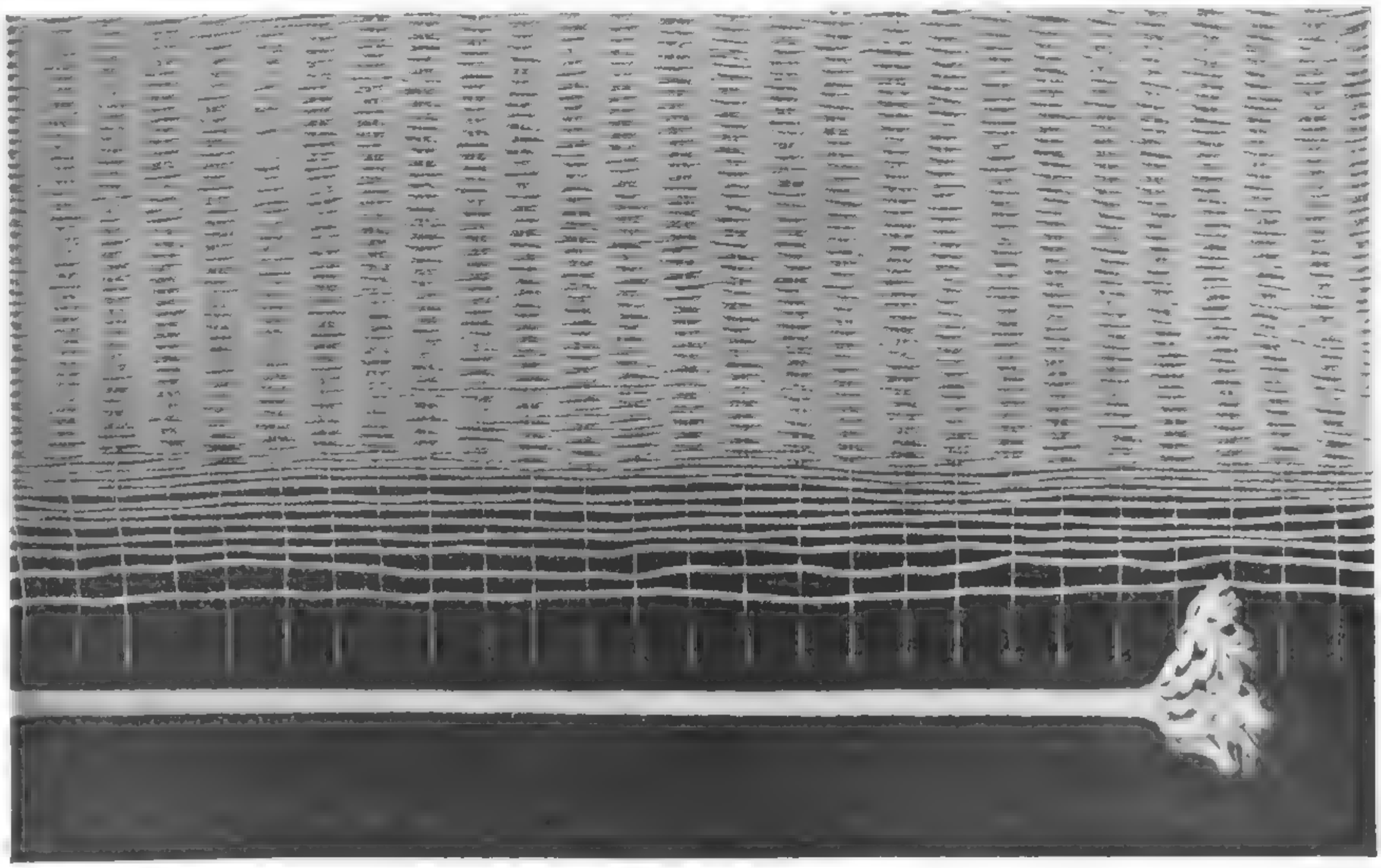
"Take her upstairs," he said. "Mitchell killed Gummery Fox. His heart couldn't be started again."

Andrew Rendell marched with traitorous knees to the girl and held out an arm. However, she made no effort to take it. In the moonlight she was a statue of ice. He could but wait, and he stood anxiously watching her.

"Do as I tell you, Andrew," Samson repeated. "I'll have to see about Mitchell at once."

"Why didn't someone tell me life was like this?" Sara demanded.

(Continued on Page 97)



A piece of CARLISLE *Rope* alongside "Cord"

[*This illustration is* ACTUAL *size. A glance at it will show you where the Carlisle* ROPE *Tire gets its strength*]

CARLISLE rope will *flex* [bend] some 9,000,000 times before it starts to ravel, in *severe laboratory* tests—in *road* service many million times more. It has unusual *stretch* and at the same time great *tensile* strength.

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You pay $2. to $10., for every other inch of your furniture How much for this one inch ?

WHAT INCH? Why, the one little inch at the bottom of the furniture . . . that one inch between the furniture and the floor. Probably you never even look at it, except when you have to move a table or a bed and it sticks . . . but that one inch that you and so many other people neglect is perhaps the most important inch in all your furniture. You pay a lot more for all the other inches . . . how much for this one inch? This inch—the "Neglected Inch"—is going to determine the life of your polished floors . . . of your rugs and carpets and even of your furniture itself . . .

"Oh, you mean the casters . . . but casters are just casters, aren't they?"

* * * *

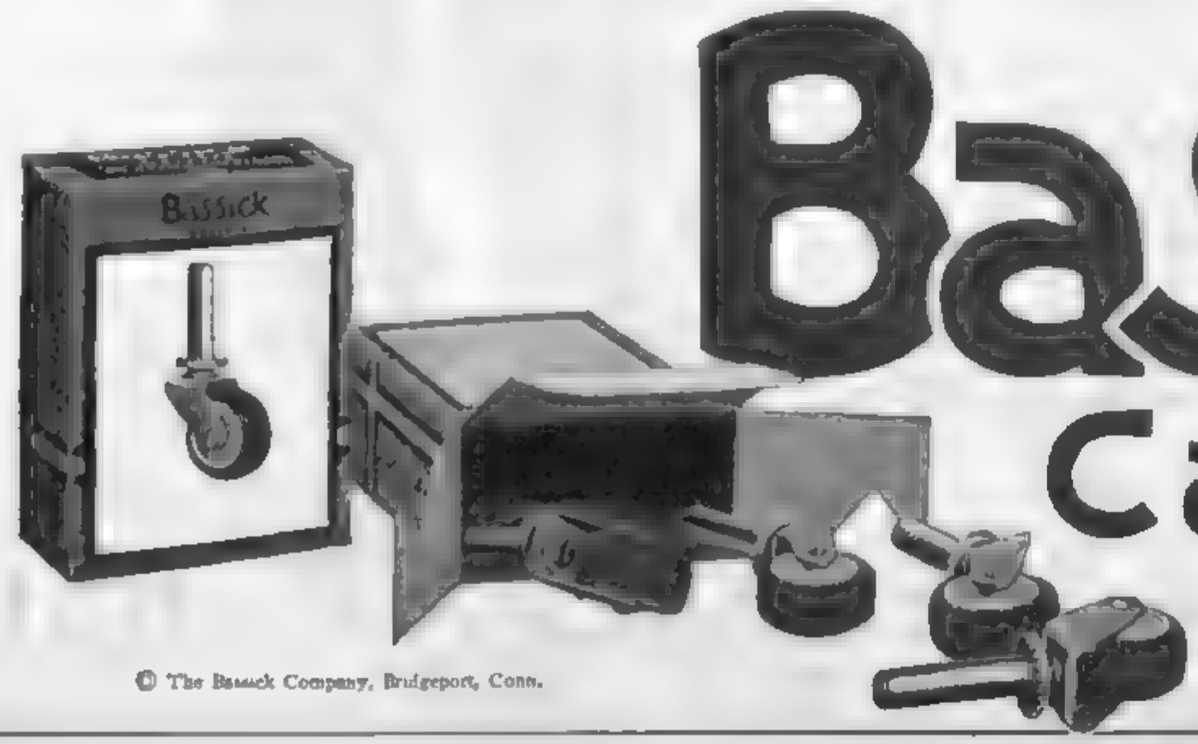
No, casters aren't just casters. A table must be moved . . . you push it . . . it doesn't respond . . . you push it harder . . . finally after a great deal of effort it moves. Do you realize what you have been doing? You have been trying to move the body of the table and not the legs; oh, not consciously . . . but since the casters did not respond, the legs of the table remained fixed to the floor. All your strength was applied to the top of the table . . . forcing it away from the legs. Finally the casters moved . . . but think of the strain on the table. No wonder furniture becomes rickety and wabbly.

And casters must not only be right for furniture—they must also be the proper type for specific floors or floor coverings. The furniture manufacturer can't foresee what kind of rugs and floors you have in your home. Therefore, he can't equip his furniture with just the proper casters for your home.

Through no fault of the manufacturer the casters you have on your table may not have been intended for your particular floors. Every time you move the table it is likely to leave ugly scratches, and you know how rugs can be ruined, carpets worn out and linoleum torn. Wrong casters—that's all. So you see the "Neglected Inch" is an important inch.

* * * *

Why not look over your furniture now, with this "Neglected Inch" thought in mind? See whether or not the casters you have are right for both furniture and floor. If you find that you need Bassick Casters go to your dealer. Tell him exactly what piece of furniture needs Bassick Casters and what kind of floor or floor covering it stands on. He can select from his stock of Bassick Casters just the set you need.



Bassick Casters

© The Bassick Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

(Continued from Page 94)

Everyone but the girl and Andrew Rendell had gone. Speaking, her words were separated by long pauses. For a moment he had been certain that she was about to faint; but as he regarded her he recognized that, miraculously, she was gathering courage. Say what he would of the present in Sara, no one might with justice call it cowardly.

"I haven't known it at all," she went on mechanically. "Why, living is terrible—and strong and dangerous! Mitchell! Mitchell!" she cried uncontrollably, in a voice that filled the room with the agony of a tearing emotion.

And then, for a reason that evaded him, Andrew Rendell breathed the cool pungency, the green scent of lemon verbena. It enveloped him in the magic, the love, which held him safe above life, beyond disaster. As ever, it recreated, brought back and back, Caroline; and for a second he plunged into the selfishness of his ecstasy and memory. But faced with duty, with an effort he came back to the present.

"You will come with me," he urged Sara Baker.

She shook her head negatively, and passed swiftly from a blanched sparkling radiance to the darkness of the hall. He was so shaken that in place of departing, as he had intended, Andrew Rendell sank into a chair.

He was a long while there, for when his confusion had subsided he noticed that the path of the moon across the rug had shifted. It used to be, on such nights, that the lamplighter made no rounds; but that had been when he was a boy, in the Eastlake that, whatever better or worse might follow, was eternally gone.

THE YOUNG MAN IN JOURNALISM

(Continued from Page 11)

beliefs. Nothing pleases them more than to have a clergyman go astray or a church member get in jail. They are fond of investigations. Their pinhead perceptions find nourishment in the mistakes of others. They always take the negative side. They question. They doubt. They lament. They regret. They scold.

It is easy for an editor to acquire this attitude. Many editors have taken it, beginning with the notion of catering to people who like this sort of reading; then they gradually absorb the flavor. We have had the examples of ill-natured newspapers nicknamed by the public The Growler or The Scold or The Old Pessimist. Not long ago several magazines sought fame and circulation by a conduct of criticism of public men called muckraking. The sale of thousands of copies attested general desire for that kind of reading.

This public attitude certainly tempts the editor; but experience has taught that the public scold is vastly unpopular, be he editor, preacher, teacher or oracle of any sort.

And many are interested in reading about the weather. It is a universal topic. It governs our agricultural prosperity. It influences every kind of business. It stops the ball games. It impedes transportation. It deluges our domain with floods. It parches our soil, interferes with our plans, disturbs our comfort, upsets mental processes, compels us to change our clothing when we do not want to. It makes us wear clumsy things on our feet. It raises the very mischief in a hundred different ways. Everybody thinks of it or speaks of it twenty times a day. The wise editor will print a fine fat paragraph about it, describing the weather over all this broad land, giving the practical, the scientific reasons for its daily changes, and explaining the indicated effect on trade, travel and temperament.

What shall we print? A California newspaper sought through a questionnaire to learn from its readers how much of the sheet they actually read. It summarized the eighteen hundred replies. Seventy-five per cent attested that the reader looked at the headlines and rarely finished the article; only twenty-five per cent ever read an article through. One answer said, "I finish a story I begin to read about once in ten times." Another said, "I go beyond the headline once in ten times, perhaps, but when I do I read it through." Still another, "I usually find all I want in the first paragraph."

The net result seemed to indicate that almost all simply scanned the sheet in search of something to interest them, and found little. The chief criticism was that the articles were too long.

At a time when we were most actively in the war, when reduction of the size of newspapers was necessary, The Post-Standard, of Syracuse, asked its readers for an expression as to what part of the Sunday edition should be retained and what part eliminated. Two thousand answers were received. First of all the readers wanted the war news—the news of what was happening to the boys from Syracuse at the front, the news of the war in general. Then they elected to have the pictorial gravure and magazine sections. They were sure that the sporting and society and theater news could be put in half the usual space. The comics came in for some criticism but always with the reservation that the children loved them and it would be too bad to disappoint the kiddies. The general suggestion was that nearly every department would not suffer if cut down one-half.

We have said that it behooves the editor who has the confidence of his constituents to nurse that confidence, that a circulation based on confidence is not easily lost. It is fatal to mislead the public, but it is dangerous to circulation to go violently against public opinion. A knowledge of public sentiment and the ability to anticipate it are brilliants indeed in the editor's jewel box of sagacity.

The absolutely fearless editor who values his opinion more than he values his income will slam into the public's cherished notions if he believes he is right, will take violent attitude on public questions or quarrels. The timid editor shuns controversy. His policy is to praise rather than condemn. He knows that to lambaste the city government is to lose the city printing. He strives to please everybody, to avoid antagonizing any considerable part of a community. The fearless editor disregards consequences; the timid editor avoids them.

Dana uttered a helpful truth when he remarked that if you attack a man's politics or religion you make that man your enemy. Almost every man has a trace of politics and religion in his make-up. Also, he resents criticism of a friend or of the object of his hero worship.

Reversal of political policy has damaged the prosperity of many newspapers. Editors of long memory expect popular resentment to follow such change. No degree of caressing talk or pussy-paw argument seems to soothe the man whose politics or religion has been attacked.

I have lingered over these things in somewhat prosy manner perhaps, but if you are going into the newspaper business I know of little more important than real study of what to print. The practical newspaper man thinks of it by the hour. The good newspaper is not the product of chance. Every phase of life is thought out and its relation to public interest is weighed. Public interest changes almost daily. It must be studied, must be anticipated, must be prepared for

Editor's Note—This is the second of several articles by Mr Lord. The third will appear in an early issue

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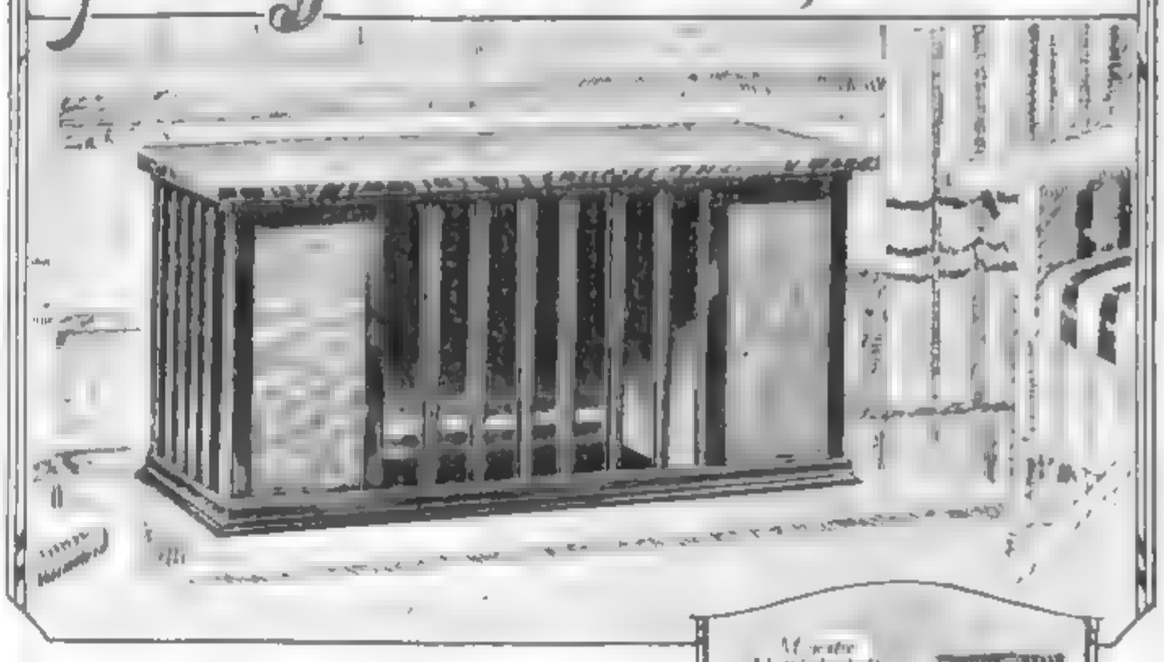

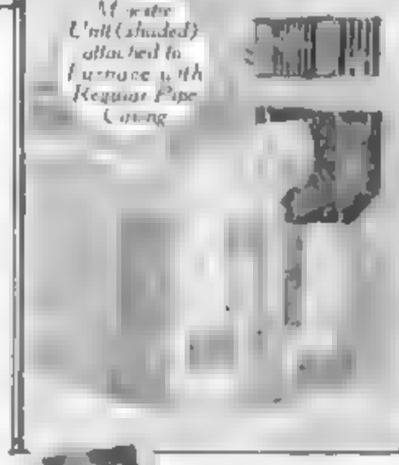

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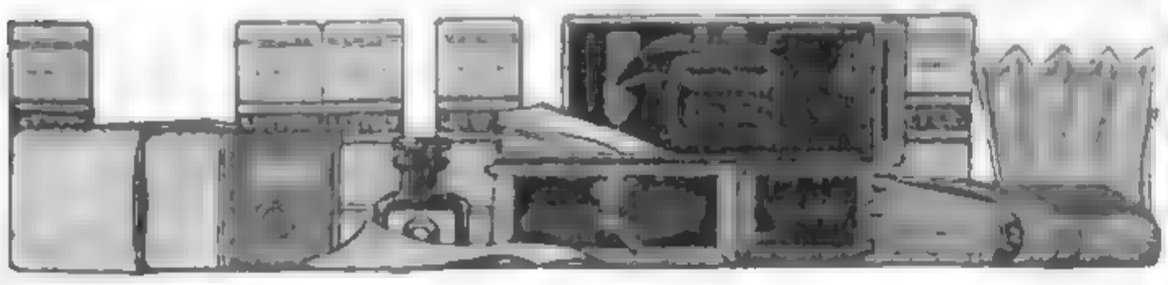

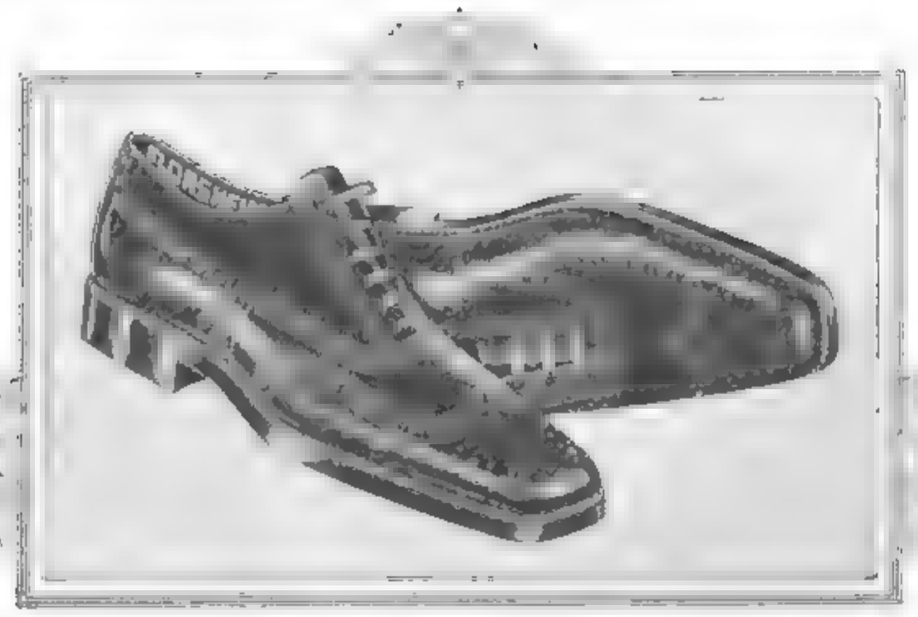

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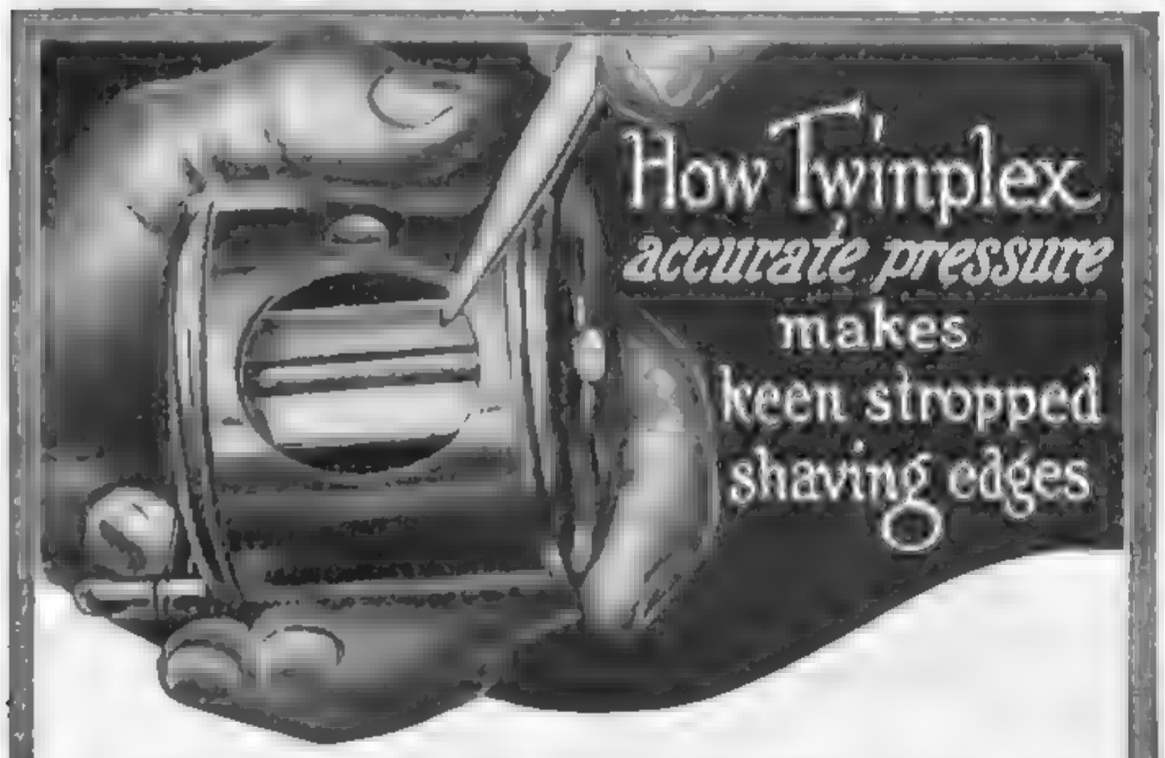

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ONE HUNDRED SHAVES FROM ONE BLADE

BREAKING UP

(Continued from Page 16)

them and dealt them. Gus looked at her over the top of his cards, but she looked at her own hand and did not meet his eyes.

"Pitch?" he said. "Right you are. Glad you're here, Miss Smith?"

"I asked you to come. You don't have to call me Miss Smith. It's your turn to play," said Sally Belle.

"You're a funny kid."

Gus laughed, but his laugh sounded pleased. They began to play. He did not lose his temper, as Pig always did at cards. He played carelessly and fast, but he always seemed to guess right. He beat her in three hands, and they started another game. Gus dangled his legs over the edge of the shelf as he sat. They were very long legs. He was very tall and strong and handsome, the handsomest boy in the crowd, and by this time the crowd all knew that he belonged to her. One by one they looked up at the card game on the shelf, and looked politely away and talked to each other about it. Madgie kept smiling a self-conscious smile and did not look up at all.

"Where's Plummer?" Gus asked. He was giving a fancy shuffle to Pig's cards.

"Unharnessing. Want him?"

"I don't if you don't."

"I don't want him," said Sally Belle firmly.

She did want him. She wished he would come and see her up there with Gus. What would Pig do when he saw her? Sometimes boys fought when they were angry. Sometimes when Pig was very angry he cried. She did not want the crowd to see Pig cry. Nobody came down the path from the stables. She watched it. Where was he?

"I know a little girl that's going for a walk with me after dinner," Gus said—"a long walk."

"What's her name?"

"Same as yours."

"Don't be too sure," said Sally Belle coyly but absently.

Where was Pig? Everyone else was here. Free had come in from the lake. The door into the kitchen was shut and locked. Boys shook it at intervals, and old Charlie, the cook, scolded at them from inside, and mysterious and pleasant smells came from there. Dinner was almost ready. Was something wrong with Queen Bess or Pig? Sally Belle threw down her cards.

"Don't let's play any more," she said.

"What you say goes. From now on it goes with me."

Gus jumped down and held out his hand. Sally Belle did not take it. She sat still where she was and stared. The door of Charlie's little kitchen had opened and a strange figure stood framed in it. It was not Charlie. Sally Belle saw it first, then the crowd saw, too, and called out appropriate greetings.

"'Kiss me, honey, do.' 'Darktown is out to-night.'"

Bowing and smiling, and looking surprised by the attention she received, but gratified, a fat colored lady stood in the doorway. She was gayly but tastefully dressed in a pink-and-white waist, a Turkey-red skirt and a blue-checked apron tied so tight that her waist was small, though her matronly figure was not. A red turban wreathed her head, gold earrings hung from her ears, her hands were white; but her face was as black as burnt cork could make it. Her eyes were hidden behind a big pair of smoked-glass spectacles, but they were brown—the brown of pine needles deep in the woods. The lady's waist was her own, but her figure was a pillow, her apron and glasses were Charlie's, her skirt was a curtain, her earrings were curtain rings, her turban was Sally Belle's scarf—and the lady was Pig; Pig, smiling and winking and flirting outrageously with his eyes at everybody in the room except Sally Belle. He did not seem to see her at all. She slipped down from the shelf and stood by Gus.

"That's Plummer," Gus explained. "He's a case. I didn't think he had it in him."

"He hasn't," said Sally Belle crossly.

Pig waved a coy hand to command silence, did not get it, but raised his voice in correct coon-song dialect:

"Ladies and gentlemen, friends and fellow citizens, dinner am served. My pal Charlie, he sent me out here with that li'l' announcement to make.

"Oh, how them boarders yell
When they hear the dinner bell!"

He sang in a high falsetto. "Lost my voice, and I got to keep on singing till I find it," he explained plaintively. "Lost my sweetheart too.

"My gal has left me,
My gal has shook me,
Will someone tell me where she's gone?

"But everybody smiles on me while comin' through the rye. I got a place to eat, I got a place to sleep, I got a-plenty good clothes to wear, I got a hat on my head, I got a shoes on my feet, so what more need I care? Choose partners and form in line for the cakewalk. What li'l' boy or girl wants to escort this nigger in? Don't all speak at once."

They did, of course, crowding round Pig and fighting for him. Pig's red turban bobbed up and down in the middle of a crowd of boys—all the boys in the room but Gus. Sally Belle clutched his arm and held it tight. Free Foster put down a book that he was reading, and came and watched and laughed. It was hard to make Free laugh.

"Oh, you chaperon!" called Pig, and pushed all his admirers away and plunged toward Free, dragging torn and trailing draperies, and caught Free's arm. "'I got a sneaky feelin' for you,'" he announced tenderly, and started for the dining room, doing an elaborate cakewalk with Free.

A hastily formed procession followed him into the dining room and round and round the long tables, cakewalking two by two. Sally Belle would not dance, but Gus tried to. Almost everybody danced, and everybody sang. The tune they sang was a strange blend of all the best cakewalk tunes. Pig's voice led all the rest. It was off key and hoarse and loud, but it made you want to sing with him. He called out words that the others forgot. He made up new words and sang them over and over till the others sang them too. They were not very funny words, but everybody laughed.

"Crowd's broke loose and old Free can't do a thing.
Tissue Doyle's going to buy a wedding ring.
Madge has shook Stub—she's as happy as a king.
There'll be a hot time—in this camp—to-night.

"All over but the cheering," Pig announced at last, and at once it was. There was a scramble for chairs and the crowd dropped into them breathless. "Hey, look who's here! Me old friend of college days. Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys. Silence in the court room! The judge is going to speak."

Charlie stood in the door with a steaming tureen of chowder. He made a slow round of the table and served it, and dinner began.

"Any guy that can start a rough-house before dinner," said Gus—"why, you've got to hand it to him. But Plummer will laugh on the other side of his mouth when he gets wise to a certain little something. Hey, little girl?" He looked at Sally Belle tenderly.

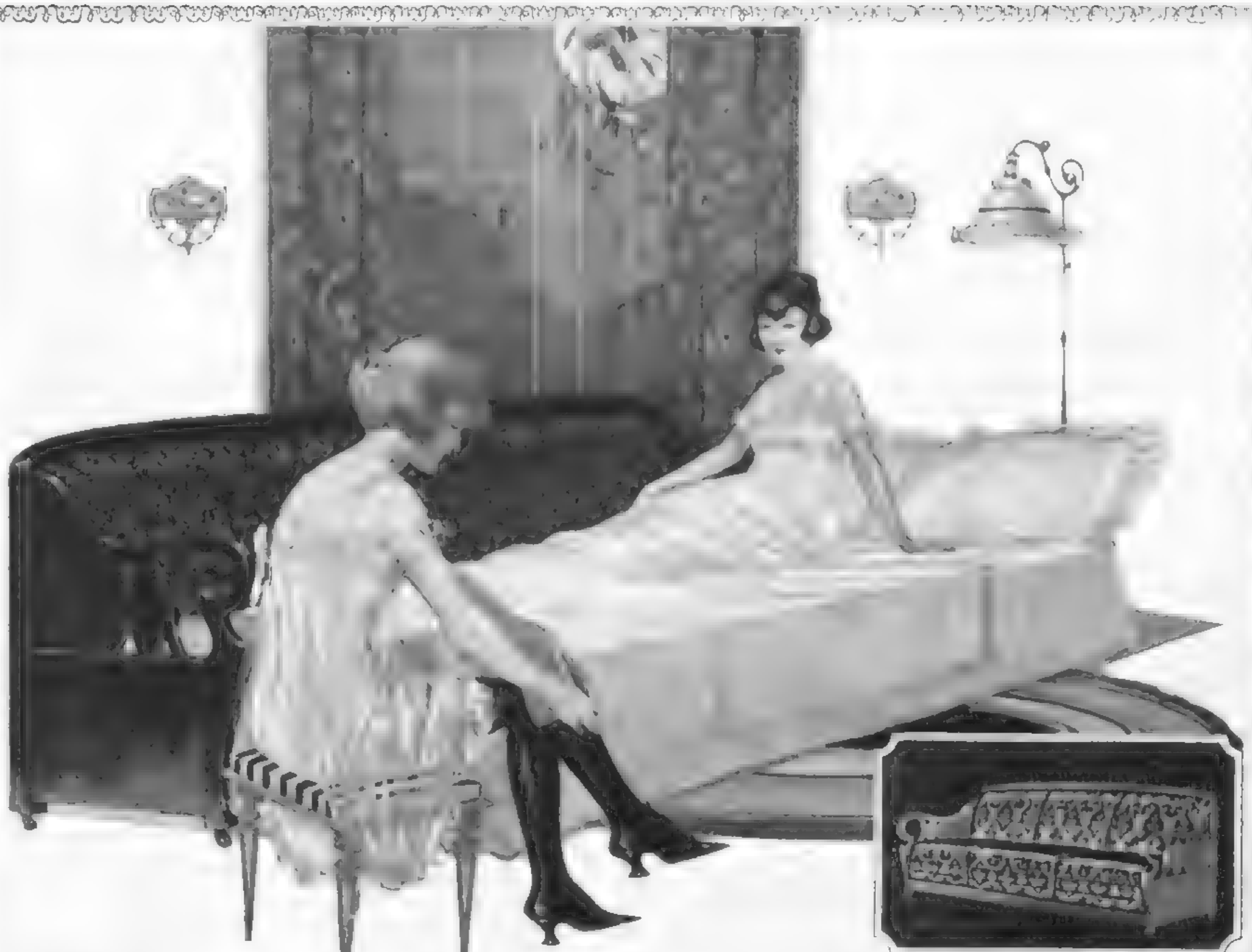
"Yes," said Sally Belle. "Mr. Carr—Augustus—will you pass the pickles, please?"

Sally Belle and Gus were at the lower end of the table. The table was made of three narrow board tables put together, with red cloths overlapping. Facing them, enthroned in state alone at the other end, sat Pig. He had Free on his right hand and Tish on his left, and divided his favors equally between them. Tish buttered biscuits and fed him, but he rested his head on Free's shoulder at intervals, and Free let him. He threw kisses impartially at anyone disposed to catch them. The pillow inside his waist had slipped and he was no longer a perfect forty-six, though still an ample one. His turban was over one ear and his black hair showed, curling very tight; somebody had pinned a faded rose in it. Sally Belle tried to get his eye and could not. She stared at him. Pig was not a case. He would join a rough-house but never start one; he was too lazy. What had changed him? Was this Pig?

"This is some swell feed," said Gus.

It was. The chowder was a camp chowder with onions and bits of pork and no milk. Charlie kept the coffee cups filled, and brought hot biscuits and fried a second batch of doughnuts, and a third. The crowd did not eat quite so much anywhere

(Continued on Page 100)



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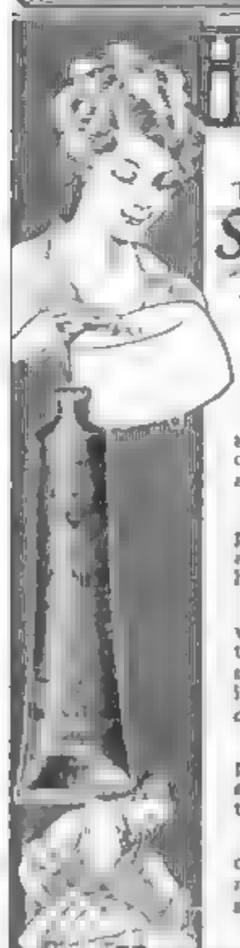

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WALDES Koh-i-noor SNAP FASTENER

(Continued from Page 98)

as at camp. They never did two things at once. They were eating now, and the rough-house had stopped while they ate, but it would break out again. There were signs of it all round the table. Girls whispered and giggled, boys flirted with Pig and snatches of song were started. The crowd had got going, and for the day the crowd was Pig's and only Pig's. They laughed at everything he said and did and watched him when he did nothing. When he slipped out of Tissue's embrace and disappeared in the kitchen they applauded on general principles, and waited.

The chowder tureen had been filled and emptied three times. The table was cleared. Pig came back holding above his head the biggest platter in camp piled high with ice cream. Charlie followed him with plates of cake, put them on the table, grinned benevolently and vanished for the day.

"Go way back and sit down. They don't need you. Not so long as they got this coon," Pig said and began to dance round the table, serving and singing and adding appropriate remarks to each helping.

"Sweets to the sweet," he said, serving Free first with a languishing air. "Lillian, honey, you don't need any; you're too cold to me now. This li'l' punkin-colored coon, she's so warm it can't hurt her." This was Madgie. He gave Gus an extra-sized helping, but did not speak to him.

"Pig, you are acting foolish," whispered Sally Belle. "I wish you'd stop it. I want to talk sense to you, Pig."

"Ann Eliza—Miss Ann Eliza Green," Pig corrected her. "That's my name, honey. I'll talk sense when you talk sense," he added in a low voice, "and not before."

She had caught at his crimson skirt. He pulled away and it tore in her hand. He raised the platter with a flourishing gesture high above Sally Belle and Gus.

"The happy couple," he announced cheerfully. "They are on their honeymoon, but have had no chance to spoon." Then he went on round the table, whistling the wedding march.

Sally Belle did not watch him any more. She sat still for a while, watching the ice cream melt on her plate; then she began to eat it very fast. She scraped the plate clean, chose a large piece of chocolate cake deliberately and put it in her pocket. Then she pushed back her chair and rose.

"If you want to walk with me we'll walk now," she said.

"What you say goes," said Gus dutifully, with his mouth full of cake.

He finished it in two large bites, got up and followed her out of the room. Nobody saw them go. Nobody cared whether they went or not. The rough-house had begun again already. Pig stood on a chair announcing his engagement to Tish in a long speech, broken by clapping and stamping and knives and forks beating on the table for applause. After dinner the crowd always paired off at once and walked, or rowed on the lake; but to-day nobody else had left the dining room yet. Sally Belle and Gus went out of the front door and down the path to the lake.

Dinner was the event of the day at camp. It was always late, but Pig had made it later and longer. The short September afternoon was half over. The lake did not look quite so blue or the sun quite so bright. The boats were all at the slip and empty, and the shore and the lake and the shore and the world looked empty too. Behind them they heard faint but unmistakable sounds—an impromptu orchestra beginning to play on dish pans and combs. Pig was probably leading it. Gus laughed.

"Queer," he said, "how a clown like Plummer ever hit it off with a quiet girl like you."

"We'll walk round the beach and back by the woods," said Sally Belle. "I know a path. We can get back by six. We'll skip stones now. I know where there are some. I'll race you round that point."

"What do I get if I get there first?" Gus asked. It was a silly question.

"You win the race," said Sally Belle coldly.

Gus did win it, but she was close behind. They stopped side by side, flushed and out of breath, on a narrow crescent of beach. She and Pig always skipped stones here. No matter how many you threw, there were just as many left; thin gray stones, warm in the sun, curled up at the edges like the petals of flowers. She picked up a stone and warmed it in her hand and patted it. Pig's orchestra was playing louder. You could hear it plainly. You could be almost sure it was playing Ann Eliza. She held her head high and listened.

"Think Plummer saw us go?" said Gus. "Think he's onto us yet?"

"I don't know," said Sally Belle. Her voice was not quite steady. "And I don't care," she added firmly. "Come along. Let's walk. Let's walk fast. I don't want to skip stones to-day."

"Call this walking?" said Gus.

"It is walking," said Sally Belle.

She led the way round the gray strip of beach. She stepped daintily on the smooth unsteady stones. It was fun, like dancing, and the lake water made a little tune that your feet could keep time to. Thick woods crowded close on one side, and on the other side the blue water came close and rippled and lapped and tried to come closer still. You could pretend that you were walking on water, it came so close. Sometimes there was no beach at all, only great piled-up rocks that you climbed across; but when you jumped down on the other side the beach was there again, waiting. The beach was narrow, but it was very long. It led you on and on. It unwound before you as if it had no end. It was different round every curve, always new but never strange. It was as long as the world.

Gus was not used to walking on the rocks. He was getting very tired. He had tried to talk at first, but after a while he did not talk at all—he just scrambled and panted behind her.

"All right, Augustus?" she asked at last.

They were on a level stretch of beach where you could stop and get your breath. Gus sat down on a rock and mopped his forehead.

"I'm still alive," he said, "and kicking. But that was some sprint and you are some sprinter! Say, why don't you call me Gus?"

"I don't like the name of Gus."

"Why?"

"I just don't—that's all," said Sally Belle. "Look, here's where the path begins."

Between two trees, hard to see if you did not know it, a tiny gold ribbon of path led into the woods. It led deep in and round to the camp again. It was a private path. She had found it last spring with Pig. They worked at it together and kept it clear. They made part of it themselves, cleaning out dead wood and cutting trail marks on the trees. Nobody else had been through it with them, nobody knew it was there. It was a secret path, her path and Pig's. She parted the branches and plunged in and Gus followed her.

"Path?" he said. "Cow track!"

"It gets wider after a while," Sally Belle said stiffly, "and you don't have to come if you don't want to."

"Don't you want me?"

"Yes," said Sally Belle. "But don't keep asking me things like that."

"Like what?" A twig had caught in her hair. He pulled it out. "I can do that, can't I?"

"Come along," said Sally Belle.

She started along the path, walking first and as fast as she could. You could not go very fast, the path twisted and turned so much. You could not always stand up very straight. Often you could not see the path except for a few steps before you. You heard lake water at first, but soon you could not hear it or see it at all. You saw nothing but trees and trees. The wind in the trees made a little noise like talking. You could almost make out the words, but not quite. They were beautiful words.

Gus was not fat like Pig, but he made more noise in the woods. He tramped along behind her, breathing hard and stumbling over roots of trees. He stopped to pull twigs off his clothes. She would have to bring him here every time she came. She could never come here with Pig again.

"Hey, what's your hurry?" Gus said. "Where's the fire? Who said this path got wider?"

"I did," said Sally Belle, "and it does. Right here. Don't—don't you like it?"

They had stepped out of the trees into a little open space roofed by tall pines but clear of undergrowth and green with moss. A flat rock made a table, and Pig brought candy and peanuts to eat here. Last spring it was here that they found their first Mayflowers. Gus stopped and looked round him. Sally Belle looked at Gus. His face looked damp and hot and his teeth looked too big for his face, like the wolf's in the picture—"the better to eat you."

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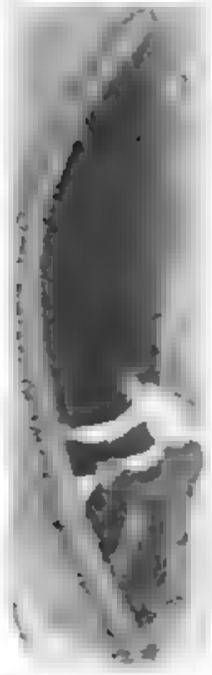

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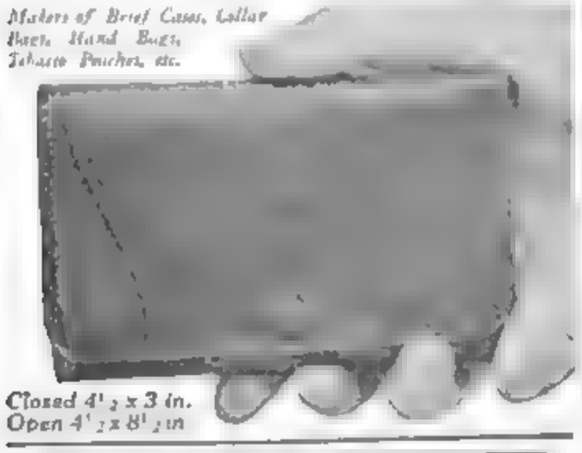

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I don't like the woods," he said. "Never have. Nothing doing there. And I don't think much of your path."

"You don't have to. It's not your path."

"I don't like your path, but I like you," said Gus. "When Madge told me you wanted to go with me I didn't quite get the idea—you looked like a kid. But Madge had her eye on Plummer, so I looked you over, and—well, you look good to me. You suit me right down to the ground. We can have swell times."

"Wait," said Sally Belle, "please." She stopped. Her cheeks felt hot, but they only kept getting hotter, so she went on in a faint voice: "Please say that again. I want to get it straight. Madgie told you I wanted to go with you?"

"Sure!"

"And Madgie wants—wants ——"

"Plummer? Sure! He's a kid, but she could train him. She's sick of Stub. Great girl, Madgie."

"What will Stub do?"

"That's his lookout. Everybody else is pleased."

"Oh!" said Sally Belle. "Oh!"

"I'm pleased and you're pleased."

"It wouldn't matter whether I was pleased or not," said Sally Belle slowly. "I've promised. I'd have to go on if—if I hated you."

"Well, you don't hate me." Gus smiled and his big teeth showed. "You like me. You like me a lot. Say so, can't you? We're going together."

"No, we're not," said Sally Belle—"not yet. Not till I talk to Pig."

She turned away from him into the path again, where the twisted yellow birch marked it. He laughed and followed her.

The clearing was near the camp, and the path to camp ran quite straight from here. It was growing darker fast. The gold was gone from the trees. Black shadows came and went; then they came and stayed. You walked straight through them. They grew wider. It was late. It was almost time to start home, but first you teased Charlie for cookies if you were hungry, and you danced the Virginia reel. It was all you could dance on the rough boards of the floor. The fire blazed high while you danced, and the horses waited and stamped outside. She would have to drive home with Gus, but she would not dance with Gus. She would not dance at all. She would talk to Pig. She would break up. She had promised. Perhaps she would never speak to Madgie again, but she would break up. Her heart ached, but it had ached all day. It did not ache much worse now. It would feel better if she could talk to Pig; if Pig would be nice to her and stop acting in the silly way that he had acted all day. She wanted to talk to him now. She could not wait any longer. She wanted Pig.

"Race for life upon the ice!" panted Gus behind her.

She did not answer or look back at him. She slid along the pine needles, almost running. She came to the last long slope of path. She ran. She ran quite fast. Her tam came off and she waved it in her hand. Her braids were unpinned and she fixed them as she ran. She came to the pine at the end of the path and stopped. She stepped out from behind the pine and stood still and looked round her. She looked and looked. Gus looked, too, over her shoulder. He whistled.

"Left us cold," he said.

It was true. The path ended close to where the wood road began. From here you looked straight down through a gap in the trees at the lake and the camp. It was dark in the woods; it was twilight here and it would soon be dark. The lamps were lighted and the dying fire glowed red and grew fainter while you watched. The curtains were not drawn, and through the unshaded windows you saw the whole big bare room. There was nobody in it; nobody on the broad piazzas or the gray paths by the lake. Only, far down on the shore, one dark little figure moved—Charlie covering the boats for the night. In front of the stable, the space where the hayrack had stood was empty, and only one buggy stood there. The crowd had gone.

"What do you know about that?" said Gus.

"Nothing," said Sally Belle.

She winked her eyes to keep back the tears. Free often started first if the buggies were late in starting. The hayrack had to go slow and they could catch up and pass it. But she did not explain this to Gus. She did not want to talk to Gus. She did not want to talk at all. The crowd had gone and Queen Bess had gone and Pig had gone. Pig had gone without her—Pig. Pig never left her. He always took care of her. He always had. If he had left her like this it meant just one thing. She had done what she promised. She and Pig had broken up. She was going with Gus. She stared at him wide-eyed through the twilight. Her heart did not ache any more. It was a cold dead lump inside her.

"We've done it now!" she said.

Gus had no idea that a crisis had come and passed. He just stood there smiling his big-toothed smile.

"I'll take care of you," he boasted. "You don't have to worry. I'll get you home first and beat them all to it. I've got uncle's roan race horse that won the free-for-all race at the fair. Got the Boston buggy too. I like a swell turnout and I like a fast horse, and I can handle one. You won't ever have to ride again with that cheap old skate, Queen Bess."

"No," said Sally Belle absently.

She was thinking and thinking fast. After a minute she looked up at Gus with her sweetest smile. She made her voice as sweet as she could make it.

"Augustus, go get your horse. While you're harnessing I'll walk along the road a piece and you can pick me up," she said.

"All right."

"I may walk quite a long way. If you don't catch up with me at first, you just drive right on and keep looking."

"What you say goes."

It was the fourth time he had said that to-day. She had counted them. He walked off toward the stable. He swaggered and swung his arms, but his shoulders looked big and strong and his blond hair showed pale gold in the twilight. He was handsome. He was a very handsome boy.

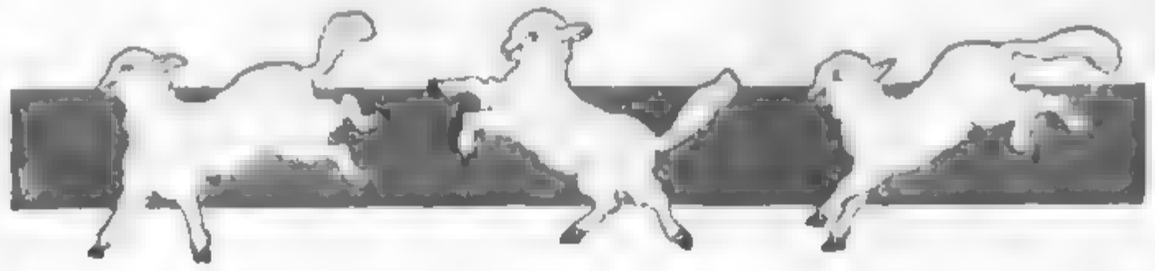
"All right for you," Sally Belle said out loud. "All right for you, Mr. Carr."

Then she stepped back into the little path that was hers and Pig's. Gus would harness quickly. He did everything fast and well. When he grew up he would be rich, a millionaire perhaps, and his wife would wear diamonds, and curly feathers in her hats. The pine at the end of the path was not big, but it hid you from the road if you sat in just the right place. Sally Belle found the place and sat in it and folded her skirts neatly about her. Now she was ready for Gus.

Gus came soon. She heard the roan's hoof beats pat the road with neat, hard little pats. The Boston buggy was new and well oiled and you could not hear it at all. He passed close in front of her tree. She peeped out and saw him. He drove in good form and sat straight and held the reins with two fingers. He slowed up. Her heart stopped beating. But he had not seen her. He made the turn up the hill. The roan took the hill smoothly. The buggy glided silently away. Gus and his swell turnout were gone.

Sally Belle gave one long sigh of delight and relief. Then she pulled off her tam and folded it under her head for a pillow and curled up into a little heap at the foot of the tree. She could not stay there long. It was getting too dark and too cold. She did not know just what to do next. She could telephone her father, stay all night at camp, try to walk home. But one thing was clear in her mind. She would not drive home with Gus. She laughed out loud. It was the first time she had laughed hard that day. After a while the lump in her heart was quite gone. She was happy.

She got up at last and came round in front of the tree and stood there doing a



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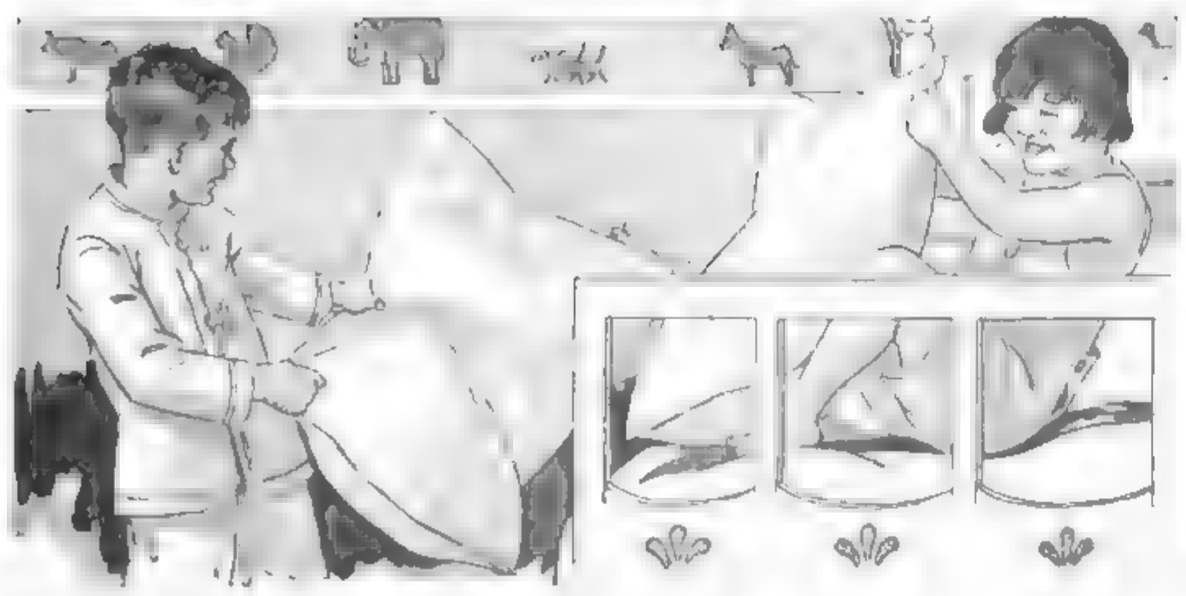

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little dance to warm her feet. It was not twilight now, it was really dark; soft September dark that came so early and fast. There were no stars, but the stars would come soon; one came now, while she looked—a tiny one, high above the camp. All the lights in camp were out except Charlie's lamp in the kitchen. She turned away from the camp and looked up the wood road. If you looked hard you could make it out in the dark, winding through the white birches. She did not know what would happen next, but by this time she did not care very much. She felt rested and happy and safe for no reason at all. She kept her eyes on the road.

Presently, just at the turn of the road, she saw something; she saw two lights. They came suddenly, like stars, but they did not look like stars; they were too dim, they hung too low, and they were moving toward her, moving quite fast. They were carriage lights. She knew whose lights they were. She clasped her hands over her heart and pressed them tight against it. The lights came close. She could hear the old buggy rattling—the shabbiest buggy in town. She could see that the horse was white. She could hear a faintly whistled tune. It was a gay little tune, but it sounded sad, whistled so plaintively. It was Ann Eliza.

Sally Belle ran out into the middle of the road and stood there. She held her arms high above her head and waved them. The buggy drove up and stopped. The whistling stopped, too, in the middle of a bar.

"Hello, Queen Bess!" she called. "Hello, Pig!"

"Want to get run over?" said a gruff voice from the buggy.

"No," said Sally Belle, "I want to ride with you."

She stepped to the side of the buggy. It turned out for her, creaking. A hand reached out and gripped her elbow hard. It was Pig's hand. She groped for the step with her foot and found it and climbed in. Pig folded the robes close round her and wrapped a sweater round her shoulders. It was Pig's old gray sweater. She pulled it round her tight.

"Pig, I'm sorry," she whispered. "I'm sorry."

"That's all right," said Pig in a queer little whisper, not like his voice at all. "It's all right."

"Come on, Baby," he said then in a very loud voice. "Come on, Bess."

Queen Bess whinnied once, swung the buggy round and plunged up the hill to the top. She struck into the wood road. Sally Belle looked back once at the camp. She could not see it. Charlie's light was out. It was very dark down there on the shore of the lake. It looked as if no camp had ever been there. And the wood road was dark ahead—black dark; but Queen Bess knew the way. She went carefully over the jolts in the road. She was taking care of Sally Belle and Pig. They were safe with her. Sally Belle found the soft place in the cushion and nestled into it, closing her eyes.

"It's a pretty night," Pig said softly after a long time.

"Yes," said Sally Belle. "Pig, what made you come back?"

"I had to. Left something at camp and I had to come back for it."

"Oh!"

"I cut through and drove round by the Mill Road."

"Pig, what made you act that way and dress up that way—and—and not talk to me?"

"I couldn't let you can me before the whole crowd, could I?"

"No. Pig, where's Madgie?"

"I don't know. In the hayrack—under it, for all of me. Madgie Carr's a has-been. She won't run the crowd much longer. Can't run me."

"Me either," said Sally Belle firmly. "Pig ——"

"Waiting."

"Sometimes I'm not very nice. I get silly ideas. I'm not nice to you."

"I'm not kicking."

"Gus Carr's handsome."

"Big stiff," said Pig calmly.

"Yes," said Sally Belle, "he is. And who'd ride with a race horse if they could ride with Queen Bess? And Pig ——" She choked, but went on quite bravely. "Pig, how could I go with another boy when I'm going with you?"

Pig did not answer. They turned out of the Brook Road into the main road and Queen Bess whinnied and struck into her longest lope. She smelled home. Along this road little lights showed in farmhouse windows, and now all the stars were out, more stars than Sally Belle ever had seen—new ones perhaps. Sometimes there were new stars. She leaned her head far back and looked at them.

"You can sing," she said after a while, "if you want to."

"I don't," said Pig very gruffly. "I—I don't feel any too good."

"Why, Pig?"

"You know."

"Why?"

"I've had kind of a bad day."

"You have?"

"I have. Come on, Baby. It's all right for those that like it, but it's not quite all it's cracked up to be—breaking up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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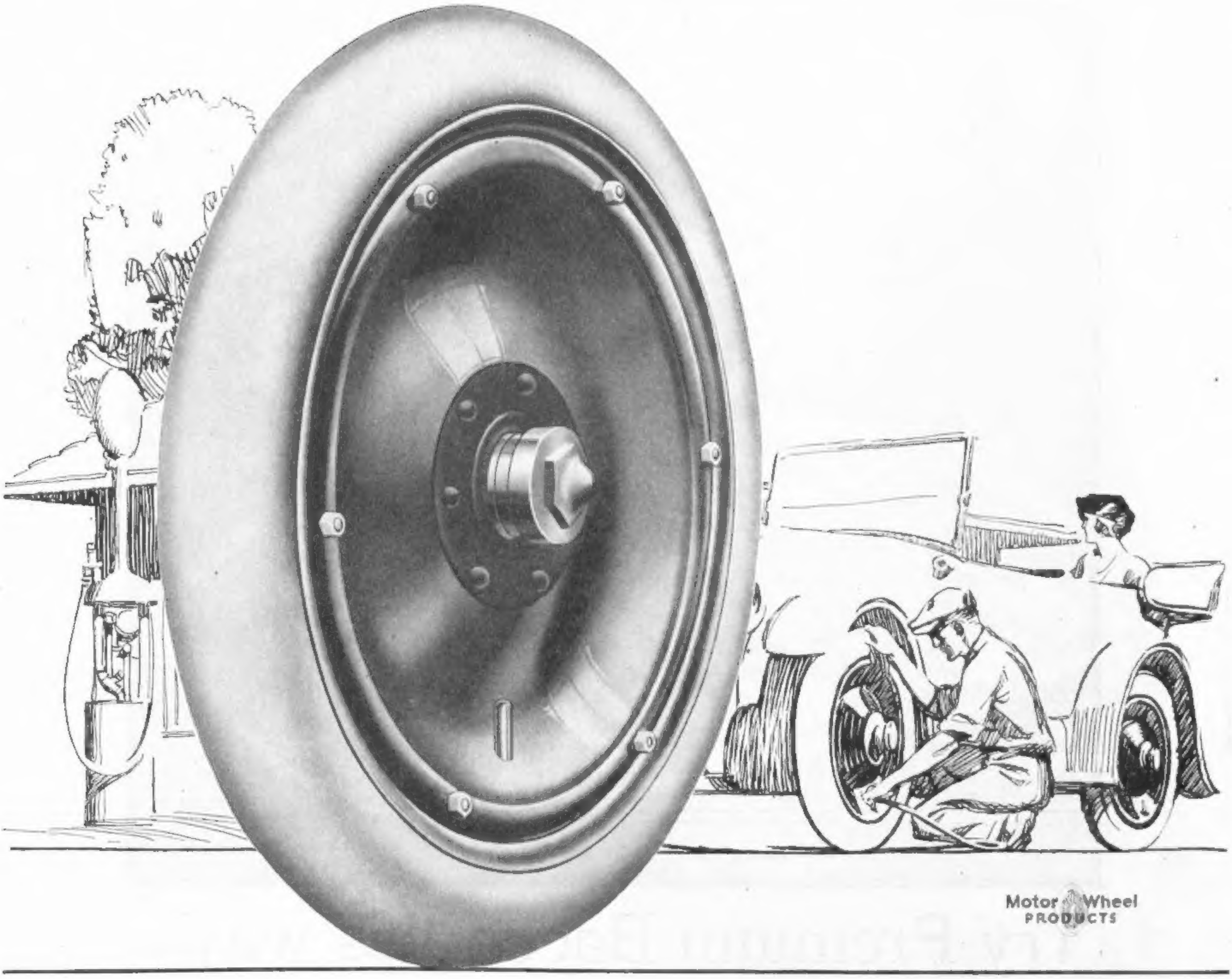

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Swift's Premium Bacon

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Our virgin wool overcoats are clearly labeled "Pure Virgin Wool."

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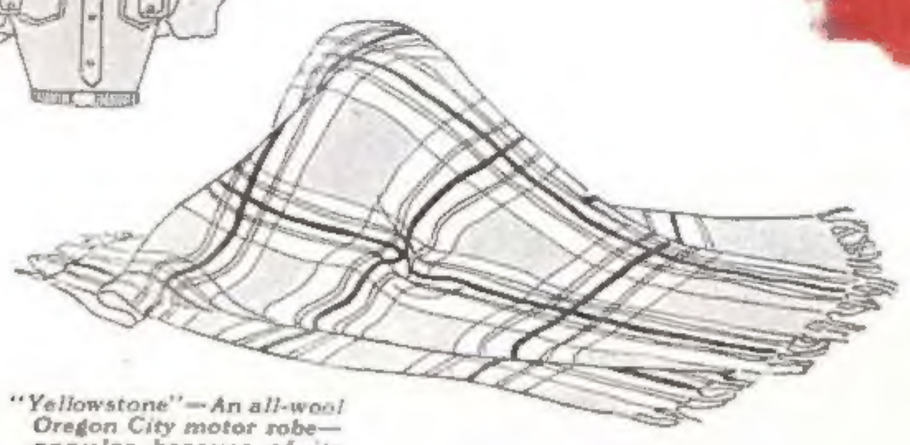

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This roll was made from the following recipe. Try it in your kitchen or bake shop:

GOLD MEDAL CINNAMON ROLLS

½ pt. milk ½ pt. water
1 cake compressed yeast
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons butter or lard
1¾ qts. sifted GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
1½ level teaspoons salt

Dissolve yeast and sugar in the milk; add the salt and then the shortening. Work this up until you have a smooth dough, cover with bread towel, and allow to stand until very light; about three hours, according to the temperature. Knead down gently, then allow to rise again for one hour.

Dust the board with flour and roll out dough ten inches wide and one-fourth inch thick. Spread over with butter, brown sugar, cinnamon and currants, using these freely. Roll dough as you would a jelly roll, cut in pieces of one and one-half inches, and set on end in pans, the bottoms of which have been covered with brown sugar and small pieces of butter one-fourth inch deep. Allow to rise and bake as you would rolls. When taken out of the oven, turn upside down on waxed paper, and allow to stand one minute before removing pan.

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R. S. V. P.

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